

The Pioneer Organ
of Anarchism

Liberty

• NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER •

April, 1907
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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

LIBERTY

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."— PROUDHON.

LIBERTY

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ON PICKET DUTY

The long-heralded English translation of Stirner's great book is ready at last, under the title of "The Ego and His Own." It is issued in two bindings: in ordinary cloth, with cream leaf lettering and plain edges, at \$1.50; in superior cloth, with gilt lettering and full gilt edges, at \$1.75. The more expensive edition is not only more attractive, but considerably more durable. It is a book of 525 pages, including an index, in the possession of which—thanks to Mr. Byington, the translator—it is superior to any translation that has appeared in any other language and even to the German original. It is being widely advertised, and, as it is without doubt the most revolutionary book ever written, it is sure to be "cussed" and discussed by the press and all the agencies of opinion. It will be a permanent and important factor in the shaping of future political and social developments. I have been engaged for more than thirty years in the propaganda of Anarchism, and have achieved some things of which I am proud; but I feel that I have done nothing for the cause that compares in value with my publication of this illuminating document.

Lack of mechanical facilities for printing at the same time both Liberty and "The Ego and His Own" forced me to omit the February number of Liberty. By way of compensation I shall publish an extra number in May. It is not improbable that exigencies of another sort will disturb the regular order again next summer, so that the issues of 1907, which were to have been dated February, April, June, August, October, and December, will be dated April, May, August, September, October, and December. I trust that thereafter the magazine will preserve the even tenor of its way.

I am fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. Fred Schulder, of Cleveland, Ohio, as canvasser for Liberty and my other publications. Friends of the movement in the places that he visits can be of signal help by giving him information regarding the propensities and peculiarities of their fellow-citizens. They can rely on Mr. Schulder's trustworthiness. I appeal to the readers of Liberty throughout the country to send to Mr. Schulder (in Liberty's care) the names and addresses of people in any part of the country (no sender need confine himself to names of his own townsmen) whom a man like Mr. Schulder would be likely to interest. The value of these addresses will be considerably enhanced, if the approximate age, the occupation, and the intellectual sympathies of the parties are also given. For some months to come Mr. Schulder's work will be confined almost exclusively to cities and towns of more than ten thousand inhabitants within two hundred miles of the Atlantic coast.

The existing social order may congratulate itself that the death of Ernest Crosby has left a gap in the ranks of its disturbers that will not soon be filled. The peculiar power that he exercised, however, was due not to his thought or his writing or his speaking or his deed, but to his inspiring and truly noble presence and personality. I doubt if any of his books will live, and therefore his memory will not be lasting; but, while it endures, it will be a profound and moving memory. He was not a Wendell Phillips, for he lacked that marvellous man's latent fire and silver tongue, and his physical type was a very different one. But in a considerable degree he made upon me the same impression that Wendell Phillips did. I never parted from either of them without a certain indefinable sense of modest majesty. Indeed, on leaving Crosby, I often thought too of O. B. Frothingham's description of Gerrit Smith: "His eye was soft, his skin ruddy, his voice deep and unctuous. As he stood, listening or talking, he was a man majestic and beautiful to look upon."

The departure of Crosby was made conspicuous in a way by a remarkable reticence on the part of the daily press of New York. True, the usual obituaries appeared, but never before did the death of a citizen of his power and prominence in so many lines fail to elicit a line of editorial comment from the local papers. So far as I know, not even the yellow "American," which owed Crosby at least this debt of gratitude after his lamentable part in the late campaign, had a word to say. Many are wondering if this silence was the

result of a conspiracy between the press and Crosby's reactionary family.

The Crosby memorial meeting in Cooper Union fell far short of the demands of the occasion. The subject was cut up into sections and parcelled out to specialists in a manner that was destructive of spontaneity and that would have been distressing to the victim had he been a conscious participant in the proceedings. And, after all this dissection, the vital part was missed. Barring a slight hint in the speech of John S. Crosby (which was a good speech), it was entirely forgotten that Ernest Crosby was an Anarchist. And yet he was more an Anarchist than anything else, in spite of the fact that his philosophical scheme was not sufficiently coherent to admit of classification.

Crosby's Anarchism is made manifest by one of his intimates, Leonard D. Abbott, whose article in "Mother Earth" is one of the most interesting that have been written about him. This testimony is the more valuable because Mr. Abbott himself is a Socialist. But the writer says some things to which I must take exception. That Crosby "was always interested in sex-problems" is a great mistake. I have been informed, to my surprise, that during the last year of his life he became interested in them, but he told me distinctly on at least two occasions (once with express reference to "Lucifer") that he took no interest in sex-questions and was decidedly averse to the discussion of them. Again, it seems to me that Mr. Abbott's reference to the Rhinebeck estate is misleading.

The statement that "the property was vested in his wife's name," and that Crosby once said to the writer: "This ought not to belong to me," carries the idea that Grasmere really belonged to Crosby, but had been conveyed by him to his wife. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the property belonged to Mrs. Crosby (who was a Schieffelin, and therefore very wealthy) in her own right. Crosby repeatedly told me that he had no property at all. And finally there is a word to be said of Mr. Abbott's declaration that he "never heard Crosby say an unkind word of any living being." To be sure, the statement describes that side of Crosby with substantial accuracy. But I know of at least one very shameful exception. Mr. Abbott could not have been present at the dinner (a Henry George dinner, I think) given in New York a day or two after the shooting, and before the death, of McKinley. Crosby presided at that dinner, and proposed a toast to the preservation of the life of McKinley in which he angrily characterized Czolgosz as a wretch, using also, I think, some very harsh adjectives. I was in Europe then, but saw a report of the dinner in the New York "Times," whereupon I wrote Crosby a letter of indignant protest, saying that, had I been present at the dinner, I should have moved, as a substitute, a toast to the preservation of the life of McKinley, who had murdered thousands of innocent Filipinos, and equally to the preservation of the life of Czolgosz, who had attempted to murder the guilty McKinley. Crosby, in his reply, made an attempt at defence, but it was a very feeble one. I have not preserved the correspondence. But surely on that occasion Crosby not only

spoke unkind words of a living being, but did so at a time when the entire nation was a pack of wolves howling for the blood of the object of his wrath,—a fact which added a peculiar cowardice to his cruelty. In the excitement Crosby lost his head and heart. I recall the fact because I think it not well to forget such things, and not from any desire to dim the lustre of Crosby's glory. Surely, taking his life as a whole, gentleness was one of its conspicuous characteristics.

Not long ago, in correspondence with a young friend of mine, Crosby wrote (I give the words as repeated to me): “——— is a periodical that I simply cannot read. Liberty, however, I always read from cover to cover. It is an intellectual treat. But it has no heart.” I don't know whether Mr. Abbott would call that remark unkind or not. But I have no protest to make. I know of no way in which a man could more surely make himself ridiculous than in attempting to prove that he has a heart. And, in fact, I by no means disdain what some people would consider a rather doubtful compliment. I put it straight to you, dear reader: which would you prefer,—to have a heart and edit a periodical which no intelligent person could bring himself to read, or to have no heart and edit a periodical which many intelligent persons read regularly and thoroughly for information, edification, and profit? The alternative at least affords room for individuality of choice. Perhaps Crosby really meant the remark as a compliment. At any rate, he once said of me: “*It is refreshing* to find one American remaining unflinchingly true to Liberty,

and using in her defence *not his emotions*, but a peculiarly keen and vigorous intellect and style.”

One of the minor reasons why I regret Crosby's death is that it deprives me of this altruist's final estimate of "The Ego and His Own." He read the book in German some years ago, but an American, even if he is a pretty good German scholar, may be pardoned for not rightly understanding this book after a single reading in the original. Crosby told me that the upshot of the work seemed to him to be: "The Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath." The summary is a superficial one. Crosby failed to reach the heart of the book, whose real purport is: Both the Sabbath and man exist for me, not I for man or the Sabbath. In English perhaps he would have understood it better.

Probably the report that Hugh O. Pentecost was converted on his death-bed is true. But I do not attribute his conversion to the fact that he was dying. It is more likely that it took place from sheer force of habit. The ruling passion strong in death.

For the most part Voltairine de Cleyre writes well of Pentecost in "Mother Earth." Referring to his infamous letter of recantation, she says:

In all my life I have never read a document so utterly devoid of human dignity, so utterly currish. There is a piece of detestable slang which is the sole expression fit for it: "The Baby Act." Not only did Mr. Pentecost renounce his former beliefs in liberty, but he took refuge in the pitiable explanation that he, a cloud-land dreamer, had been misled by his innocence into the

defence of Parsons, Spies, etc., who, now he had been convinced, had been properly enough hanged. Poor, delicate lamb deceived by ravenous wolves! That was the tenor of the story. Had it been all true, a *man* would have bitten out his tongue rather than have told such truth.

So far as I know, Voltairine de Cleyre is the only person, besides myself, who has publicly put upon Pentecost the brand that he deserves. But, unless I have forgotten or overlooked something in the past, even she waited till he was dead.

Alexander Berkman told a New York "Times" reporter the other day that the Individualist Anarchist has vague ideas and can achieve nothing. This is the opinion that naturally would be held by one who thinks that vast progress toward the acme of human achievement is made when a knife is stuck into a millionaire. Berkman's remarks, however, are made the occasion of an editorial in the New York "Sun" which makes a great display of familiarity with the history of Anarchism, but which clearly was written by one whose studies of the subject have been of the most superficial character. He puts in quotation-marks, and attributes to Proudhon a declaration that "Communism is the final destiny of society." As Communism never had a fiercer opponent than Proudhon, I am curious to know in which one of Proudhon's fifty volumes the "Sun" writer found the assertion. Further, he declares that Berkman, by labeling himself an Anarchist-Communist, admits that he is no longer a member of the "propaganda by force," whereas the merest tyro knows that there is hardly an

exception to the rule that the force "Anarchists" are Communists. And, to cap the climax, he talks of "the Anarchistic impulse due to Proudhon's illogical and emotional temperament." *Apropos* of this, I may quote an estimate of Proudhon made by a certain Charles A. Dana. Perhaps the "Sun" has heard of him. He was an unconscionable old rascal, but he was also a *real* student, and he forgot more about Proudhon than the editor of the "Sun" will ever know. Writing of Proudhon in the New York "Tribune," this Dana said:

He appeals for the most part to the judgment of his readers, aiming to convince the understanding, not to influence the feelings. . . . His books contain no arguments addressed to the benevolence of his readers; hardly any aimed at their sense of justice. He deals with principles and demonstrations, things of the pure intellect, and generally more by negative than positive statements. For the moment he divests himself of all faculties but the logical, and lets nothing pass because it is good or beautiful or universally revered, but stands upon it implacably demanding: Can this be proved?

Obviously Proudhon is entitled to an appeal from Philip gone daffy to Philip in his right mind.

Advertisement of the Champion Coated Paper Company, in the "Inland Printer":

Compare the "Printing Art," the "Progressive Printer," and a magazine whose name we are unable to name on account of recent postal restrictions, and note how much superior are the printed results obtained on our "No. 1 Pure White" over other technical journals which are printed on other grades of enameled paper.

Advertisement of the same Company in the "Progressive Printer" of the same date:

The leading magazines devoted to the interests of the printing trade, among which may be mentioned the "Inland Printer," the "Printing Art," and another, the name of which is not mentioned on account of recent postal restrictions, are printed on our "No. 1 Pure White Coated" paper, because the cuts printed on it give results which cannot be obtained on any other enameled paper.

Now, what is the need of having such things as professional comic papers, when the advertising columns of our soberest industrial journals give us matter like the above? But I fear that readers who are not in the printing and paper trades will think this belongs in the puzzle column rather than the funny column, if I do not give an explanation. Know, therefore, that within a few months the post-office department has decided that samples are not entitled to be mailed at second-class rates, and that therefore a periodical cannot contain inserts which advertise paper, if such inserts are printed on the kind of paper that is advertised, or if they are printed on the kind of paper sold by the advertiser and any direct or indirect intimation lets the reader find out anywhere that they are on this man's paper. For in that case such inserts would be commercial samples, mailed under second-class postage, and the republic would be doomed. You see how the same principle prohibits the Champion Coated Paper Company from advertising in a magazine that is printed on its product, and calling anybody's attention to the fact; and you see by the quotations above how effectively the law works. The most interesting thing is, however, that manufacturers of printers' inks are still allowed to put in inserts which declare themselves to be printed in the adver-

tiser's ink, and every issue of the printing-trade journals contains two or three inserts of that sort, although these are every whit as much samples as the paper man's inserts,—the paper on which the ink insert is printed being simply the wrapper, so to speak, of the sample of ink. The three-color half-tones that are thrown in here and there in the "Inland Printer" always used to bear neatly in the corner the name of the paper-maker on whose paper they were printed, as well as of ink-maker, engraver, printer, and railroad company if it is railroad scenery. Now they bear all the rest, but not the paper-maker's. All this, of course, is interesting for its pettiness and its inefficiency; but it has another aspect also,—to wit, What harm would it do if samples were inserted in papers? Suppose the cloth-makers all inserted samples of their cloth in the "Ladies' Home Journal," and the harness-makers all inserted samples of their harness in the "Rider and Driver," what grievance would the post-office, or the government, or the American people, have against them?

Evidence of the length to which authoritarians will go in support of the ridiculous theory that statute law develops individual character is found in the declaration of Dr. Maurice Fishberg before the anthropological section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science that the contract labor law, which admits to this country only those immigrants whose services have not been specifically contracted for by American employers, attracts to our shores "only those self-reliant and energetic enough to make a place

for themselves." The fact is quite the other way. The law in question attracts to our shores mainly those who have not had enough self-reliance and energy to make a place for themselves in their native land. If American employers were free to contract for the services of foreign workmen, they would not, as a rule, employ the European unemployed; rather would they outbid foreign employers for the services of their employees, who obviously constitute the better portion of foreign laborers. Of course, it sometimes happens that an exceptionally self-reliant foreigner throws up a good thing at home for the chance of a still better one here; but, as a rule, the emigrant from foreign shores is one who chooses between nothing there and whatever he may get here. The contract labor statute is no exception to, but a peculiarly forcible confirmation of, the rule that law puts a premium on inefficiency.

Our congressmen, having at last acquired the courage of their criminal instincts, have raised their own salaries. When the French deputies recently did likewise, the fact prompted Harduin, the shrewd French journalist who writes for "*Le Matin*," to the following utterance: "It is particularly horrible to think that, thanks to this salary of fifteen thousand francs, so many mediocrities, radically incapable of earning such a sum in commerce, industry, or the professions, are going to rush into politics, an easy trade to follow, requiring no special knowledge, and which adds to many other advantages that of being lucrative. Mighty God, how many base politicians in prospect!

What an increase of the dirty political Bohemia, the most odious of all!" The no less witty Maret, whose name is familiar to Liberty's readers, finds in this procedure the solution of the social question. "Just leave the matter of raising wages to the wage-receivers themselves," he points out, "and there will be no more strikes."

In Cologne recently the proprietor of a penny-in-the slot distributor of chocolate was arrested for violation of the Sunday law. After that, perhaps it is safe to pull up the ladder.

When, in my essay on "State Socialism and Anarchism," I declared that State Socialism, if adopted, would end in "a State family in which no man and woman will be allowed to have children if the State prohibits them and no man and woman can refuse to have children if the State orders them," the State Socialists pronounced my statement both unjust and ridiculous. I am willing to admit that current events indicate that I was wrong. At any rate, on March 20, 1907, the city council of Fort Dodge, Iowa, passed by unanimous vote the following ordinance:

That all able-bodied persons between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five years whose mental and physical propensities and abilities are normal, who are not now married, shall be required to marry within sixty days.

Any person or persons failing to comply with the provisions of this ordinance shall be fined not less than \$10 nor more than \$100, according to the criminal negligence of the person or persons unmarried.

The mayor of Fort Dodge declares that "the ordi-

nance represents the most enlightened thought of the day, and is a precedent which will be widely followed before the end of the present decade." I repeat, maybe I was wrong. Perhaps State Socialism will not end where I said it would; it seems more likely to begin there.

The government of France, which maintains piano-classes at its conservatory in order to encourage the study of the piano, contemplates further encouragement of that study by placing a tax on pianos. Meanwhile the French people, and all other peoples, continue to cherish the illusion that the State treasury is a horn of plenty that never needs to be replenished.

Young Patterson of Chicago, in a shallow article, "The Confessions of a Drone," spoke of the interest and dividends he was getting, or money he had inherited or received as a gift, as money taken from labor. He was right, of course, but he did not, and does not, know why he was right. The deeper aspects of the question of interest or profit he has never inquired into. The editor of the "Independent," in commenting on the superficial confessions, undertook to enlighten him. We read:

His father, or grandfather, had the brains of a hundred ordinary men, and he amassed accordingly. He got his proportionate reward, his share of material satisfaction, and they got theirs. They all, he and they, got a comfortable and busy life, and raised up their children, and the State offered the children of all, from the kindergarten to the University of Illinois, as good an education as Mr. Patterson got, if they cared for it, and had the brains to want it. Then Mr. Patterson took the money. He may have ordinary brains and choose to be a drone. Then

he will probably waste his money and lose his advantage. Or he may lend it to the government at two per cent.,—the country wants it,—or he can invest it in railroads for the development of the country and the comfort of the people at from four to six per cent., and spend the income on other people at his own sweet will, paying book printers, tailors, upholsterers, and other workers, and do what he pleases. The whole succession from parent to son goes together. Is it right that a superior man should get superior profit? then that he should give this advantage to his son? then that his son should take and use it? Mr. Patterson and the Socialists say No; the accepted constitution of society says Yes, and the injustice is less clear when we come to think of it.

The “Independent” is even more ignorant and shallow than young Patterson. The assumptions in this quotation are as idiotic as they are numerous. “They all got a comfortable life.” How does it know? What of the workmen—perhaps of the sweated class? How does it know what the father’s superiority lay in? Many men amass money by superior swindling, or by legal privilege that is no better. And what of interest on investments in railroads? who pays it, and why is it paid? The question of taking and “using” money is distinct from that of getting interest on it. You “use” money by spending it. The legitimacy of interest is assumed by the sapient editor; he gives no evidence of having thought on the subject. Let me recommend, for reading, Ruskin’s remarks on “the position of William” in Bastiat’s “plank” illustration.

The New York “Times” heaps nearly a column of its choicest ridicule on the proposal to impose a graduated tax on incomes in New York. It declares that, if such a tax were established, every New Yorker en-

joying an income of \$100,000 would move away; that the palaces of Fifth avenue, deserted by their owners, would be occupied by the present occupants of First avenue tenements; and that skyscrapers would know no tenants except shoemakers and the like. Could I believe that these results would really follow, I should be strongly tempted to become a governmentalist. But one need not be a champion of a graduated tax on incomes in order to see the fallacy of the "Times's" argument. It is a well-known fact that the shrewd and unscrupulous are pouring continually into the city of New York from every part of the world because here a shrewd and unscrupulous man can pile up a huge fortune much more rapidly than in any other place on the globe. Does the "Times" pretend, then, that the former Chicagoan who was making \$50,000 a year in the Windy City and who became a New Yorker in order to make \$100,000 a year will go back to Chicago rather than pay a tax of \$10,000 a year in New York? Such a tax probably would drive away most of the millionaires not *actively* engaged in robbery. But their places would soon be taken by more industrious plunderers. The unsurpassed opportunities which New York offers as a den of thieves are worth far more than ten per cent. a year to the criminal rich.

The courts are at last beginning to take rational views on the questions of peaceable picketing and peaceable boycotting. Several refreshing decisions have been rendered within a short time in which the principle is recognized that what one man may legiti-

mately do several men may do in concert. But even the most independent and intelligent of the judges still stultify themselves by attempting baseless distinctions between self-regarding boycotts and purely sympathetic boycotts. A, they say, may boycott B, if he has any grievance against him, but he may not ask C to boycott B and threaten to boycott *him* in turn in the event of refusal. When they undertake to defend this position, they fail miserably, of course, and the truth is that they shrink from the clear logic of the principle which they lay down at the outset. But let us not expect too much from them at once. "It is the first step that is difficult." Having accepted a sound principal, its corollaries will force themselves on them.

Commenting on an incident that attracted some attention in Washington and in the press, the Springfield "Republican" wrote:

A Chicago millionaire comes forward with an offer to take over the postal service of the country, reduce rates on first and second-class matter one-half, and pay over to the government all surplus earnings above seven per cent. on the capital invested. He makes the proposal to the congressional postal commission, which is investigating the abuses in the service. Would his company also, it might be asked, agree to preserve to the employees of the service the hours and wages now accorded by the government? We shall next have syndicates offering to do the policing of the country on a private monopoly basis, and then taking charge of public school education.

I understand that there was some doubt in Chicago whether the millionaire referred to "meant business" and was entitled to serious consideration. But suppose a like offer to be made by a known and entirely competent and responsible person or corporation;

would congress and Teddy entertain it for a moment? Would the intelligent and earnest "Republican" urge them to accept it? If not, why not? The hint in regard to the employees is rather unfortunate. The government has not been a good employer in the postal service, as everybody knows. It pays low wages, requires hard work, and forbids the clerks and mail-carriers to bother congress or to agitate politically against unfriendly individuals in that body. A private corporation could not in these days do much worse. But suppose further that the aforesaid responsible bidder should agree to raise the wages and shorten the hours of the employees, and to refer disputes to arbitrators named by Teddy himself; would the "Republican" *then* favor acceptance of the offer? I doubt it. But why not? What would be its objection? As to the remark about a private police and private education, it is not the paradox, the *reductio ad absurdum*, our friend imagines it to be. Under healthy economic and political conditions private enterprise in those spheres would be not only "possible," but eminently desirable. And Anarchists contemplate even a private police without the least consciousness of particular audacity.

A "friendly" correspondent renews the "island" suggestion for the benefit alike of the Anarchists and society. He gravely writes:

The Anarchists don't like governments, and the governments don't like Anarchists; there is incompatibility, and there ought to be separation. It seems to me there is an easy way to convince this, and that the International Parliament, which I believe

will soon again assemble at The Hague, is the very body to manage the affair. Instead of hunting the Anarchists by means of the police, let the civilized world make a fair proposition to them—give them a country in which they can try their experiments of living without government—help them to get to that country with their goods and their families, and then see that they don't leave that country. There's many an island that ought to suit, and a single warship could manage the work of patrol. Great Britain has islands fit for the purpose, and we have some. There is a small minority of citizens here—all foreign born, I think—who believe so sincerely that men are better off without government that they are willing to take lives and give up their own to further their theories. Let's help them to a realization, and so part friends. What do the Anarchists say?

Well, the Anarchists "decline with thanks." They prefer to stay where they are, for they have work to do among the men who fancy that government is indispensable. The benevolent correspondent makes two or three amusing mistakes, and among them is his identification of government with society. Incompatibility should indeed lead to separation, but separation from whom? From the governments, but not from the countries oppressed and plundered by the governments. Anarchists are not dangerous to those who mind their own business. Their teachings are extremely unpleasant to despots and invaders, but society should see in that very fact an excellent reason for insisting on the fullest freedom for Anarchist propaganda and activity in its midst.

John Z. White, a Single Tax lecturer, has written an article on the Dartmouth College case, in which he attacks the doctrine that a franchise granted to a corporation by a legislature is a contract that cannot be

abrogated or modified without the consent of the corporation. It is true that this doctrine has been a potent weapon in the hands of thieving and iniquitous corporations, and it is true that it is utterly unsound from the viewpoint of believers in State sovereignty. Libertarians are not greatly interested in the question, for they are opposed, not merely to corporate privilege and vested wrongs, but to the superstition of State sovereignty as well, and contemplate a condition of things in which neither the State itself or chartered plunderers will invade individual rights. But, in the interest of historic accuracy, it should be pointed out that the White article is *not* "the first note" of the protest of the "new democracy" against the Dartmouth College doctrine. The editor of the St. Louis "Mirror," who uses these words in introducing the article, is greatly mistaken. The "doctrine" has been attacked before, and those who have just discovered its viciousness belong to the Pickwick species of explorers.

George Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life," expurgated for American Puritans and hypocrites, is a rare book. It could not have been written by any average Irish or French artist; it is the work of a man who has two countries, France being the second, the country of voluntary adoption in spirit. It is a melancholy book, and the critics do not know what to make of it. Some feel its charm, which is great, but cannot sympathize with its apotheosis of sex and love. The "Saturday Review" says that Moore is *obsessed* by the idea of sex, and cannot think of woman's dress or *lingerie* without emotion and excitement. There is a

good deal of truth in this, for Moore goes so far as to say that man really never thinks of anything, never is interested in anything, except woman. He may, Moore continues, pretend to be interested in music, in a lecture, in a philosophical discussion, but what he is really thinking about is, "which of my woman friends should I go to see?" Now, all this is absurd exaggeration. Men think much about women, and under all circumstances, including those that apparently are particularly foreign to all sex suggestions; but, if they thought of nothing else, there would be no art, no literature, no philosophy, that did not concern itself with sex. Men think, fight, make money, write books, plan and carry out enterprises that have nothing whatever to do with the sex instinct. The trouble with Moore is, however, deeper than his critics conceive. There is no trace in the book of any passion for any great idea. In his "dead life" there was no place for social ideals, for literary or artistic ambition, for scientific or metaphysical interests. We read about his painting and his books, but the references to these occupations are not "touched by emotion." The life that is thus empty and void is dead even while it is being lived. Can Moore understand a man like Shaw, or a Russian terrorist, or an enthusiastic *savant*? If he could, his "Memoirs" would have been not necessarily more "moral," but more human and more fascinating, and far less pessimistic. Moore dreads death, and cannot expel the thought of it from his mind. Love of ideas and ideals, speculation and interest in profound and large questions, are the best antidote to the poison of constant brooding over old age, decline, and death.

A. C. Benson, the novelist, objects to excessive severity in reviewing. He wonders why we take liberties with authors, painters, etc., that we never think of taking with makers of soap, toilet powder, and other "useful commodities." He doesn't seem to see that freedom and severity in criticism is really a tribute to letters and art. Would he have us "elevate" literature by treating its workers as tradesmen? Mr. Benson's whole article on reviewing (in "Putnam's Monthly") is incoherent and self-contradictory. I quote one paragraph:

What we have not got is a race of wise and artistic critics, alive to originality, delicacy, and quality. The popular taste is accepted and not educated; and the popular taste loves, as I have said, matter rather than manner, coarse-flavored, wholesome, highly-spiced work. Reviewing is not an art, but a trade. Probably our criticism is a sign rather than a cause of a low artistic standard, and no doubt, if there were a development of artistic literature, there would be a development of artistic criticism.

Why, then, put the cart before the horse? And why object to severity, which in an age of advertising and commercialism and cowardly fear of loss is a remarkable virtue? The severe critics are, in intention at least, far above the indulgent novelists and dramatists and artists who write for the great public and consult only the requirements of the market. Give us a race of wise, serious, self-respecting authors, and a like race of critics will follow.

Correspondents of the Newcastle "Chronicle" have been discussing Socialism. One of them, Mr. T. H. Mahony, was kind enough to express his indebtedness

“to the American, Tucker, for an unmistakably clear exposition of the bottom truths of sociology.” Thereupon another, writing over the pseudonym, Jean Val Jean, uttered his surprise “that any person living in England should have to cross the Atlantic for an acquaintance with the bottom truths of sociology,” and his opinion “that home industries in matters of sociology are a little ahead of America.” In this aversion to receiving from the west even the smallest ray of economic light I recognize another form of Swettenhamism. But I am no Admiral Davis, and I give no Briton a chance to order me back to my ship. As Mr. Dooley says, “there’s manny a man would rather burn to death than be rescued by his cousin and have it the talk of the family for tin years.”

The New York “Times,” in announcing a new series of Dooley articles, says that in these Mr. Dooley is funnier than ever, while at the same time he exhibits for the first time a serious side. The distinction is baseless. The philosopher of Archey Road has always been in earnest. The “Times’s” sense of humor may be all right, but it is lacking in the sense of seriousness.

The London “Saturday Review,” in an article on Roosevelt’s message, gives its readers the following valuable information:

American citizenship is only obtained through citizenship of a particular State. Voting power in a State carries voting power in the federal elections. Congress may, if it likes, by the first article of the constitution, pass a law establishing a uniform rule

of naturalization, which at present depends on the laws of particular States; but to do this would be to infringe State rights still further. Sometimes these State laws are lax enough, and many will remember Mr. Bryce's description of the "droves of squalid men" in New York declaring their allegiance to the United States under the Party Agent's directions.

If any educated American were to reveal an ignorance of British politics parallel to the ignorance of American politics shown here by the "Saturday Review," that vituperative and cocksure journal would score him unmercifully.

To the thinking man it is a fact not without meaning that Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, who for the past year or too has been seeking notoriety as the head of an unnecessary movement for the suppression of unnecessary noise, is the mistress of the mansion with the *loudest* front to be seen on Riverside drive. Though, if an earthquake were to visit New York and swallow up but a single structure, I should be pleased to see it select Mrs. Rice's *noisy* home for its consumption, I do not advise destruction of the eyesore by meddlesome fellow-citizens desirous of getting into the limelight. Nevertheless I submit that my eyes are as much entitled as Mrs. Rice's ears to protection against assault.

Prefacing the remark with due apology to Patrick Henry, we may recall that Cleveland had his dear Maria, and that Roosevelt—should have profited by his example. If this be lese-majesty, make the most of it.

THE ANGEL

The Ruler of Destiny sat upon the throne of the Universe. Behind him shone the vault of celestial blue. Around him a sparkling radiance streamed into the infinite. Before him moved the innumerable hosts, their flashing wings diminishing into uttermost space, till they glittered as a wilderness of stars.

To the Throne of Glory approached a hideous Thing,—a thing more grisly than Death. Its dull eyes gazed with leaden stare, its bloated lips hung livid and festering; flies buzzed out of its mouth, and it whispered hoarsely, with a carrion breath: "I am War."

"Take this," said the Eternal One, flinging to the Thing of Horror a suit of golden armor, brilliant as the sun itself. "It will be many ages before men discover what is within." And the loathsome Thing surrounded itself with the golden armor and precipitated itself downward, through the ethereal abysses, to the earth.

An Angel, pure as the morning, and stately as a pillar of crystal, with fearless eyes, wide and clear as heaven, approached the throne, and, in a voice which was like the music of all music, she said: "I am Truth." "Wear this," said the Great Ruler, giving to her a sad-colored robe. "Not for many ages will men discover what is within." And Truth also floated downward through the starry labyrinths to the earth.

She visited the editorial rooms of "Lucifer," the Great Daily. When the Editor-in-chief saw her, he shut his door in her face. The Managing Editor

pushed her out of his room, and discharged the door-keeper for letting her in. The Society editor, the Sunday editor, the News editor, the Sporting editor, and the City editor joined in hustling her roughly to the stairway. The cub reporters pelted her with cigarette stubs, and, when a final push sent her stumbling down the stairs, there were peals of laughter.

She went to the editorial rooms of the Great Daily, "The Epoch," whose motto, badly blurred, on the front page, was: "By Truth victorious." She entered the room of the Editor-in-chief. He turned pale when he saw her, for he had once known her. "How did you get in here?" he whispered. "How did you pass the business office? Don't you know they have forbidden you to come here? For God's sake, leave me. You will be my ruin." His voice shook, and he pushed her out and shut the door; and Truth, standing outside, heard him bolt it against her.

She went sadly down and out into the street, and joined a stream of men going into a great hall. The galleries were filled with men and women. At one end of the hall was a stage, where many men were seated, and there was one who was talking loudly, so that the veins in his neck swelled and his face was purple. He was saying: "The salvation of the country is in the Republican party. Truth is mighty and will prevail." "There, beside my disciple, is my place," said she, and she stepped upon the platform and stood beside the orator. He continued bellowing, and finally said: "A government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." But Truth, standing beside him, called in a clear, trumpet-like

voice: "A government of the people? Yes, always; by property and power. A government by the people? Never. The people cannot govern the people. A government for the people? Never. Government has always been, and always will be, for the few. No man has the right, and no body of men have the right, to govern any peaceable fellow-being."

"Put her out," shrieked the orator. "Put her out," they shouted from the floor. "Put her out," they called from the gallery. The orator pushed her into the arms of a policeman, and the policeman threw her into the street, and the door was closed against her.

A rabble of ragged ones, with hollow cheeks and hollow eyes, poor and wretched and ignorant, followed her and jeered at her. Dejected, she wandered about the street till presently she came to another large hall, filled with people, and, entering, she heard an orator saying: "The salvation of the country is the Democratic party. Truth is mighty and will prevail."

"Ah!" sighed Truth, "that man I am sure will know me." She went forward and stood beside him. "That government is best which governs least," shouted the orator. "That is true," called Truth, and her voice rang from wall to wall and from rafter to rafter, like the notes of a trumpet. "Freedom is best. Government is wrong. All the laws which take the property of men against their will, or give to a few that which belongs to all, are wrong." "Stop her," said one of the men on the platform. "If she says anything that means anything, it will ruin us." "Stop her," said the orator; "she will lose us votes."

"Put her out," yelled the convention. "Put her out," shrieked the gallery. Amid hoots and hisses she was hurried out, and the convention went on noisily saying nothing.

Then Truth went and sat under the stars, and watched the procession of their glorious march, and she yearned for the celestial pathways.

When once more the sun had baptized the earth, she heard bells ringing, and again she walked through the city. Men and women were hastening toward a temple. "Where are you going?" she asked, and they answered: "To hear the truth." "Then will I go with you," she said; and she went into a building with bare walls, where people sat silent, until presently they sang a melancholy tune. Afterward, a tall, sad man, in sad clothes, arose and said that pleasure was sinful, and to be glad on this especial day was abominably wicked, for it was the Lord's day, set apart to be a terror to the people, and wholly gloomy and joyless. Then all who were present thanked God that they were not as other men were, and prayed God that the eyes of others might be opened, so that they too might be miserable. And they took counsel among themselves, and said: "Let us pass a law to make all others good, as we are good." Then Truth stood up and said: "O blind and foolish ones! I am Truth." but every one looked at her, astonished that she should speak, and an old gentleman whispered to her that she could not speak in that place, and he led her out.

She went into the greatest temple of all, where were candles and music and much brilliancy and the smell

of incense, and the priest, covered with robes, went up into the canopied pulpit and cried aloud: "Truth is deposited only with Holy Church. All others are in outer darkness." Then Truth stood up and called aloud again: "Not so; for I am Truth." The congregation started to lay hands on her. "Do not touch her," said the priest, "Poor thing, she is crazy; do not believe what she says. Truth dwells with us alone."

Then Truth swept majestically down the aisle and out into the street, and, as she passed, the temple was filled with radiance, and the priest cried aloud: "A miracle; a miracle, to attest that my words are true."

At last, slowly and sadly, Truth went to a great stone building, whose iron gates were locked and windows barred, yet was it full to overflowing. "This is the jail," said a little child to her, "where the wicked and the vile are." Truth entered into the darkest dungeon of the place, and beheld a young man lying there, in prison and deserted. A light filled the place as Truth touched him and said gently: "Arise, my son"; and the young man looked eagerly at her, and arose joyously, saying: "You are Truth. Oh, I have so earnestly tried to see you, and now you will kiss me before I die." "When do you die?" she said, sorrowfully; "and why?" "I die tomorrow," said he, "because I have followed you and clutched at your robe. I have stood upon the corner of the street and said no man ought to command his brother; that the greatest truth is to so love one another as to give to each peaceable one the right to do as seems best to himself. I have said that any forcible

government of man by man is wrong." "And for this do you die?" she whispered. "Yes, at sunrise." Then Truth lifted her hands and streaming eyes heavenward, and sighed: "One more." And she laid her hand upon the young man, and said: "I will be with you even unto death."

When the morning came, she embraced the young man and kissed him, and he walked to his death with a smiling face, so that men wondered, and in his eyes was a great light. And Truth sat upon the gallows steps, and drew her sad-colored robe over her head.

Presently there was the sound of much shouting and hurraing. Flags and wreaths filled the air, and flowers fell into the street. People clambered upon the gallows to see the better, and between the shouting throngs came a horseman in shining suit of glittering golden armor, with a chaplet of laurel on its casque, and the people prostrated themselves and shouted exultantly, till they were hoarse. Long lines of soldiers followed after the golden horseman. They pushed the people to the right and to the left, and smote them, and the people knelt and kissed the feet of the soldiers, and a flag was carried past, and the people went mad at the sight of it and shouted "Glory!" and the soldiers pushed them back and struck them the more. Of all that were there, only Truth saw the loathsome Thing which was within the golden armor.

When all had passed and the sound of hurraing died faintly in the distance, Truth took down the swinging body from the gallows, and she wrapped it in her own mantle and held it in her arms, as a mother

holds her babe, and she looked again, with streaming eyes, up into the starry pathways, and cried: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

FRANCIS DU BOSQUE.

THE RELIGION OF BERNARD SHAW

Some ten years ago our friend Shaw had occasion to deal in his inimitable way with the state of mind of a popular dramatist who had "turned forty" and made that melancholy fact the theme of a quasi-serious play. The dramatist is considerably older now, and so is his former critic. Whether the former is now seeking consolation in religion, I do not know; but Mr. Shaw's attention, now that he is over fifty, lightly turns toward religion.

I have before me two reports of a Shaw lecture before the Guild of St. Matthew (London) on "Some Necessary Repairs to Religion."

With the critical side of the discourse I need not concern myself, beyond remarking on the strangeness of the notion that "The Origin of Species" is an obstacle—of the same sort as the Bible—to the growth of true religion. On Shaw's own theory, it is not Darwin's work, which explains and illustrates a mere process, but the misconception of its purpose and implications, that is the obstacle to be removed. The most orthodox religionist, as even the preachers now admit, can accept the Darwinian theory of the evolution of species.

Coming to Shaw's own religious philosophy, I gather from the lecture that he holds—

That God is will.

That the will that drives the universe is "evidently driving at some sort of moral conception."

That apart from man this will is powerless, and that man will finally enable God to comprehend and realize his purpose.

There are other quaint propositions to be gleaned from the address, but they are subordinate and more or less arbitrary. Those I have given form a coherent system. Coherent,—but how about rationality? Let us see.

Perhaps Mr. Shaw constructs his psychology as he once told us he constructed his economics—as he went along. If not, let us ask what he means by the phrase, "God is nothing but a will." Is it possible for us to conceive a will minus mind? What is will? It is another name for feeling; the strong feeling which overpowers antagonistic feelings and leads to action we call will. We are bundles of emotions and feelings and ideas, and the will is not an independent entity distinct from these.

To say that God is nothing but will is to say that God is a name for a certain unchanging feeling. Can there be a feeling without a nervous system? While, therefore, Shaw's God has "neither hands nor brains," he does rejoice in the possession of a nervous system, albeit a system that produces but one constant, unchanging feeling.

The absurdity of this is manifest. What Shaw means, I take it, is exactly what Spencer meant by the phrase, "the eternal and inscrutable Energy from which all things proceed." But Spencer's phrase is

scientific, and Shaw's paradoxical.

Now, the "will," Shaw says, is "evidently driving at a moral conception." The "driving" is unconscious, "brainless," and it is man who forms the conception and realizes it. But how does the moral purpose affect "the universe"? It affects man's life on this insignificant speck in space called earth, but isn't it absurd to identify this speck with the universe?

Science tells us that at a certain point the process of evolution ceases, and that of dissolution begins. The earth will share the fate of the "dead" planets, life as we know it will disappear, the whole solar system will disintegrate, and all this without disturbing the moral conception "at which the will is driving! What will become of God without man—or, rather, what will become of God's comprehension and realization of his "perfect" purpose?

To be sure, Prof. Percival Lowell believes that Mars is inhabited by creatures even more intelligent and moral than ourselves, and who can say that in other parts of the universe there are not other planets teeming with life as advanced as ours, with supermen perchance? Mr. Shaw wisely refrains from taking such possibilities or probabilities into account; still, they have a direct bearing on the pretensions of man as the interpreter and realizer of God's purpose. Isn't Mr. Shaw making ridiculous claims for man and his habitat?

But is there nothing, then, in Shaw's religion? Let me try to restate his propositions in plain, unvarnished terms.

Energy is the ultimate reality we are conscious of.

Call it God if you like, but calling it God does not render it less inscrutable.

This ultimate energy is manifested in infinite ways. So far as we, human beings, dwellers on this earth, are aware, it is in our driving and striving alone that this cosmic energy may be said to tend toward a moral purpose. We may be exceedingly insignificant, cosmically considered, but we are of wonderful importance to ourselves. Our own affairs are the be-all and end-all of our existence, and self-realization our only business and joy.

We have finally evolved certain social and individual ideals and principles of conduct. They are our most cherished possessions. In them we live and move; for them many of us die.

This love of the ideal, of beauty in thought and character, and of justice in social organization, we may call religion, if we choose.

Thus, perhaps, intended Shaw. At any rate, thus spake his unauthorized interpreter. S. R.

In an editorial on Bolton Hall's new book, "Three Acres and Liberty," the New York "Evening Post" says: "What makes the Back to Nature movement all the more difficult is the fact that our tenements for the most part are filled with people who have just come from nature, and cannot be persuaded to go back, because 'they have been there.'" Shame on the ingrates! Poor Mother Nature! Poor Mother Earth! how sharper than a Single Tack(s) it is to have a thankless child!

COMSTOCK, ST. PAUL, ET AL.*

Anthony Comstock—than whom no ass is greater—has brought himself again into the notoriety he loves by seizing the Catalogue of the Art Students' League in New York city and arresting the lady who is secretary. His reason was that the Catalogue had some reproductions in it of studies of the nude, and he said: "You may keep a lion caged, but you have no right to turn him loose." Thus you see he is a poet as well as an ass.

Evidently, according to the gospel of St. Anthony, a study of the human form divine without clothes is a lion seeking whom it may devour, and the tailor is greater than God.

Anthony Comstock will die in time, and illustrate the wisdom of that great decree: "Nothing shall long endure." But the evil seed he is sowing may continue. Self-consciousness is bad—be it self-conceit or self-shame. There is one thing all great men envy in the animals—the utter lack of self-consciousness, that calm accord with nature which is the highest manhood or womanhood. It can be reached not only by the ignorance of the brutes, but also by the gracious intellect of man. Anthony Comstock destroys this. He makes nature a blunderer because we are born naked.

* This article was written by C. E. S. Wood for his department, "Impressions," in the "Pacific Monthly," but there proved to be too little fig-leaf in it to suit that periodical. On the other hand, there is too much God in it for Liberty. But God is becoming so insignificant that a little more or less of him doesn't matter much: so Liberty prints this article with pleasure. It should be added, in justice to the liberality of the "Pacific Monthly," that it has lately allowed Mr. Wood to give three pages of his department to an avowed exposition of Anarchism, in which students and inquirers are referred to the office of Liberty for further information.—EDITOR.

He makes garments greater than the beautiful human body which has been the delight of art and wonder of science in all ages.

He suggests evil where there is none. He makes the noble vulgar and the pure impure. He wears side-whiskers, and is a common cad with a mind capable only of that vulgar prudery the secret thought of which is indecent.

Tell me, anyone, what is there impure or obscene in the human body? What is it? Why is it? Answer me why. Is it that plump and growing human rosebud—the baby? Is it the slim and fawnlike boy or girl? Is it the full and beautifully-rounded woman or the young man with silky sinews and tiger lithe-ness? I say there is neither ugliness nor impurity anywhere in the handiwork of the Creator. Clothes are for protection, and, where they are not needed for that purpose, nudity is as pure as God himself. For man is God. The person who sees impurity in nakedness dishonors himself with an impure suggestion. Yet this pitiful and dishonoring prudery does exist, and, like many of our narrow superstitions, it comes from theology and the church.

In the childish and ignorant myth of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden they are made to say that, knowing good from evil, they knew they were naked and were ashamed, and they hid because they were naked and afraid, and made themselves aprons (mark you that! St. Anthony—only aprons). And of course all this means that they awoke to the sex difference, and here is the real essence of the thing: "Sex is ulgar." Notwithstanding that, according to this

same tale, God was dissatisfied with Adam alone, and, having tried his "prentice hand" on him, delighted to turn out his perfect masterpiece,—woman,—and, having made them male and female (and nude), he issued his edict to increase and multiply. But, turning away from this fairy tale, I ask again: What is there impure or vulgar in sex? Is it not divine nature's last decree? By it we live—by it the race survives. By it come our poets and our wise men who cannot measure the poetry and wisdom of the great mystery. Sex the Creator—what is there indecent or to be ashamed of in this divine jewel which emits the sparks of life?

But the morbid and enthusiastic minds of the church have taken up poor old mythical Adam and his pinafores, and have made a sin of nakedness,—a disgrace of sex. They have in their early and ignorant minds—one of which was St. Paul's—gone into an ecstasy of mysticism, asceticism, and monasticism, and have made a virtue of celibacy and a shame of nakedness. So that, if all men and women could be perfect according to St. Paul,—and surely perfection ought to be desired,—the human race would become extinct. Ought this to be desired? When I consider Anthony Comstock, I almost think so.

This ignorant and really vulgar superstition against the nude is precisely like that other superstition drawn from the same source: Hatred against the serpent (though this has more reason, as some serpents are really harmful).

You find the seed of Adam bruising the heads of poor harmless little grass snakes, garter snakes, and

other beneficial serpents, until their heads are sore beyond mending. Were I a fairy godmother, I would transform Anthony Comstock into a snake of conspicuous nudity and turn him loose in the Bronx and let him take his chances. How he would blush—but let us hope not for long.

And now it appears that the Rev. Father in God Arthur J. Teeling of Lynn, Massachusetts, has declared no woman must come to church with her head uncovered, or with short sleeves, for in both of these exposures of God's creation is shame to God,—who is a good deal put out about it, according to Father Teeling. He (Father Teeling) admits that bare heads and short sleeves are all right at the wash-tub (probably also in preparing a pastoral dinner or scrubbing the church), but not at service.

Father Teeling has authority for this from St. Paul and in the customs of the church, but, much as it pains me as a good son of the church to differ with Father Teeling and St. Paul, I do not believe there is any necessity for this generation to yield its own judgment to the views of a man who lived two thousand years ago. Fortunately St. Paul is admitted to be only a man. My own view is that Jesus is a more lovable and wonderful character viewed as a mere man, like one of us, and attaining to his divine perfection by mortal attributes, than he is taken as a god. This robs him of the merit of his struggle, and robs us of the hope to wholly imitate him. I believe that every command taken as iron-clad and coming from an infallible god is only a fetter to the free thought of humanity (as witness the church and di-

voiced). There is to my mind no subject sacred from inquiry. God gave man a mind that man might examine God with it. If any subject whatever is barred, there can be no full progress from generation to generation.

The doctors say: if woman covers her head, she will be bald; Father Teeling says: if she does not, she will be damned. Now, which is it to be? No woman I ever saw would hesitate a moment between baldness and damnation. Baldness is real, damnation is pure conjecture.

St. Paul, viewed as a mere man, was a good deal of a man,—but he was nevertheless only a man, and a man of two thousand years ago with the prejudices of his age and race.

Some of his expressions are noble, some narrow, almost ridiculous. We should do with him as we have done with Plato and Aristotle,—take the good, and reject the error. He says, writing to the elders at Corinth, the head of every man is Christ,—but the head of every woman is man (blind St. Paul!). Every man praying or prophesying having his head covered dishonoreth his head, but every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoreth her head. Now, up to this point this is very inconsistent, but he adds—for that is even all one as if she were *shaven*. For, if the woman be not covered, let her also be shorn, but, if it be a shame for the woman to be shorn or shaven, let her be covered. For a man indeed ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man. Judge in yourselves is it comely

that a woman pray unto God uncovered. Doth not even nature itself teach you that, if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him. But, if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her, *for her hair is given her for a covering.*

The logic of this seems to be that, as a woman had her hair for her covering, she needed no other, and the man ought to keep his hat on in a draughty church. But really St. Paul spent too much time on this tonsorial question, and at the end said it was not a matter of salvation. 'Think of its coming up now! How the trifling things do live—as ticks stick in the hide. I leave St. Paul's and Father Teeling's logic to the Rev. Anna Shaw, and the memory of Susan B. Anthony and George Eliot. The fact is, St. Paul was talking from an Oriental prejudice which made it a shame for a woman to be uncovered in public and a disgrace to have her head shaven or shorn. There is neither logic nor reason in his doctrine.

He is the same St. Paul who said: "Let your women keep silence in the churches, and, if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." (Shame on you, Joan of Arc.) And he said: "It is good for a man not to touch a woman, and it were better for the unmarried to remain so." And the best he could say of marriage was that it was not a sin, and it was better to marry than to burn.

Dear old St. Paul, how I reverence your courage, your strenuous life, and your beautiful exhortation: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding

brass or a tinkling cymbal." How I regret that you were the great ascetic, the great celibate, the great defamer of the body and all that physical wonder and beauty without which spiritual beauty is lop-sided. How I regret you could not have recognized in some noble woman that other self which makes self complete, who would have lent you both stimulus and comfort and have taught you that the perfect life can only be had through the perfection of life. How I regret you helped make possible an Anthony Comstock. Yet I fear you did, you dear old spiritual gladiator, even as the carcass of the lion breeds maggots. For the love of God you scorned the body, but I say for the love of God—for the purest, wholesomest love of God—let us be done with such obscene birds as Anthony Comstock, and treat the body and sex simply, unaffectedly, nobly, purely, as the true God, great nature, treats it. I say, whoever puts into the mind of boy or girl the thought that sex and nakedness are in themselves impure and only to be acknowledged secretly, degrades that youthful mind, makes stupid ignorance masquerade as innocence, suggests a morbid impurity where the great calm eyes of nature see none.

I say Anthony Comstock and such as he act from a base suggestiveness, and overlay a wonderful and natural thing with the filth of their own obscene minds. They are destroyers of the purity of the young. It is they who are indecent, not those who, inspired by art or science, treat nudity as a man's natural state into which he was born. This unholy suggestiveness which has been cast upon nakedness by puritanical thought and ignorance is awful. I have known servant girls

who felt they were in an immoral house because the Venus of Milo in half size was in the parlor, and the cleaning woman always draped the naked bust with a cleaning rag and left it so. I have known Protestant ministers snatch their eyes away from a Narcissus without his fig-leaf as if they had been burned, and I dare say it was considered very indecent to have such a thing in the house. Now, I ask why? Let us have the reason. I think it will be hard to give one without showing that all the impurity, indecency, and suggestiveness was in the observer's own brain. It is a curse. It destroys natural purity, and begets a morbid self-consciousness which is ignoble. May all Anthony Comstocks be damned!

C. E. S. Wood.

I find the following in Tolstoi's recent "Letters to a Chinese Gentleman":

Abstinence from returning evil for evil and non-participation in evil is the surest means, not only of salvation, but of victory over them who commit evil. The Chinese could see a striking confirmation of the truth of this law after their surrender of Port Arthur to Russia. The greatest efforts to defend Port Arthur by arms against the Japanese and the Russians would not have produced such ruinous consequences for Russia and Japan as those material and moral evils which the surrender of Port Arthur to the former brought on Russia and Japan.

In other words, non-resistance is a beautiful and useful thing because, by avoiding a fight yourself, you precipitate a worse fight between others. China should not fight with Russia, because it is her duty to love her enemy; and she is to show this love by causing her enemy to come to greater grief at other hands. O Stirner, why are you not alive, to put your brand afresh upon this silly, shallow altruism?

Thoughts compelled from out the hidden
Frequently are inexact;
But the thought that comes unbidden
Is the one that fits the fact.

—*Rabbi Ben Gessing.*

UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

We are misled by all manner of signs, but the signs of the times are the most deceptive of the lot. I have before me a document which was addressed "to the people of the United States" in 1877, and in which the signs of the times then visible were interpreted by Stephen Pearl Andrews. Mr. Andrews proclaimed, as at that moment impending and imminent, a crisis in the relations of labor and capital. Truthful James had already inquired if the Caucasian was "played out." Mr. Andrews's encyclical affirmed that Caucasian civilization had reached that point in the game. The labor question, he said, had come up for immediate adjudication, and there wouldn't be any adjournment of the case on the pretext that capital was unprepared to go to trial. With an emphasis gained by the use of italics and small capitals, he stated that "there is a **NEW ORDER OF THINGS**, here now, or inevitably about to come"; forces were gathering as undissuadable as Walt Whitman vaunted himself to be, and we know how insistent he was. These forces, inimical to the affluent, would triumph at once, peaceably perhaps, but anyhow. The elements were ready to break forth and to renew in a week's time—seven days from date—all the horrors of the French Revolution; and nothing but the readiness of the wealthy classes to sense the situation could give them a ghost of a chance to come in under the New Order. "If the rich and great are

obstinate or stupid," he says, "God help them!" As one of the John the Baptists who had been put wise to coming events, Mr. Andrews felt authorized to speak, and what he had to say was the last call and the final notice. He saw the new order of things about to be inaugurated,—“the forced transfer of all railroads, magnetic telegraphs, and great public works to the government, with the laborers paid fixed and equitable prices, as government employees; the organization of great government workshops, or organized government colonization, and other similar enterprises, and the honest effort that government shall become the social Providence of the whole people.”

It is almost thirty years since those words were written. That is about a “generation.” The same phenomenon of a rainbow bridge of Socialism and government ownership that to the vision of so many persons spans the gulf of trouble now, with paradise at the farther side, was to be witnessed then; and the end of it must have seemed a good deal nearer at the time when Mr. Andrews told his story than it looks to be at present; for no Socialist to-day, as sane as he was, would say, expecting to be taken seriously, that an industrial or economic crisis is impending and imminent.

In the relations between capital and labor there have been great changes since Andrews, but none you would notice since Moses.

The elimination of the Jew from the Upton Sinclair colony was to be foreseen; or, if not the Jew, then the colored man or the Chinese: the nationality of the ex-

truded individual makes no difference in the principle. The line was sure to be drawn somewhere. Helicon Hall is shown to be a human institution after all; for an arrangement that provides only for the ease of the congenial goes no farther toward solving the house-keeping problem than Professor Herron's marriage to an heiress went in the direction of accomplishing "the economic emancipation of genius," which to the gifted professor seemed a matter of prime importance as long as he had to rustle his grub. The world is big, and the population various. Systems are short which proceed "along the lines" of the radius of any circle, especially a select circle.

What is to become of the low-browed under collectivism? A great English evolutionist found a flaw that prompts this question, in the demonstrations of Henry George. Mr. George held out that, "though the sovereign people of the State of New York consent to the landed possessions of the Astors, the puniest infant that comes wailing into the world in the squalidest room of the most miserable tenement house becomes at that moment seized of an equal right with the millionaires" to the said landed possessions. If this thesis of Mr. George could be maintained as true in a popular sense, the evolutionist could not understand why its proponent had left the Indian papoose out of the reckoning and cut him no slice of the Astor pie. I do not myself stand for the superior or even the equal right of the puny infant, born wailing, or of the papoose, whose nose is always untidy, to enjoy and manage the Astor property, as against the infants generated by the Astors themselves. Anybody may

have my chance to guess, at his own price. It is my purpose only to have it noticed that a scheme which does not allow for the improvement or extermination of undesirable races overlooks some of the merits of the one at present in vogue. In this respect such a household as that set up at Helicon Hall seems to be a rod or two behind the conventional home, where, even in its current stage of decline, the poor relation, in the capacity of bottlewasher, may come into improving contact with the intellectually rich.

Colonists, observing that the world has gone wrong| industrially, domestically, and governmentally, have the habit of repairing to some wilderness and starting even with the aborigines. They are like a boy doing a sum in arithmetic who, having reached a wrong result, works it over again on a clean sheet of paper. If he ever gets the example right, it is because he finds out that in previous operations he has admitted some such factor that the more he figures the further he goes wrong. Failures prove a mistake somewhere in the reckoning. What is the obtruding factor that has queered the solution of the problem to be worked out by communities and States? If it is not the introduction of government, then I do not want a cent for locating the error. Somebody told Tolstoi in awed tones that an act of which that Russian nobleman disapproved, when he saw its consequences in his own increasing family, was necessary to perpetuate the race; and the philosopher calmly replied that he perceived no reason why the race should be perpetuated. No convincing rejoinder was forthcoming. Apparent ne-

cessities may resolve themselves into delusions. Dr. Lyman Abbott has lately argued that government is a necessary evil. Admitting its characterization as an evil to be correct and just, what could Dr. Abbott have said if some one had inquired, "Why necessary?" I have tried to figure out whether a necessary evil is a virtue or a vice, but up to the present time have not been able to get away with it.

A bill to compel the registration of all marriages, deaths, and births was defeated in the Idaho senate, after passing the lower house. The victorious antagonists of the bill were Mormons; and, while it can be conceived that Mormons are likely to be prejudiced against too much publicity being given to their domestic affairs, the remarks of the senators in this case appear to me wholly relevant and their arguments unusually cogent. For example, they contended that the incidents whereof it was proposed to make public record are purely personal matters, and that the State would be guilty of an indelicacy if it inquired about them. On the question of marriages and births being purely personal the wisest may hold their judgment in suspense, but who can deny that the article of death falls strictly within that definition? If the individual who has become deceased is not personally rather than collectively dead, in what sense can it be said that he has arrived at that condition.

At the instance of Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, the national legislature turns itself into a Congress of Mothers to decide whether or not children under four-

teen years of age shall be allowed to work at gainful occupations anywhere in the United States. Parents not elected to congress have no voice in the decision. Thus the proprietorship of the mother in the offspring she has borne is gradually becoming relaxed in favor of the State. Past and present events which cast their shadows behind prepare us for the day when public ownership of the embryonic will loom as a campaign issue, and when with the first sign of maternity the mother will pass under government supervision, and the child in the full sense of the word be delivered to the State. I believe that the licensing of persons of conflicting sexes to contribute to race-preservation, by a "board" as well as by a parson, is seriously contemplated in some advanced sections of the country. With this dream come true, and infants kept in communal nurseries until they are compulsorily sent to State schools, the function of the parent must be materially narrowed. The father is to most intents and purposes a figurehead already,—a mere common denominator for the family group,—having abdicated under pressure of a set of rules for bringing up children; and the mother, as aforesaid, is fading: Her subsidence is measured by the remark attributed to one "Julia Richmond, district superintendent of schools in New York," that "God created mothers, and, when he saw what a sorry job he had made of it, he created school-teachers." It would be the next thing to atheism to assume that "God" is wholly satisfied with the success of his second job, since many school-teachers are doomed by the instincts he has implanted in them to take their place with the mothers

created as the original sorry job; and they do not shriek so very loud at the prospect of "demotion," or make any violent struggle to avoid the fate.

New Jersey has had a child-labor law for two years. Not long ago I held conversation with a State legislator on the tail-end of a trolley car. Speaking of boys' working, I said I supposed New Jersey had no child-labor problem since that law was passed. "On the contrary," he replied, "the State has two child-labor problems now where it had only one before. The first is how to repeal the law, which women and emotional men are supporting, and the second is how to evade it."

When Roosevelt clasped Togo to his bosom, and assured him that he does not approve the action of the California school boards in dictating to the mikado's subjects what schools they shall attend (see *Liberty* for December, page 17, and laugh), that was not the first instance where stick meeting stick brought on the hug of peace in American-Japanese diplomacy. Our distinguished consideration for Japan, and our lively appreciation of the fact that she is not built to be sat upon, have previously been voiced by this government. It is known that in our condescension to heathen nations we insist upon an arrangement known as "extraterritoriality," which amounts to this,—that, when the conduct of an American citizen, resident or sojourning in those countries, conflicts with local laws and customs, he shall be tried and acquitted by our own diplomatic or consular representative, and not by

any heathen justice of the peace. To such a proposition any healthy Power would respond "What's that?" and a moment later the features of the proponent would appear to have been stepped upon. No Power but a Christian one taking the Golden Rule for a guide and exalting the square deal as its specialty would ask another for such a favor without tendering a similar privilege in return. Nevertheless the United States puts it all over heathendom in just that way. Trial by American authority is provided for in a treaty with China, the preamble of which sets forth that we aim to do to others as we would have them do to us; which, I conceive, is a touch of hypocrisy as light and graceful as we shall ever behold. And the coat of pretence loses none of its lustre, but is in fact all the more a holy show, because it was laid on by missionary hands and for the benefit of missionaries. The Hon. John W. Foster, who was once secretary of State, has said that, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, the missionary is the person who avails himself of the privilege claimed. China submits; she "stands the gaff"; she not only holds up her heathen hands when commanded to do so by the white-cravated highwaymen, but, even when a native Christian breaks through the trammels of Confucian morality and is dealt with by his fellow-countrymen, thereby becoming the injured party, not Chinese but American missionary justice dictates to the government how many Chinese heads and taels it will take to square Uncle Sam. Japan, on the contrary, does not submit. Some years ago she intimated that our "extritoriality" smelt bad, and asked us to take it away. We did so, re-

pudiating it, so far as Japan was concerned, as a thing we would not be found dead with. Just at present Japan has turned exterritoriality around and is pushing it at us; and through our president we take the dose. We propose to call out troops to force one of our sovereign States to provide schools wherein husky subjects of the mikado, of twenty years' growth, may learn simplified spelling in the same class with American girls who have not reached the age of dissent.

By the questions arising out of the condition which thus confronts us we are forced back to fundamental principles, and obliged to ask if the entire trouble does not arise from a theory. I mean the theory that an American State is under obligation to furnish facilities for educating foreign immigrants. The State school, which forces learning on children who do not want it, at the expense of citizens who have no children and desire none, is justified only by the doctrine that the State is menaced by the child and must educate him as a measure of self-preservation and defence. Admitting, in order not to drop the subject abruptly, that the State owns the child, the right of the State to handle the child as it pleases naturally follows; and, if the State does not think that the co-education of Japanese youths and native daughters of the Golden West contributes to the ends for which the schools are maintained, its authority to provide separate schools cannot be questioned. The straight way out of the California difficulty is the erection of federal schools in the cities of that State having a Japanese population. But anything in that line would have to be done through congress, and President Roosevelt

thinks of congress (since his correspondence with Mrs. Storer was discontinued) only as a bureau through which to place his purposes before the country in messages that body is compelled by law to pass along to the public printer. The coast has but a few hundred Japanese children to exclude from school privileges. Japan has thirty thousand for whose education no provision is made—a fact which is here submitted without comment.

With all of the Chinese and Japanese that modify the complexion of its citizenry, San Francisco can still hardly know what an Oriental invasion really is. To obtain such knowledge it would need to be New York and have a million Jews in its midst. The Jew is not a Mongolian, of course, and he isn't bilious enough to be called a yellow peril, but he is Asiatic a-plenty. The literary test convicts him; he writes and reads "against the sun," from right to left. He is not one of us, and there is a deep feeling that he is an intruder. This feeling found expression in the note by the late John Hay to the government of Roumania protesting against the oppression of its Jewish subjects. We know that the Jews interpret the note as a plea for tolerance toward members of their race, and have come as near canonizing Hay for a saint as the tenets of their religion will permit; but I violate no diplomatic confidence reposed in me by the administration when I say that what Hay wanted was such good treatment of the Jews in Roumania that they would be content to stay there instead of emigrating to the United States.

The true philosophy of exclusion is to keep out who can do work better and cheaper than we can. The objection to the Jew arises from his ability to more than hold his own in games to which we introduce him. Whenever a persecution is proposed against any race or class,—and exclusion is persecution,—it is the best guess that the hostility originates with parties who are in some essential the inferiors of the invaded people. It is true that, entomologically classified, the Jew is a parasite, for he subsists on other organisms. He does not, like some Orientals, make his stake here, and go back to his country to enjoy it, for he has no country. He evinces a preference for improved real estate; there is in him none of that lust for battle with nature which impels frontiersmen to assault the virgin land or forest. It is true he would rather acquire the money that others have received for manual labor performed than earn it himself by muscular exercise. He would rather sell clothes to mankind than compete in raising cotton and wool. He is not a menace to any laborer or railroad or canal, like the Chinaman and Japanese, but he can let those enterprising races start in business first and then beat them handily at making the blonde type appear futile and ineffective. Seest thou a man diligent in business? That is the Jew. I do not criticise him for his energy, but sometimes he runs past his signals. He carries business principles too far, as when he stays so long in a community of people whose inutility as commercial persons he has made plain that they rise up and slay him. That is when I begin to doubt the Jew's judgment. He should learn how to get cold

feet, cash in, and draw out of the game. That distinctive nose of his should be educated to smell trouble before it gets too near where he has invited it to come. His eagle eye, looking to the future, should be able to see that, in a world of growing indifference to pedigree and to the particular kind of superstition any bunch of individuals embraces, he will not always be able to explain his unpopularity on grounds of race or religious prejudice. I hope I make due allowance for the hostility aroused against the Jew because he is an exemplar of many virtues which we inculcate without bothering ourselves to practise them. He has thrift, frugality, industry, temperance, of which qualities, it is admitted with regret, the light-complexioned are not fanatical exponents. I have taken into consideration also the dislike the Jew incites by being superior as a scholar and frequently as a gentleman and judge of spirituous blends, but these are insufficient; the true cause of animosity does not lie in them. That must be found elsewhere. I locate it altogether in the circumstance that he lays over us in commercial instincts and can find a dollar where we would overlook the coin.

I will now disclose the aim of the foregoing demonstration and commentary on the dominant characteristic of the Jew, *i. e.*, his gift for business; for I notice often that, unless I explain my purpose, the reader does not know what I am driving at. In this case it is not to invite controversy, since I have raised no debatable point, but to make an inquiry. I want to know whether any of the seed of Abraham are professed Socialists, and, if so, what graft they are looking

forward to. I am anxious, you see, for the future of a venerable and commercially enterprising race under a system that promises to abolish commercialism.

If Liberty has never printed the late Professor Huxley's just and unexpected definition of Anarchy, which occurs in his essay on "Government," the recent death of Auberon Herbert makes this an appropriate season for doing so, or even for repeating, because Huxley was "answering" Herbert when he wrote it. Huxley said:

Anarchy, as a term of political philosophy, must be taken only in its proper sense, which has nothing to do with disorder or with crime, but denotes a state of society in which the rule of each individual by himself is the only government the legitimacy of which is recognized. In this sense, strict Anarchy may be the highest conceivable grade of perfection of social existence; for, if all men spontaneously did justice and loved mercy, it is plain that all swords might be advantageously turned into plowshares, and that the occupation of judges and police would be gone.

It is like capturing the enemy's arms without loss when the insurgent crew can cut out so formidable a piece as that from one who spoke with and for authority, and turn it on the foe.

In the same essay Huxley also said, significantly:

Heaven forbid that I should be supposed to suggest that Mr. Herbert and his friends have the remotest connection with those "absolute" political philosophers who desire to add the force of dynamite to that of persuasion. It would be as reasonable to connect monarchists with murder on the strength of the proceedings of a Philip the Second or a Louis the Fourteenth.

More reasonable to so connect the monarchists, one

might say; for, if there has been one of them, known as such, not absolute enough to believe in adding the force of dynamite, or of its mate, which is gunpowder, to that of persuasion, he was misbranded and should have been exposed.

Huxley by apposition added Wilhelm von Humboldt to the Anarchist population—a proceeding which is not disquieting so far as I am concerned. It is even cheering to learn that the profound philosopher thought faith and fatherhood could take care of themselves. “Von Humboldt,” he observes, “excludes not only all and every matter of religion, of morals, and of education, but the relations of the sexes, and all private actions not injurious to other citizens, from the interference of the State.”

The only purpose in further writing on the subjects dealt with in this magazine, *Liberty*, is to apply its principles to current events. Those principles have already been elaborately set in many tomes of good literature. It remains now to make the world acquainted with them; and that is where the greatest hardihood and persistence are required. The world has a crust of stupidity and prejudice about a foot thick, and it is not irritable in the sense of responding to external stimuli. When I see *Liberty*, the pioneer, the developer, and the last survivor of Anarchy, going against this armor that the world supports, I think that perhaps the Texas man of my name, who stands ready to charge hell with one bucket of water, is not so very nervy after all.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

RUBBER-STAMP JUSTICE

[Philadelphia "Public Ledger"]

Editor Public Ledger :

Being drawn for jury duty, I recently served as juror in one of our common pleas courts. The case on which I served was not a complicated one, being a suit brought by a paving company to compel a property-owner to pay for the paving of a street, the property-owner refusing payment on the ground that the paving was not done in accordance with the city ordinance. A number of witnesses were heard, and the charge of the judge to the jury was a model of clearness, he explaining the law bearing on the case in such a way that a child might have understood it and grasped its application.

But to my surprise he concluded by directing the jury to bring in a verdict for the defendant,—the property-owner,—whereupon the lawyer for the plaintiff (the paving company) objected, claiming that such a verdict debarred him from taking the case to a higher court as the time limit for the claim expired in April next. The judge, therefore, very accommodately reconsidered the matter, and directed the jury to bring in a verdict for the plaintiff.

Having always had strong convictions that a juror should bring a verdict based on his own conclusions from the evidence placed before him, and from the explanation of the law given him, and that, if a judge wishes to give the verdict, he should do it on his own responsibility and not through the mouths of a fettered jury, I refused to concur in the verdict, and was given a severe lecture by the judge, and was ordered to leave the box and the court,—an insulting remark from one of the court officers being thrown in for good measure.

I would like the "Ledger" to explain for my benefit and for the benefit of those who may in the future be jurors why it is necessary that a judge should direct a jury to bring in a verdict which may or may not be in accordance with their convictions.

You will observe that in this particular case the judge directed the jury to find for both parties, so it can hardly be said that the law required such a procedure. So far as I could see, there was no reason why the case could not have gone to the jury.

HAROLD SUDELL.

Philadelphia, March 12, 1907.

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LIBERTY

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ON PICKET DUTY

The next issue of Liberty will be the August issue. The June issue, which will be omitted, is to be replaced by a September issue. The present issue consists of 96 pages, instead of the usual 64.

"The Ego and His Own" is a success from the start. To find a serious book (not fiction) that has attracted as much attention in the same length of time one must go back to Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution." But it is too early yet to weigh the criticisms. When all of them are in, Liberty may have something to say. Meanwhile the sale goes steadily on, and is greatly stimulating the sale of the whole range of Anarchistic literature, as well as bringing new subscribers to Liberty. I may repeat, by way of advertisement, that the price of book in ordinary cloth, plain edges, is \$1.50; in superior cloth, full gilt edges, \$1.75. It is sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price.

On the sixth page of "The Ego and His Own" the translation of the fifth line is probably erroneous. Though the phrase, "I am nothing in the sense of

emptiness," is a correct translation from the first and second German editions, it exactly reverses the Reclam edition published years afterward. The editor of the Reclam version could have had no authority for the change, save that of common sense; but by that authority he seems to be sustained. Therefore purchasers of the English edition are requested to note that the sentence probably should read: "I am not nothing in the sense of emptiness."

The next year or two will bring us many diverse interpretations of Stirner. To begin with, we have a new one from Dr. Ruest, reported by Mrs. Schumm in this number of Liberty. He finds Stirner like Nietzsche in considering our ego not as a starting-point which we already know, but as a future toward which we are striving. That this is Nietzsche's position I do not deny. In fact, the "higher life" is Nietzsche's spook. Painful striving, rather than joyous living, is his ideal. But not Stirner's; far from it! How Ruest can say so in the face of Stirner's positive assertions to the contrary I cannot understand. That section of Stirner's book which is headed "My Self-Enjoyment" is a direct attack upon painful striving. Read the following quotations, taken almost at random:

When one is anxious only to *live*, he easily, in this solicitude, forgets the *enjoyment* of life.

Not till I am certain of myself, and no longer seeking for myself, am I really my property; I have myself, therefore I use and enjoy myself. On the other hand, I can never take comfort in myself so long as I think that I have still to find my true self.

In the old I go toward myself, in the new I start from myself.

He who is still seeking for his life does not have it and can as little enjoy it.

I am a "true man" from the start. My first babble is the token of the life of a "true man," the struggles of my life are the outpourings of his force, my last breath is the last exhalation of the force of the "man." The true man does not lie in the future, an object of longing, but lies, existent and real, in the present.

There is a mighty difference whether I make myself the starting-point or the goal. As the latter I do not have myself, am consequently still alien to myself, am my *essence*, my "true essence," and this "true essence," alien to me, will mock me as a spook of a thousand different names.

We are, every moment, all that we can be; and we never need be more.

They say of God that he is perfect and has no calling to strive after perfection. That holds good of me alone.

Could words be clearer or more specific? In substance and in form they squarely contradict Ruest's interpretation. Shall we infer, then, that Stirner did not believe in development? By no means. But he distinguishes. "I do not develop man, or as man," he says, "but, as I, I develop—myself." That is to say, he develops, not in striving, but in living. Stirner knew that, just as the man who hoards gold to accumulate purchasing power gets no profit from it, so the man who hoards life to accumulate possibilities of life gets no growth from it. Nietzsche was a miser, Stirner a prodigal: that is the whole of it.

Acting upon the initiative of Mr. John Jacobs, of Cleveland, the Anarchistic expert in matters chronological, biographical, photographical, and statistical, an art firm of that city (C. F. Hunger & Co., 211 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio) has made an excel-

lent portrait of Proudhon, produced by process from the work of F. T. Stuart, of Boston, the steel engraver who made the plate for the portrait frontispiece in the first English edition of "What is Property?" Copies are supplied by the firm in question at twenty-five cents each, cabinet size, or one dollar each, in a large size,—12½ x 16½ inches. Mr. Jacobs had a good idea, and it has been executed well.

Readers of *Liberty* in Great Britain are requested to send me clippings from British newspapers and magazines relating to Stirner and his book.

Prof. E. R. A. Seligman declares that the women teachers who are demanding the same pay that the men teachers receive are shortsighted, inasmuch as men will be employed in preference to women as soon as this demand is granted. I do not know whether the professor is right or not, but I do know that, if he is right, he convicts the State of employing, from motives of economy, for the important work of educating children, what it believes to be inferior labor. Thus, unwittingly, he puts a weapon in the hands of Anarchism. Jew, we thank thee for those words. (Now, I hope nobody will accuse me of Jew-baiting. I should have quoted Shakspeare just as literally, had the professor been a Yankee.)

Ruskin's opinions underwent many changes in the course of his long life, as a result of which he thoroughly revised his earlier works. Lately the earlier copyrights have expired, and now there are many

reprints of the original editions on the market. This has given rise to a lively controversy in England, it being claimed by many that a grave injustice to Ruskin is being done, and that the reprinting of works that have been repudiated by their author should be forbidden by law. Such portions of this controversy as I have seen fail to take into consideration a very important point. It seems to be generally assumed that an author's second thought is always the sound thought, and that his repudiation of his work establishes its unworthiness. Such an assumption of course is untenable. It is not uncommon for men in full possession of their mental vigor to change their opinions for the worse, and it is the rule that even the sanest intellects weaken with advancing age. This being the case, it would be utter folly to forbid the reprinting of original editions, for such prohibition might deprive the world of many a great masterpiece. The ablest disciples of Spencer agree in preferring the original edition of "Social Statics" to the later edition approved by its author, and lament his omission of the chapter on "The Right to Ignore the State,"—one of the best things that he ever wrote. And a very valuable work that now figures in the Anarchistic propaganda has lately been on the edge of suppression by its editor, who has gone mad on the subject of Spiritualism and believes that he has had communications from the deceased author repudiating the work. Of course common decency requires a publisher who reprints a repudiated edition to state conspicuously in a preface the facts regarding the repudiation; but this is all that can be expected of him. It certainly can-

not be admitted for a moment that people must deprive themselves of the liberty to enjoy a creation, or to judge it for themselves, simply because its creator has disowned it, perhaps through insanity, perhaps through senility, perhaps through hypocrisy and cowardice, perhaps through the liability to error from which no man is exempt. We are too much in the habit of taking the sobriety of the second thought for granted. The first thought too is entitled, not only to its "day in court," but to permanent representation before the tribunal of human reason. The proposal to deprive it thereof is the latest offspring of the abominable copyright monopoly.

From various sources information reaches me that an attack on me—to some extent a review of my career—is being prepared in the office of "Mother Earth" by Mr. Harry Kelly, author of the immortal argument (with a lie for a premise) that Tucker's Anarchism cannot be good for anything because he (Tucker) cares for it only as a matter for discussion over a sixty-cent dinner and a cigar. I understand that the occasion of the attack is a complaint that I criticise Communists on the strength of newspaper statements. If I find it necessary to cross this bridge, I will do so when I come to it. Meanwhile let me warn all and sundry against the danger of criticising anybody on the strength of statements made in "Mother Earth"; in justification of which warning I cite an occurrence of recent date. Some time ago Mr. Bolton Hall printed in "Life" the following fable on government:

Plato, having laid a brick in the path, stood aside to see what might befall; the first man who stumbled over it said nothing, but went his way. "There," said the Philosopher, "is a Conservative Citizen, the backbone of our Institutions!"

The next one fell on his face, and railed upon the Tetrarch; but he also left the brick, and went on his way. "That is a Good Government man," said Plato. "He will one day found a Goo-Goo Club!"

The third also broke his shins, and, having called upon Pluto, removed the brick from the path.

"That man," said Plato, "is a Reformer; he believes in doing 'ye nexte Thing.'" Then Plato replaced the brick in the path.

But a certain man came along, and, when he had stubbed his toe, he took up the brick and hurled it at the Philosopher.

"That," said Plato, as he dodged the brick, "is an Anarchist; he is dangerous to the Government."

But he was not: he was only a Nihilist.

It is clear that by this fable Mr. Hall intended to *combat*, among other things, the doctrine that government can be destroyed by violent revolution. Therefore you would hardly expect "Mother Earth" to reprint it. But it did, in its April number, under Mr. Hall's name, but without credit to "Life,"—*with the final paragraph omitted*. This omission made it almost equally clear that Mr. Hall's intention was to *approve* the doctrine that government can be destroyed by violent revolution. In this mutilated condition of course the fable was admirably adapted for "Mother Earth's" purposes. I have seen a letter from Mr. Alexander Berkman, in which he admits that the omission was intentional, but pleads that it was made because he did not understand what Mr. Hall meant by the term "Nihilist." It is only fair to say that Mr. Hall—good-natured man—accepts this explanation, and sees in it, instead of contemptible knavery, a "charming *naïveté*." I think the *naïveté* is all with

Mr. Hall. Being myself an ill-natured man, I hold that "Mother Earth" was guilty of a *deliberate, wilful lie*. And, if it proposes to make newspaper misrepresentations the text of an attack upon me, I say to it: "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

In the April number of Liberty I said:

So far as I know, Voltairine de Cleyre is the only person, besides myself, who has publicly put upon Pentecost the brand he deserves. But, unless I have forgotten or overlooked something in the past, even she waited till he was dead.

As I could not possibly have heard or read all the unreported speeches made by Miss de Cleyre in the past fourteen years, it is obvious that the words "forgotten or overlooked" referred to her work as a writer. It is hardly a correction of my statement, then, to inform me, as she does in a recent letter, that she has frequently said in speeches the very thing that she lately said about Pentecost in "Mother Earth." However, I am glad to know the fact, and I give her the benefit of her statement.

John Most used to say—and I understand that most Communists agree with him—that on the night of the revolution the first number on the programme will be a massacre of the "Tuckerites." It seems a part of the irony of fate that Emma Goldman, being entertained recently at Cleveland by a young Socialist couple, was told by her host and hostess that, when Socialism becomes triumphant, "Anarchistic [Communist

nistic] disturbers of public welfare will have to be strung up." Alike authoritarian, State Socialism and Communism are "sisters under their skins."

Stripped of his temporal power, the pope refuses to leave the Vatican, and proclaims himself a prisoner. Stripped of its State support, the Catholic Church of France refuses to hold the Christmas midnight mass, and proclaims that it is hindered in the exercise of its worship. To this sort of thing Arthur Ranc, editor of "*L'Aurore*," very properly gives the name "auto-martyrdom."

Tolstoi, whom the Single Taxers claim, has just written a book in which he advises everybody to refuse obedience to any order whatever from the government. For instance, he advises them to pay no tax at all, not even a *single* one. I wish the Single Taxers joy of their convert.

FROM AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

If thou wouldst happy be,—
And that is all there is in life to live for,—
So act that, when for thee
The world no longer is and thou wouldst give for
Just one more short day
All that thou hast to pay,
Thou then canst know that for thyself alone
Thou hast forever striven,
And yet for others, though to thee unknown,
Thy whole life has been given.

C. L. S.

MUSTAPHA THE WISE

Ali Mustapha Ben Ali was accounted as wise a man as any in Baghdad. He was such an artist among jewelers that his handiwork was sought for even from Damascus. He could tell the fineness of gold at a touch, and had an eye for emeralds, pearls, and turquoises as other men have for beautiful women. He was the syndic of the jewelers of Baghdad, and people called him Mustapha the Wise. The Wazir consulted him often about gems, and, finding his conversation in all things ornamented with thought, as lilies spread above a silent pond, he was glad to take coffee with him at his bazaar and listen to his words. One day the Wazir said to him: "Oh, Mustapha, you are still young, and men say that you are rich, yet you have not even one wife. Why are you thus selfish? The Prophet says, 'He who has not wives is of the Brotherhood of Satan.'" When the Wazir had ceased speaking, Mustapha, as was his wont, remained silent for a moment or two, and continued to cut into the soft gold with his carving tools; and then he said: "Oh, my friend and Master, may Allah keep all evil from thee! Shall I, who hope for houris to all eternity, imperil that joy by chaining myself to a woman, a daughter of Iblis, fickle, deceitful, jealous, a slave in body and a tyrant in temper? No, O Wazir, I shall not do this thing. Behold, here is my dog, Hamet, a companion who does not talk. He is faithful and unselfish. He returns caresses for blows. He asks nothing but a little food and the caresses of my hands. He submits to everything without complaint. He

carries no gossip, and he tells no lies. He guards my treasures, and will not waste them." "Bismillah!" replied the Wazir, "art thou wiser than the Prophet? Are all pearls equal in size and lustre, or do you judge all turquoises alike? All women are not fickle, deceitful, jealous!" "No," said Mustapha, "I judge not all pearls alike, but men judge the whole harvest by a handful of wheat and the yield of the rose-field by a single rose." "You shall be called Mustapha the Foolish," said the Wazir; "women are neither wheat nor roses." "Nor pearls," said Mustapha. "Do you say that all women are jealous, tempestuous, fickle, and selfish?" said the Wazir, growing angry (those who are used to power like not to be contradicted). "Do you know one woman who is not so?" said Mustapha, pausing in the chasing of a gold amulet-holder set with blocks of turquoise and pale rubies; "by the Beard of the Prophet, do you know one?" said he, looking strongly at the Wazir. The Wazir sat in silent thought for some time, and then he said: "By the Beard of the Prophet, no, but I will find one." "I will look at her when you find her," said Mustapha.

One day Mustapha received a command from the Wazir to visit his palace. When evening came, he performed the ablutions, and arrayed himself as became the syndic of the jewelers. His slippers were of orange-yellow morocco, his trousers of pale purple silk, and his sash was a green silk shawl of Samarkand—the green of the pomegranate leaves when they first come in the spring. His shirt was of fine linen, and his coat of velvet of the green of new grass, and stiff

with golden embroidery. His turban was white, and he also had a dark purple burnous, such as the Arabs of the Desert use.

He presented himself at the Palace, and was taken by a slave into a room in the centre of which tinkled a tiny fountain and around the walls of which ran a high divan. The slave, who knew him very well, waited upon him, and, bidding him lie down upon the divan, lighted the chibouk for him. Scarcely had Mustapha serenely exhaled three draughts when the Wazir entered. "O Mustapha the Wise!" said he, "be thou never again called the Wise. I have found for thee a woman who does not lie, and is not ill-tempered, nor jealous, nor deceitful, nor selfish. She is a mate for a son of the Prophet." "As Allah wills," murmured Mustapha.

The Wazir took a chibouk also, and began a recital of her beauty, wit, wisdom, her talents in playing on the lute and zither, and in dancing; her memory of the verses of the poets, and her own songs; her great patience, sweetness, humility, and with it all a chaste voluptuousness, like a snow mountain, hot with lava fires within. When the Wazir had ended, Mustapha continued to smoke for awhile, and then said: "May it please your Highness to deign to proceed." "By the roof which covers the tomb of the Prophet," said the Wazir, "what do you expect?" And for a time again there was silence, and then Mustapha said: "Your Highness—may Allah dispose his face favorably toward you!—must have had long experience with the lady to know her so well." "As I live," said the Wazir, "I have never seen her." "How is it

possible, then, O Highness, for you to speak so certainly of her virtues?" "By the good reports of her," said the Wazir. "They are not always reliable," sighed Mustapha. "When you defamed the mothers of the faithful," said the Wazir, "it was for me to prove that Mustapha the Wise was foolish, and I sent emissaries throughout the whole khalifate, seeking the woman who had wisdom and wit and patience and was not selfish or jealous, and the fame of this woman came to me, and I have caused her to be brought here." "Is there any one who can equal you?" said Mustapha; "Allah send gifts to you! Do neither you nor my mighty master—may Allah preserve him and keep all evils far from him!—desire to add such perfection to your own seraglios! Though perhaps," added he, "such treasures are common with you." The Wazir looked at Mustapha, and smoked. Mustapha smoked also. Then the Wazir said: "The Khalif—Allah send him blessings!—is of that age when he covets not love or women." "Is there such an age?" said Mustapha. "And," continued the Wazir, "shall I, who am the eyes and the hands of the Commander of the Faithful,—shall I set about to get a wife for my friend, and then rob him of her? May Gehenna dwell in my bowels! No!" "Allah will reward you for your self-denial," murmured Mustapha, and the Wazir looked at Mustapha. "But," the syndic of jewelers continued, "did not the Khalif—prosperity encompass him!—know of your emissaries?" "The Khalif—may he live forever!—knows all things," said the Wazir; "he covets her not. I have said it." "When shall I see this ruby,

perfect and without a flaw?" said Mustapha. The Wazir clapped his hands, and slaves entered, bearing trays of delicacies, among them confections of musk, which excite love. Then came dancing girls and singing girls, and, when they had gone and the slaves had removed the little ebony tables, inlaid with silver, a drapery parted silently, and a woman, between two giant negro eunuchs, entered the room. She was clouded in mist from the looms of Mawsill, frosted with silver specks. It enfolded her as if it loved her. She was like an ivory column, between two great trees of ebony. At a motion from her, the eunuchs vanished behind curtains, and she made her salaam to the Wazir. "This, O Mustapha the Wise, is she of whom I spoke. The woman not jealous, nor fickle, nor lying, and of great wit and wisdom. Remember the commandment of the Prophet, and bethink thee, had thy father not taken unto himself a wife, what would be thy condition?" Saying which, the Wazir left the room.

Mustapha motioned her toward the divan, and she reclined upon it, after the manner of a sultana. Presently he said to her: "O pearl among women, what name did thy parents—Allah guard them here and hereafter!—deign to bestow upon thee?" "My parents—may the honor of their virtues abide with me!—called me Julnar"; her voice was low and tuneful, like the deep fluting of flutes, in a garden lit by the moon. "Julnar," said Mustapha, "the Wazir is a good friend to you." "O my lord," said she,—and her words were pleasant to the ear as the breeze in the acacia boughs,—“how can you certainly affirm this?

He has brought me to you, but neither of us can yet say whether this be the act of a friend." "Your lips drop wisdom, as the lily her fragrant dew," said Mustapha; "my meaning was to say that you have known the Wazir a long time." "And what does my lord call a long time? Time is short or long, as the heart makes it. Short to the condemned prisoner who awaits the sword with the dawn; long to the lover who hastens his camel across the Desert to his love. To-day I have seen for the first time his Highness the Wazir,—Allah preserve him! He sent an escort for me, in the name of our Master, the Khalif, Commander of the Faithful and Lord of the World, whose word is law and whom all must obey. Allah bless him in all things! Behold, I am here."

"Sing to me," said Mustapha. She loosened her veil, and dropped her hand upon the zither, so that the instrument trembled into music, as if it were alive. She sang a song, made by Hafiz, of Shiraz:

Truth lies hidden in the ruby cup of wine,
And Love; that jewel perfect and divine;
And none shall drink this ruby but the wise.
The rose belongs to the bird of morning skies.
This world, or That, all wisdom I forego,
Save but to love thee and thy love to know.
No more I care for that fool word, "They say";
Even the mohtesibs, scornful, turn away
From the mob's backbiting. Let us bravely dare
To learn the subtlety of love, so rare.
Not from deep Thought or wrinkled Reason's flow
Canst thou Love's sweet and subtle lesson know.
Bring wine. We vaunt ourselves the prideful flowers
Of this world's garden—Quickly come the hours
When autumn winds shall whirl the blossoms past
And even Love shall lie cold in the blast.

These pearls of thought hath Hafiz made to grow
Because he doth thy love and passion know.

Also,

My heart is but a little thing,—
A little, little thing is my heart.
I have filled it with thoughts of thee
But it will not hold them.
I have filled it with the looks of thee
Till it is overflowing.
The words of thee are stored within it,
And it is full.
In it is but a small part of the love of thee,
But my heart is bursting with my love.
My heart it is too small a thing;
It cannot hold my love.

“Dance for me,” said Mustapha. She danced the dance of the whirlwind in the desert. She danced the dance of the waterfall waving in the moonlight and the sunlight. She danced the dance of the cedars of the mountain, redolent of spice and swaying to the wind. She danced the dance of the fallen rose-petals at play upon the ground, whirling softly and breathing attar. She danced the dance of the doves, bowing and kissing. She danced the dance of the drunkard, he who is drunken with love and his eyelids heavy. Her body swayed with the weight of the love which oppressed her. She writhed like a serpent, with the torment of her love. She was graceful as the rushes which sway to the ripple of the river. “By the glory of the Seventh Heaven,” said Mustapha, “come lie beside me. Remove your veil.” “Not so. Only to him I shall choose for my husband,” said she, in a voice murmurous as that of the brook. “I will load thee with Ja’feri gold, and give thee armlets of flawless

rubies," said Mustapha, but she answered: "Oh, Mustapha, recall to thyself thy wisdom. She who loosens the strings of her trousers to anything but love is a courtesan, though all the rites of the Apostle be performed. Love is like the silver face of the moon. Wouldst thou put dirt upon it?" "I do not know you," said Mustapha; "remove your veil." "Do you think you will know me because a veil is stripped from my face? You would not know me, Mustapha the Wise, if I were your wife." "I could see if you are beautiful," said Mustapha, "and that is much." "Is it much to a wise man?" said she; "what does it do? Does it talk, sing, dance. Is it wise or virtuous? Does it fade, or does it endure? Is it good? Hath it the virtues?" "No matter, said Mustapha; "it is sweet to hold beauty in our arms." "I am not beautiful," she said; "I have brought you the things I have of worth, and I find you wanting only a beautiful woman. I am not beautiful." "I do not believe you," said Mustapha. "That is because you wish to deceive yourself," said she; "do so, and I shall be beautiful. Even the sun is cold to him who will have it so." "All men crave beauty in woman," said Mustapha. "More than wisdom?" said she. "Yes." "More than virtue?" "Yes." "More than religion?" "Yes, more than anything," said Mustapha. She leaned toward him, so that the soft folds over her breast touched him and he felt her warmth. Her breath was like a summer zephyr dying in a field of roses of Damascus, where they distil the precious attar. "O Mustapha!" she whispered, "it is the inside of the pearl shell which is beautiful, and

still inside, in the very heart of the living fish, is the perfect pearl reserved for the chosen one. You choose the outside, O Mustapha the unwise! forgetting the true and glistening pearl. All women are beautiful in the dark, but not to all women is it given to love."

"By the tomb of the Prophet, I will take you to be my wife. Call in the Kazi and the witnesses. Name thy guardians, and let all be done as the Apostle has decreed. I will make a bridal feast." Mustapha clapped his hands, and the eunuchs came forward.

"Softly, softly, O Mustapha!" said the woman; "you think, because you are willing, the matter is at an end. What you truly mean is that you would be glad now to go to bed with me. Love gallops not so fast with a woman. I do not love you, and she who gives herself for love—aye, though there be no rites said and she be alone in the Desert—she is pure; but she who gives herself for aught but love, though all rites be done as decreed, she is a courtesan"; and, making a deep salaam to Mustapha, she walked out of the room between the eunuchs, one carrying her zither.

"Bismillah!" said Mustapha; "she is an Ifrit. I was under a spell. She spoke truly; I was Mustapha the Fool."

"O Mustapha the Wise! what have you to say of the feast I have provided for you?" said a voice near him; and, behold, the Wazir stood beside him.

"Have you not heard all?" said Mustapha. The Wazir smiled. "There is nothing to tell," said Mustapha; "I pray your Highness permit me to depart. I have work to do." "You are not permitted to depart," said the Wazir, "till you tell me your

thought of her." "I think," said Mustapha, "she is not a virgin." "By the sword of Azrael, Mustapha, do you not know that choosing virgins and melons is all one? You may do your best, but at the end you must shut your eyes and trust to Allah. The peach blossom is of a tender pink and very fragrant in the springtime, but is it better than the sweet and juicy peach, ripened in the heat of summer? We spoke not of virgins, but of the wise, faithful, patient, and unjealous woman. Is the perfect woman one without knowledge, and can you find a virgin who has ripened wisdom? Men come to you for jewelry because of your experience; experience is the mother of knowledge. Shall we value it in all other things and not in love? By my Father's soul, you talk foolishness. How know you she is not a virgin?" "She is too wise; she is too ripe," said Mustapha. "You grow more foolish in this matter," said the Wazir; "are wisdom and full-fruitedness to be despised?" "I think I do indeed grow foolish, your Highness,—may the shelter of Allah be upon you and yours! Suffer me to go." Making a deep salaam, Mustapha left the palace, and returned to his own house. The woman went with him. Not her very self, but in his thought. As he hammered and carved the gold, in his eating and drinking and in his lying down, she was with him. He was bitten of an adder. Had it been permitted, he would have carved the faces of beautiful women into all his work, but he carved and intertwined everywhere the letters meaning love. He muttered to himself continually: "I am a fool. There is a mystery here. Here is a net spread." But, while he muttered,

still he carved the word Love. He knew he would walk into the net. In heart he knew it. The thought of her flew through his mind even at his prayers and ablutions, as swallows flit through the twilight.

On the seventh day she came to him, attended by the two giant black eunuchs and a woman slave.

She held converse with him from the mid-day till the muezzin's call for evening prayer. Her speech was as delightful as the warble of a mountain stream,—refreshing, lively, sparkling; dropping at times to a low pensiveness. She embroidered her talk with quotations from all the poets, and with her own poetic images. So every seventh day she came and remained and went, veiled. At her seventh coming Mustapha inhaled her conversation as he did the smell of cedar and myrrh in her garments and the smell of musk from her hair, which made him amorous, and he said to her: “O Julnar, I will say my permitted say. I will no longer be played with as serpents charm birds, or are themselves charmed with flutes; nor decoyed as gazelles are enticed by the hunter. You must give yourself to me, or you must go and never return again.” “Mustapha,” said Julnar, “I am ready for thee, but for only one thing. Thou hast demanded beauty, and placed it before all else. I know it is the jewel which men covet. I have it not. I am not beautiful, and because of this I am afraid.” Her eyes broke through her veil, as the moon through silver clouds, and her head bent so close to his cheek that the spice of her breath ran into his blood like fire among the dry grass, in the wind. “I believe thee not, and I care not,” said Mustapha; “I want thee.”

"If that be so," said she, "I am ready for thee."
"Tell me," said Mustapha, "who are you, and who thy parents? I would ask thee of them, as is commanded, and send them presents." "I have a house of mine own," she said; "I go to prepare myself for thee. I will send a slave to fetch thee this evening, and then I will tell thee all those things which thou ought to know."

Mustapha could create no more art that day. He busied himself, rather, about his raiment, and selected his richest clothing. When evening came and he had performed the ablutions, he clothed himself in undergarments of fine cotton, which had been laid among lemon leaves, and he dressed himself in orange-yellow silk; and, when he was done, he laid his jeweled-handled scimeter in his lap and waited for the coming of the slave. Presently she came, an old woman, bent with age and infirmities. She embraced his feet, and made a sign for him to follow. The streets were dark, and it was not long till they were out of the quarter with which Mustapha was familiar. The old slave crept on in silence. "Whither are you taking me?" said Mustapha. The crone put her finger upon her lips, and threw her arms out into the air to indicate that she was dumb. "A good guide for a wise man," said Mustapha; "the grave is also dumb." He stopped. The old woman stopped, and awaited his pleasure. "As Allah wills!" murmured he, and motioned to her to go on. "I am a fool," said Mustapha, aloud; "I am going I know not whither, to meet I know not whom"; and suddenly he said to the old woman: "Canst thou understand me if I speak?"

She made a sign with her head that she understood. "Behold this ring. It holds an emerald as large as a sparrow's egg. It is chased with the signet of Lord Solomon, and is a talisman against evil. I will give it to thee in pledge, if thou wilt truly answer my questions, and I will redeem it to-morrow with five hundred dinars." The old slave took the ring, and listened. "Tell me," said Mustapha, "is thy mistress of Heaven or Hell? Is she ghoul, Ifrit, or Peri?" The old woman stooped, and picked up a clod of earth from the foot of a garden wall near which they were standing, and held it toward him. "That is to say, she is of the earth!" questioned Mustapha, and his guide nodded. "Tell me, is she chaste, is she virtuous, is she beautiful?" The moon shone upon the garden wall, making it silver-white, and the old woman, again picking up a lump of earth, wrote upon the wall: "She is as chaste, virtuous, and beautiful as I." Mustapha struck his palms together with impatience. "By the gates of Gehenna," he said; and then, seeing that the old woman had nothing more to tell him, he muttered to himself, "Kismet," and signed her to lead on, saying: "Thou hast not well earned thy money; but bring the ring to me to-morrow, and I will redeem it from thee as I have said." After a time they came to an iron door in a high wall, and above the wall treetops rounded themselves against the sky: dark masses in the shadows and glistening silver in the light of the moon. The old woman gave a high, wild cry, like that of the falcon. Presently the gate was opened by one of the black eunuchs, with a naked sword in his hand, and they passed into a

garden full of moonlight and vague sweetness, as if the flowers were in commerce with the moon. Thence he was led into a courtyard, lighted by the moon and many lamps. Slaves hastened to take off his Morocco bootees, and gave him soft slippers. They took his mantle and his coat, and brought basins of rosewater and napkins, and then led him to the divan chamber, against the farther wall of which ran a high divan, with ivory legs and a front of ivory, inlaid with gold. It was cushioned with down mattresses and covered with velvet of Ispahan, which is like the skin of moles, and to the touch is like the inside of the thigh of a young girl. The cushions were covered with the heavy silk and satin of Cathay and of India, smelling of cedar and sandalwood. From the centre of the ceiling and around the four sides of the room were glass lamps from Teheran and Damascus, upon which, enameled in blue and red and gold, were the words of the poets and the exhortations from the Qu'ran. Each lamp burned softly as a star, and the oil within it was perfumed with the attar of roses, and each lamp was suspended by silver chains, wrought by the masters of Damascus, and the chains were broken at intervals with balls of painted glass, or of blue porcelain, more beautiful than turquoise. The floor was thick and silent with Chinese carpets, made from the wool of Thibet, and the carpets of Bokhara and Kulshana, of Eighur and Samarkand, and the coffee tables and the stand for the sheeseh were of ivory, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and the inside of the conch shell, which is pink, like the flush of dawn, and with gold. Upon the stand stood a sheeseh solidly incrustated with

jewels,—emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and turquoises,—so that it was like the glory of the rainbow. The censers and rose-water bottles and plates were of wrought gold and silver from Venice, the city of infidels, and from Damascus and further India; and the walls were hung with the cloth of Khaimkhab, every hashimi of which was the ransom of a prince.

White-clad slaves ministered to him and brought coffee, upon trays of crystal which had been cut with designs of foliage and tulips and birds, in gold. The sheesh was lighted, and a mouthpiece given him, which was of itself, as he estimated, worth twenty thousand dinars. It was of clouded amber, exquisitely inlaid with gold threads, and all that part which was grasped by the hand, and more, was solid with rubies, among which sparkled diamonds of the purest water.

The chill of the night became suddenly an intoxicating warmth, because of the chips of sandal wood which were glowing in a great silver brazier, filling the room with a sensuous fragrance. The slaves sprinkled his cushions with rose-water from the golden bottles, and sprayed it into the air from the delicately carved and perforated censers. The voices of hidden singers were heard, low and soft; as unseen birds delight us from the deep foliage which hides them.

Suddenly Mustapha saw the old slave, his guide, crouching on the floor before him. How she had come there, he did not know. He signed to her to arise. Slowly she arose, until she stood before him majestic as a palm tree, and he heard her voice like the music of running water: "O Mustapha the wise! did'st thou

not know thy guide? Art thou a lover and can disguises deceive thee?" Mustapha flung aside the mouthpiece of the sheeseh, and started erect, saying: "Was it thou?" "It was I," said she, holding out to Mustapha his own emerald ring. "By the mantle of the Prophet, I did not know thee," said Mustapha, taking the ring. Julnar smiled, and said: "Now I will tell you those things you ought to know, according to my promise. My father was a merchant of Shiraz, a Guebre. But in the course of trade he settled in Bassorah, where in time he embraced the faith and acquired wealth so that his name was a power." "Wealth is always power," murmured Mustapha the Wise. "His ships and his caravans searched every part of the world. His captains brought him slaves, and in his time his eyes were lighted with the vision of many beautiful women. But one day Muhamed, master of his caravans, brought to him a slave girl of seventeen years, who outshone all other women as the moon outshines the stars. Her stature was in beauty more excellent than a mountain made pink in the sunset. Her grace was that of a young willow tree by a clear river, and her sweetness, withal, was that of the doves which build their nests in the rocks. And she possessed the calmness of the stars which shed peace upon the heart of the watcher. A fire took possession of my father, such as only comes when fates are met and the eyes feed upon the poison of love. It was he who became the slave, and he took the slave girl for a wife. For, said he, when the Apostle in his wisdom allows us to take wives wherever we love, it is wicked to make concubines or courtesans of women. This

girl was my mother, and she became like my father's right hand, accompanying him upon all his journeys and voyages. When my mother was with my father on one of his ships in a voyage to Egypt, I was born, in the midst of a tempest, and they called me Julnar. After remaining a year in Egypt we set out upon our return, but were overpowered and captured by Corsairs, and, in spite of promises of great ransom, my mother was separated from my father, and, because of her great beauty, was taken by the chief of the Corsairs to his own vessel; but she, seeing my father borne away from her, threw herself into the sea and was drowned. My memory is of the desert, where the earth meets the sky and all is free. Where not even the habitations of men are chained, and the saying is 'Better is bread in freedom than to live well and bend the back in slavery'; I wandered with the Arabs of the Badawi until I was of the age of fourteen, not knowing whether I was slave or free, for in the tents of the people of the Badawi all are free, and I dwelt in the tents of the Shaykh. About this time there was a night attack upon our camp, and I was taken captive and transported to Bassorah, and there I was bought in the slave market by a dark man who intended me for his concubine. When night came, he came to me and gazed upon my face for a long time, not like a lover, but melancholy; and presently slave girls appeared, and he bade them undress me and prepare me a bath; but I resisted, and said I was of the free people and I would give my body only where I chose, whereupon he bade the slaves let me have my own way, and he departed. The next night he came again

and spoke with me and reasoned with me, and at last I consented to be made ready for him, and, when I was bathed and reclining upon my couch, he came in, and there was a lamp swinging over the couch, and he kissed me upon the breast and saw underneath my right breast a mark tattooed upon my body, and he questioned me about it, and I said I knew nothing, but he said: 'I know. It is the mark I myself had placed upon thee as an infant, to recognize thee.' And he questioned me upon my life, and folded me in his arms, and called me daughter. He placed me in a palace near Shiraz, which was like the gardens of Paradise, and he surrounded me by teachers, as well as slaves; and I was taught not only the arts of embroidery and the making of perfumes and confections and the art of cooking, but also dancing and to play the lute and the zither, and, more than all, reading and writing and to know the poets. And there ever since has been my favorite dwelling-place. But, alas! — may his soul drink ever of the waters of Paradise! — my father called me to Bassorah and bade me haste, that he might utter the Shehadad in my ear and receive it from my lips; and so Allah willed it to be, for I had scarce put the seal of my affection upon his lips, saying, 'No God but Allah, Mohammed the Apostle of Allah,' when his soul entered the abode of the blessed. After the time of weeping and mourning, I received from his stewards an accounting, and left such affairs as needed attention in their hands, and I returned to my home near Shiraz, where I busied myself with the things which were to be done there and with the study of the poets, and musing upon the

virtues of my father—may Allah enlarge his soul to the uttermost Heaven! Being at Bassorah, receiving the yearly accounting of my stewards, the command of the Wazir fell upon me, and I am here. I have neither father, nor mother, nor brother, nor kith nor kin, nor any elder. Thou must ask me of myself, and gifts are not necessary.”

When Julnar ceased speaking, she clapped her hands thrice, and slaves entered, bringing dates, melons, figs, wild plums from the oasis, and peaches of great beauty and fragrance, almond cakes, candied lemon rind, conserves of roseleaves, sweet paste scented with rose and bitter almonds and with musk, pistachio nuts well salted, and many other delicacies, and glass bottles of rich old wine, of which the poet said:

O Wine, liquid ruby, too beautiful to be drunk;
Too fragrant to be only looked upon;
Too intoxicating and delicious not to be tasted.
Giver of heavenly thoughts; maker of laughter;
Gateway to the skies.
A scolding wife and a creditor, thou makest to vanish.
Thou art the blood of the earth.
Enter into my veins, O, thou blood of my mother!

Lutes, zithers, and flutes began to sigh softly, as Mustapha drank of the rich wine. “Remove thy veil,” he said, and his voice was hoarse, for the passion within him had contracted his throat.

She clapped her hands again thrice. The music ceased, and the slaves retired, silent as Jinns. “O Mustapha the Wise!” said her voice, sweet as the wind among the acacia blossoms, “remember this is thy doing and thy bidding. I have not sought thee.” Then she let fall her covering and her veil, and it was

as when a dragon-fly is born into the sun, with wings shimmering and glistening: so did she shimmer and glisten before him. It would be wrong to say that her face was beautiful, for beauty is the name for the faces of the earth-born, but there is no word or tongue which could speak the wondrous beauty of her face. It was that of a peri. It shone with a light like the Evening Star alone in the sky over the desert. It was beyond all comparison. And she stood there slender, yet full, as a tulip in its first glory of the spring. Mustapha hung upon his elbow, breathless, and half afraid of the vision of his eyes, and she knelt beside him, saying: "O Mustapha! trust not to beauty; it is a poisonous asp." But, as she said it, he smelled the attar upon her and all the subtlety of her body, and a warmth went from her into him, so that his veins were afire, and the divan received them into its softness, as it were the downy breast of a great bird.

When Mustapha awoke, it was morning, and he was alone in his own bed, in his own house. His dog Hamet was sleeping in a corner of the room. As he lay wondering and dazed, one of his slaves brought him hot milk to drink. He said to her: "Why are you veiled, doing service to your master? Are you a slave?" And she put aside her veil, and said: "Yea, that am I: a slave." And, behold, it was Julnar. And he looked at her questioningly, saying: "How came I here?" For he was astonished. And she said: "I brought thee unto thine own house. Think not of the past, for it is gone, and Allah cannot mend it." Then he thought unto himself: "I will try this woman. It was a vision. Shall I, who am called

Mustapha the Wise, take every man's gold for fine gold because he swears it? I will make trial of her." And he threw the hot milk in her face, saying: "Would'st thou poison me?" And he drove her away from him. Then he made a slave of her, and made her do the lowest services. She knelt at his feet, and removed his boots, and washed his feet, saying: "To those who love, all service to the beloved is happiness." He beat her, but she covered her face, saying: "Humility is the soil from which grows Virtue. The flax is beaten that it may become strong as iron and white as snow." He drank wine and feigned drunkenness and struck her and trampled upon her, but she said: "This is not my beloved, but another. He knows not what he does." He hid jewels and gold in her clothing, and then pulled them forth and called her thief, but she answered: "Thou knowest, O Mustapha! whether I be thief or not; and what if I be a thief? Who maketh the thief, and what maketh the honest man? The black kids in the flock are slain because they are black; yet neither the black kids, nor the white, choose their own color."

Mustapha went to the slave-market and brought home a beautiful girl, as his concubine. He declared her to be his concubine, and bade Julnar attend upon her, and the beauty of Julnar beside the concubine was as that of a precious vase of alabaster, filled with myrrh, beside an earthen jug; and Mustapha said to her: "I love this girl"; and she answered: "Am I the owner of thy love? Is it an armlet which I alone shall wear and call mine own? It came unto me, and shall it not go to another? Shall it be fixed forever?"

And, if thou sayest it shall be fixed forever, I smile at that, for who shall say that on the first day of Ramadan, which is to come, the wind shall certainly blow from the south? Love hath the eyes of a dove and the wings of a falcon and the living fires of the sun. Who shall put it in bondage forever and jealously say it is her own? Allah hath willed otherwise. As thou didst not give me thy love of thy will, so thou hast not taken it of thy will. Thou hast neither given nor taken, but only Allah. Blessed be the name of Allah! No God but Allah: Mohammed, the Apostle of Allah." And Mustapha said to her: "By the mantle of the Prophet, thou art the one woman not selfish or jealous, having truth and wisdom between thy lips. I have approved thee, and thou art mine." And he showed her his whole house and made her the mistress of it; only his secret depository for his gold and jewels and precious things he did not show her.

In the evening when he had come from the bath and was reclining upon the divan, Julnar clapped her hands, and slaves brought in a silver tankard of crystal water and a silver platter of bread and a glass bottle from Syria, in which was a white tulip; and, standing before him, she said: "Blessed be Allah! May Allah enlighten thee! The time of enlightenment is in this life. Death is a great blot. Allah increase thy reward sevenfold!" She took up her lute and sang:

Water is from the skies, bread is from the earth.
He who would be free must fetter his desires
And be content with bread and water.

She was more beautiful than a lily, and more fra-

grant: and Mustapha said: "Come, lie beside me"; but she seated herself a little way off, and said: "Let us meditate awhile," and she sang:

He is a fool who speaks too much,
And he is not wise who speaks not at all.
Let there be meditation, and then, speech,
For speech is the handmaiden of thought,
And thought makes the universe to tremble.

"Your lips sparkle with wisdom, as the sea with foam," said Mustapha, "but, by Zulfiq'ar, we waste time. I am hungry for thee. The night is going." But she answered: "A night may be as a lifetime, and a lifetime as a night. Dost thou remember the story of the two camel-drivers who entered into the garden of the Pahlshah and fell asleep, and one dreamed that he was set upon a throne, covered with rich raiment and attended by slaves and houris, and his master knelt before him, begging, and he threw out his arm and repulsed him. But every day, so he dreamed, he was filled with wine and savory meats, and one year lost itself in another, as he lived in princely splendor, until, at the end of fifty years of pleasure, behold, he awoke, and his water-bottle, which he had overturned in the gesture with which he repulsed his master in his dream, was still emptying itself, and the lifetime which he had dreamed was but a moment, and he left the garden, for the dawn was coming. But the servants of the Pahlshah, coming into the garden, found the other camel-driver asleep, and he was thrown into prison, where he lay forgotten all his life. On the coming in of a new dynasty the prisons were emptied, and the camel-driver was taken

in the night time and set down in a garden, as he slept; and, when he awoke, he looked about him, and he said: 'Behold, I have dreamed that I was in prison.' "

And Mustapha said: "Love is not satisfied with dreams. The hunger of Love must be fed with what can be touched. Come to me." But she sang to him the song beginning:

Love is a fire, and they who love are willing to burn therein.
Learn Love from the moth. It will burn, yet return, unto the
lamp.

And suddenly Mustapha was overpowered and fell asleep.

When he awoke, it was bright day, and again he was alone, save that his dog Hamet slept in a corner of the room. He called for Julnar, but she did not come. His domestic slaves came, but they knew nothing of her. He arose, forgetting his prayers and the Wuzu ablutions, and ran into the street and sought for her house; but he could not find it, and he returned to his own house, and in his workroom he found all of his jewels and gold and precious things, and with them was the vase of Syrian glass, with the white tulip, and a parchment, upon which was written: "The jeweler knoweth all jewels, yet knoweth not the jewel." Mustapha went to the Wazir, and besought him to make proclamation and send messengers, but the Wazir said: "O Mustapha! go fetch me the wave which has just broken on the shore. Women are the daughters of Iblis. Return to thy labor." And afterward Mustapha walked the streets, searching con-

tinually; and they called him Mustapha the Foolish.

Allah be gracious! Allah send Wisdom! Allah bless us with prosperity!

FRANCIS DU BOSQUE.

WHEN IS A WEDDING NOT A WEDDING?

It is well known that the Roman Catholic church does not acknowledge any divorce. Therefore, if I remember the circumstances right, it caused some public comment several years ago when a priest of that church married a couple of prominent persons, one of whom was notoriously quite fresh from the divorce court. Somebody, in an unofficial way, gave the explanation that this person's previous marriage had been performed by a Protestant minister, and therefore, not having the seal of the true church, was in the eyes of Rome no marriage at all: therefore the church could not recognize the previous alleged marriage as a bar to the present marriage ceremony or to anything else, the parties being in its eyes unmarried people even before they went into the divorce court. Then (as my memory has it) a Congregational paper, the "Independent," made the remark that it could hardly believe this alleged explanation to be the truth: that, if this was the truth, it was in the highest degree disgraceful to the Roman Catholic church.

Such being the case, I hope the "Independent" shares the repugnance that I feel, as a Congregationalist, at finding that we Congregationalists are now in the same business. The facts appear in a letter from a missionary of the American Board in Mexico, in the

“Missionary Herald” for December, as follows:

By the way, I have been asked by a number of Indian parents to baptize their children, and by couples to marry them, as they cannot afford to have the two rites performed by the priest, and as they are taught by the priest that the civil marriage is invalid before God, the latter, however, being the only one recognized by the law. Of course, I cannot comply with their request as they desire it, since their idea of baptism is that it is done to man only to differentiate him from an animal and that otherwise the child remains a sort of incomplete human being, and I cannot satisfy their want nor my conscience in marrying them because that act would not be recognized as legal by the laws of the country. Thus without further instruction, or at least without a true understanding on their part as to what baptism is,—that is to say, without faith in Jesus Christ,—their children have to remain *herejes* and their couples live together unmarried. They are generally, however, faithful to each other.

The fact that the Roman church is opposed to the laws of the government is shown by the following incident, which presented no small difficulty to me. A man recently moved here who has attended evangelical services in other places for the last twelve years. To all appearances he is a thoroughly converted man, living by faith in Jesus Christ; he was married by the Roman church, but not by civil law, which, according to the laws of the country, renders his marriage illegal. He wanted to be received as a member; but, though he is a thorough believer and has not lived with his family for the last twelve years, we of course cannot receive him into our fellowship under the present circumstances. “Why don’t you get married by the civil law?” I asked him. “I have been wanting to for the last twelve years. But the woman! She insists that she will not get married that way, because the priests declare civil marriage invalid!” We could receive him only on his Christian confession and promise to separate himself entirely from his family. But he is the father of his children all the same, and therefore we are bound to destroy his family relations if he wants to associate himself with us, simply because his wife, by the instruction of her spiritual teachers, is too hard-headed to conform to the laws of the country. He has now gone to formally say good-by to his family. He assures me that his wife will put no obstacle in his way.

A hard case, certainly. To get your bearings be-

fore we start into discussion, know that, although the American Board explicitly forbids any of its missionaries anywhere to take part in anything political, the Mexican Mission has settled into a policy of supporting and encouraging the Mexican government in its anti-clerical policy—naturally enough, since the Roman church is the principal opponent the Mexican Mission has to contend against. I suppose supporting the party in power, and encouraging it to use forcible means of repression against the party out of power, is not counted as politics, though, if the like were done for the party out of power, both the Board and the missionaries would be able to see that it was political. As to the case of this man and his wife, I am informed that it was by her, not by him, that marital relations were broken off twelve years ago. Whether she was angry at his intimating that she was not already his lawful wife, and that their children were bastards, or whether she was angry at his change of religion, or whether she was tired of him anyhow and took this excuse for a rupture, or whether the priest told her to break with him, I am not informed. It may be, indeed, that the husband made the performance of a civil marriage ceremony a condition precedent to further cohabitation, and that she simply refused to assent to a ceremony which assumed that she had not been properly his wife all these years while she had been living with him (precisely as a good many Christians are unwilling to join a Baptist church, not because they regard the Baptist form of baptism as having anything wrong, but because they are not willing to submit to a rebaptism which assumes their previous

baptism to have been invalid); in this case my information that the initiative was hers would be erroneous.

But we cannot spend much time on conjectures: we want to find out what principle is being followed by this missionary. It is commonly acknowledged that to break up families is a great evil, and this is particularly contrary to the teachings of the Christian church. But here we have a Christian minister telling a man that the only way to qualify himself for membership in the church is to renounce his family, since his wife is not willing to have a ceremony performed. If this is Christian duty, surely Christians are not under grace, but under the law.

The Bible seems to say clearly enough that the family should be kept together. "I hate putting away, saith Jehovah" (Mal. 2. 16). "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" (Matt. 10. 6). "Let the husband render unto the wife her due: and likewise also the wife unto the husband. . . . Defraud (more literally, 'deprive') ye not one the other, except it be by consent for a season, that ye may give yourselves unto prayer, and may be together again. . . . I give charge, yea not I, but the Lord, That the wife depart not from her husband . . . and that the husband leave not his wife" (1 Cor. 7. 3-11). And not only is the sense of these texts clear and obvious, but it is traditionally recognized. Only, they say, all this is about married people, and one is not married unless a proper ceremony has been performed: consequently, the separation which prophet and Christ and apostle unite in denouncing is wrong only in the case where the ceremony is found, but otherwise it is

quite lawful and even a duty: for, strongly as we defend marriage, just so strongly do we and the Bible denounce fornication—and it is all fornication where there is no ceremony, so one must by all means cut loose from it. And finally, adds our missionary, the ceremony must be conformable to the civil law and recognized by that law.

These are very weighty propositions, which ought to be proved out of the Bible if they are to command the assent of a good Protestant. And, mostly, they are not in the Bible.

The Bible does certainly recognize a distinction between marriage and fornication. Only—let us be cautious at the start—it is not so certain that it recognizes a distinction as to the duties arising out of these relations: one might well maintain that both relations establish the same duties, subject to the rule that the law does not command things physically impossible. For Jesus presents the law of marriage as a necessary consequence of the fundamental “the two shall become one flesh”; because they are made one flesh, says he, let no man put them asunder. But Paul (1 Cor. 6. 16) declares explicitly that this “the two shall become one flesh” applies equally to fornication, even to the case of a prostitute, and that it is a just basis for far-reaching inferences in the one case as well as in the other. Putting these two texts together, the natural inference would seem to be that, when voluntary sexual intercourse has taken place between any two persons, it becomes their duty to regard themselves as husband and wife, and to be faithful thenceforth to all the requirements of that relationship; only, since the

Bible does not recognize polyandry, if a woman has had intercourse with different men, the most she can do is to choose one of them (the first?) and stick to him. The Bible might reasonably be understood to teach such a law; it would be in many cases a hard law, but also in many cases a useful law, if only in making young people less careless. In that case it would of course be unchristian for a man to break off a *de facto* relation of this kind when once entered into, more especially if he broke it off in the name of religion.

But let us grant (though I do not know quite on what ground we are to grant it) that a relation of marriage cannot scripturally arise out of an act of fornication,—that there is no marriage unless it be started as marriage. Then it is clear, by a moderate observation of the world or by a consideration of our Mexican instance, that, in order to make any practical application of this, we must find out what sort of start is essential to the constitution of a valid marriage.

In the first place, the Bible nowhere mentions the marriage ceremony as such. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, who is no fool, has apparently found that, when she wants to make the Bible teach the needfulness of a ceremony, she has to take the text “let not man put asunder,” and argue that, if there were no ceremony to give public notice of the relationship, men would put the parties asunder in their minds—that is, would think of them as asunder, would not think of them as united. Setting aside the fancifulness of this reasoning, it is obvious that at this rate a secret ceremony could constitute no true marriage (and this inference

is pretty much drawn in Mrs. Whitney's book too), while any sort of irregular agreement between the parties would be sufficient if duly advertised; so this could not be a foundation for the current notions about the ceremony anyhow. But I cannot offer Mrs. Whitney a better text for her purpose; and the natural inference seems to be that the validity of a marriage does not scripturally depend on the form in which it is contracted, but on the will of the parties: that any agreement to be mates and stand by each other as such, regardless of its form or its relation to Church or State, is marriage in the eye of God. This is no new interpretation—many men have judged that the Bible meant this; and this view is confirmed by the tendency of all true religion, and of all the most valued parts of the Bible, to hold that forms and ceremonies are in no case the essential thing. It need not follow that a church cannot require its members to use a standard ceremony if they marry. The church may well hold that good order requires this amount of regularity, and that a man who enters into marital relations in an irregular way must receive the church's severest penalties; but it cannot, in Christian consistency, make these penalties include the command to sever the connection that Christ declared to be inseparable.

Yet this interpretation may be wrong—it is somewhat easier to see a possible reason for abandoning this position than for abandoning the one first discussed: for it may well be said, since the texts in question use or imply such words as "marriage" and "wife," that the meaning of these words becomes part

of the texts, and that this meaning includes what ceremony is understood to be essential to marriage. Let us for the second time, then, allow that the apparent sense of the Bible is not to be accepted where it runs counter to current belief, and let us see where an examination on this basis will lead us. And here must be not only the radical's last stand, but the conservative's last assault. If the Bible does not teach the necessity of the ceremony by reason of the fact that the presupposition of a ceremony is part of the meaning of the words "marriage," "husband," "wife," which the Bible uses, then there remains no possible way in which the Bible can be made out to teach the necessity of the ceremony at all.

The meaning of the words must be ascertained either from the way they were used by those among whom the Bible was written, or by something in the form or etymology of the words themselves. Of the latter sort there is nothing that can possibly be regarded as having a bearing in the present case, except the fact that the Greek in Matt. 19. 5 is literally (as in French) "stick to his woman"; which might indicate that this applied to any woman who became in a distinctive and characteristic sense "his." So far as this goes, it favors the view that ceremony is not essential; but it is a weak argument at best. The true test is the use of the words by the people of those times and countries.

The New Testament was written partly among the Jews, partly among the Greeks; if we have to recognize among the original readers any third nation, such as the Romans or Galatians, their inclusion cannot be

thought to affect the use of Greek words by Jewish writers in those books to which our important texts on the subject belong. Now, there can be no doubt that among both Jews and Greeks marriage did in ordinary life involve a ceremony initiating the relationship. (Of the Roman civil law we need say nothing except that it very sensibly allowed each subject nation to retain its own practices about marriage.) Hence it is to be presumed that among them the word "marriage" and its correlatives were understood to signify a relation entered into by a ceremony; and that, if we were right in assuming first that no special New Testament doctrine was to be inferred from the arguments with which the New Testament connects this matter, and second that no inference was to be drawn from the conspicuous silence of the New Testament on a point which people now want us to consider so fundamental to sexual morality, then probably the New Testament use of these words is to be understood as implying a preliminary ceremony. In that case the words must have a meaning which is satisfied by such a ceremony as was known to the New Testament writers; for there is no other way by which the language of the New Testament can be made out to imply one particular sort of ceremony rather than another. (It may be, to be sure, that we are to understand it merely as speaking of "a ceremony" in general, without prescribing that the ceremony must be of a specific nature; in which case it will contradict the contentions of our missionary as plainly as possible.)

I suppose it to be universally known and conceded that the Hebrew marriage ceremonies, as such, are not

civil, but social and religious, and have been so ever since the first marriage recorded in the history of the children of Abraham; so far as a Hebrew marriage in New York to-day has a relation to the civil law of New York, this is by the decree of the Gentile State of New York, not by any law or will of Jewish society. Our present object, however, requires us to ask what was the minimum—what amount of ceremony it really took to make a marriage valid among the Jews; for the New Testament, so far as it starts from a Jewish basis, cannot be held to demand more for a valid marriage than they did. I find by Selden's "*Uxor Hebraica*," book 2, chapters 2 and 13, that, if a man and woman entered into a marriage by private agreement between themselves without the ordinary forms, but in the presence of two witnesses to make proof of the fact of the agreement, they were liable to punishment for disorderly conduct in using this clandestine method, *but the marriage was valid*.

As to the Greeks, I think we may find out pretty nearly their minimum of ceremony for a respectable marriage from Lucian's "*Toxaris*," chapter 25. The "*Toxaris*" is a collection of stories of men who have done remarkable things for friendship's sake: and this chapter tells of one Zenothemis whose friend Menekrates had been mulcted of his whole property for a political crime. Now, Menekrates had a daughter, disfigured by an accident, so ugly that he could not have hoped to get her a good husband even by dowering her with all his former wealth. Hence he was in despair; but Zenothemis promised to provide for his necessities and find the girl a husband of good family.

So he took Menekrates into his house, and presently, saying that he had found a bridegroom, he made a feast for Menekrates and the friends of both. Then, after the meal and the due libations to the gods, he reached a bowl of wine to Menekrates, bidding him receive this health from his son-in-law, for he himself would marry the girl that day; he furthermore declared that he had received twenty-five talents (a very large sum) as dowry, this being a polite fiction to support Menekrates's social standing. Menekrates at once made energetic protest that no such thing should be done,—his friend should not thus throw himself away; but Zenothemis carried the girl into the next room in the midst of the protests, and presently came out having consummated the marriage: and they lived happily ever after, and soon had a child so beautiful that its beauty moved the senate to abrogate the sentence against Menekrates. Of course the value of this as an illustration of the Greek form of marriage does not depend on the historic truth of the story. We see that Zenothemis took all pains that the wedding should be not merely valid, but highly respectable and appropriate to the best society; yet his ceremony contains nothing of the civil, and little or nothing of the religious, but is a purely social ceremony.

It remains to be noted that, if two were married in heathenism, and one became a Christian, the marriage remained binding on him unless the heathen party deserted him (1 Cor. 7. 12 ff.). This, by the way, sufficiently negatives the baseless notion that the bond of matrimony is due to a sanctification which the relation

of man and woman receives from the ceremony; for the author of the first chapter of *Romans* could never have recognized a sanctifying power in a ceremony whose only sanction was that of the heathen religion.

The sum is this, then: if we interpret the Bible solely from itself, appealing only to the indications of its own context to explain anything that raises a doubt, we must conclude that according to Scripture a ceremony is not essential to the validity of marriage; but, if we interpret it by going outside the Bible for indication of the thoughts which its words are likely to have suggested to the writers, we find some reason to believe that they conceived marriage as involving a religious or social—not civil—ceremony, in accordance with whatever was usual in the community where it took place.

The doctrine of the Christian church from the start was that marriage was a matter for the Church rather than for the State. But, when the Reformation came, and the Catholic church was a mighty and terrible enemy which the Protestants were fighting with every weapon they could get hold of, they set up the notion that marriage was a matter for the civil power, and in this and other such ways they flattered the civil power in order to get it on their side. Now they are getting their pay, like the horse that got man's help against the deer in the fable: the State finds that it has to make laws for the holy and the unholy alike, and that it cannot, and ought not to, enforce such regulations as the Church prescribes; so it makes divorce laws that are not in harmony with the teachings of the Church; and the Protestant church, which has taught

that marriage belonged to the sphere of the State, sees its members—nay, even its professors of theology—allowing to themselves that which the State treats as allowable, contrary to the Scriptural and churchly doctrine of marriage. (The same thing has taken place in the same way, I may add, in the matter of the Sabbath.) Yet, while rejecting the doctrine that marriage between Christians requires a religious sanction, they retain the doctrine that the marriage ceremony sanctifies an otherwise unholy relation: a strange divorce of propositions that logic hath joined together.

I am not arguing that the ceremony is not a good thing. If a church rules that a member who tries to dispense with the civil marriage ceremony shall be excommunicated because, by setting an example of irregularity, he has opened the door to scandal, I have no word of protest. But here we have a *de facto* marriage already made, and a man commanding in the name of the church that it must be broken off because, while the ceremony was right according to the laws of one community (the Catholic church), it was not such as the laws of another community (the Mexican republic) pay any attention to. If any man says this is a righteous command, let him bring on his reasons; and, if he claims to represent the Protestant churches, let his reasons be founded in Scripture. Here we have Scripture, and general Christian tradition, and natural human feeling, all agreeing against the doctrine that the church is expected to stand for; and against these it is not sufficient, not even relevant, to say "Thus our fathers have taught us since the days of Martin Luther" or "Thus we infer from the implications of

the political philosophy which we accept." Does our missionary not know that these are the characteristic arguments of his enemies the Catholics? "Full well do ye make void the commandment of God by your tradition." "I hate putting away, saith Jehovah."

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

TWO NEW BOOKS ON STIRNER

Another proof that John Henry Mackay's painstaking labors in behalf of Max Stirner's name and genius are bearing abundant fruit is Dr. Anselm Ruest's book (Berlin and Leipzig : Hermann See-mann Nachfolger—Second Edition), "*Max Stirner, Leben—Weltauschauung—Vermaechtniss.*" This generous volume of 335 pages is an exhaustive, brilliant, and philosophical study of Stirner. Perhaps it is even too exhaustive; perhaps Dr. Ruest has succumbed to the temptations of profound scholarship to probe too subtly into the antecedents of Stirner's ideas, and to elaborate his own hypotheses too lavishly. However that may be, we can forgive Dr. Ruest his superfluous display of erudition for the thoroughly sympathetic, yet unbiased, treatment of his subject.

We know through Mackay how meagre are the data of Stirner's life. They hardly suffice for an adequate picture of his personality. To fill up the biographical gaps, Dr. Ruest, using Mackay's data as a basis and treating Stirner's writings as *documents humains*, has recourse to hypothesis. Without adding any traits to Stirner's personality other than those

already implied in Mackay's biography, he gives color and warmth to the picture and shows us both Johann Caspar Schmidt and Max Stirner, *der Einzige*, in a new light by emphasizing the dominant trait of his character,—namely, his passivity. Only once in his life did this passivity apparently give way, says Dr. Ruest, during a period of intense activity,—when Stirner wrote his remarkable book, "*Der Einzige und sein Eigentum*."

The quiescent, dreamy, life-fleeing element in Stirner rested heavily, oppressively on this nature, first as a blind, dark, uncomprehended impulse, then as a torment, a yearning, until it worked its way up out of the depths of the unconscious to consciousness. And, when it had become conscious and betrayed its vitality, suffering pursued him stroke upon stroke, and the sufferer writes, expresses the essence of his being, turns the nature of his nature over and over, and writes page upon page, leaf upon leaf; they become a book which creates the appearance of treating of nations and States and powerful men, and in reality it is the spectacle of *one* man who, in the last stages of despair, rescues himself from sinking into fathomless nothing. Already the flood is advancing, threatening to engulf him as if he had never been: then the petrified body begins to live, speech breaks the heavy trance, and now he can protect himself at least, throw up a barricade, not through activity, but through self-assertion, heavy, ponderous self-assertion.

If, as Prof. James has it, "the philosophy of a man is largely a matter of temperament," it is hard to understand how the life of this solitary, lonely, passive man, who shrinks from actual contact with the world and shuts himself up in his shell the more completely the louder facts of the world call for activity and struggle, is other than a flat contradiction of his philosophy. It is only when we consider that the real independence of the ego, its *Eigenheit*, is rather a

spiritual than an external fact that we understand that an egoist is not necessarily, and that Stirner was not, an aggressive individual. Dr. Ruest suggests that Stirner's philosophy is somewhat of the nature of a subjective vision when he goes on to say that Stirner belongs to one of the obscurest, most incomprehensible types of history, and that, although he would certainly cross himself to hear his name mentioned in the same breath with Jacob Boehme and Swedenborg, those truly "possessed" ones, there are bridges, if one but dares to think it.

In part second of his book, Stirner's "*Weltauschauung*," Dr. Ruest traces the evolution of Stirner's ideas by hearkening back to all the influences that may possibly have been at work on the pupil at the gymnasium, the student at the university, and the man Stirner. He finds that the path leads from Romanticism through Fichte, Hegel, Schleiermacher, in all of which the idea of the ego passes through various metamorphoses until it culminates in Stirner's "*Einzig*." But even Stirner, our author claims, is still caught in the meshes of the magic net of modern philosophy, and his *Einzig* as the *super-true* is but the subjectivity of Berkeley, the ego of Fichte carried to its complete practical conclusions. It is Stirner's courage and honesty in drawing these conclusions that have brought the hue and cry of immorality down upon his head; but, while Stirner can justly be charged with indefiniteness and obscurity in the use of terms in this connection, it is precisely through this courage and honesty that he has rendered the greatest service to mankind.

If the ordinary admirer of Stirner, not so deeply versed in all the philosophies as the author, has again felt a shadow of impatience creep over him at the profundity of his learning and the length of his argument, he will once more forgive him for the admirable final estimate of Stirner's real greatness. "For us Stirner—egoistically as we criticise him—was an apostle of truthfulness, a sworn enemy of the lie (!) and hypocrisy. He has left behind him the moral spleen, the moral dogmatism which causes man to appoint himself the judge of man and to become thus truly unloving, and has thus at least removed moral narrowness from human thought for all time. He has again taught man to love the earth. . . . Enough for a long time."

In part third, "Stirner and Half a Century," in reviewing the intellectual tendencies of the last half of the nineteenth century in their relation to Stirner's philosophy, down to Nietzsche, Dr. Ruest points out how Stirner for a long time has stood entirely alone, and has been almost half a century in advance of his time in his flaming conviction of the necessity of a recreation and revaluation of morality. One of the most interesting features of the book is the comparison between Stirner and Nietzsche, which no doubt will contribute somewhat to a better understanding of both writers. The much mooted question whether Nietzsche knew Stirner's book is here answered in the affirmative. That Nietzsche, although a sympathetic reader of Stirner, never made mention of him is attributed to the probability that Nietzsche saw danger lurking in Stirner's unscrupulous treatment of his subject (is not

that a charge that can justly be brought against Nietzsche himself?), and that it would have complicated his own problem besides interfering with the only true influence of Stirner for all times.

The greatest difference between the two seems to Dr. Ruest to lie in the fact that Nietzsche is through and through an artist and Stirner through and through a philosopher; and the practical possibilities and ethical value of both he finds in the fact that they have given us a new aim,—*i. e.*, to consider our ego not as a starting-point which we already know, but as a future toward which we are striving. “If one accepts his ego as a fixed unchangeable reality; if one is not, so to speak, still on the road to himself; does not, as an ego, still strive with himself, in order even to create his ego anew,—then one never, in the fullest sense, becomes the owner, the sovereign of this ego.”

When Dr. Ruest states, in his closing remarks, that it would be futile to claim Stirner, as has been done, for the Anarchistic movement, because he would undoubtedly have refuted it, as he did the liberal and revolutionary tendencies of his time, and because he would have scented with finest instinct the dependence, the limitation, the secret innate standstill, even in the so-called most progressive phenomena, he seems to lack discrimination. We doubt whether Stirner, like his interpreter, would have mistaken the aim of Anarchy as being “absolute liberty.”

After Dr. Ruest's voluminous and learned treatise it is a relief to take up the modest little volume on Stirner by Max Messer, published in the “*Die Literatur*” edition of Georg Brandes (Bard Marquardt &

Co., Berlin). Here we have simple, heartfelt admiration and clear-headed appreciation of Stirner, which, on account of its brevity and popular treatment, may well serve as an introduction to "*Der Einzige und sein Eigentum*" itself. Impressed with the prevailing commercial and industrial spirit of our time, Messer asks: is it still necessary in this age of actual coarse egoism to call attention to the philosopher and prophet of egoism? Would it not rather—in order to preserve the balance of power and enable the newly-discovered egoism to deepen and ennoble itself in a wholesome struggle of opposing forces—be desirable and salutary to emphasize the intellectual, impersonal, mystical, yes, even the religious tendencies? The answer is that there are a considerable number among us whose intellectuality is so delicate, whose spiritual mobility and sensitiveness is so great, and whose capacity for suffering and sympathy is so accentuated, that they actually do not live in the real world, but in a mist of imagined superhumanity. Their complicated ego reaches with a thousand tentacles into the lives of others, till they forget that they are themselves the creator and centre of their lives, and think that their creatures, the emanations of their tender, sensitive souls, are the real and the actual. Such idealists must at last come into terrible conflict with reality, and to such Stirner is the real liberator. They think that *their* world is *the* world. He teaches them that their ideal world is not the only, universally-existing world, but a free-born, self-created one, to which they are entitled and which they may defend, not because it is the world of *all*, but because it is their *own* world.

Mediocre men who have never suffered from mental disharmonies will never understand Stirner, and will condemn his theory of egoism as immoral.

Stirner can never be understood by being taken literally. His "*Einzig*" bears the head of Janus. The *Einzig* who must live in our present social and intellectual order is a very different being from the one who lives in a "society of egoists" (*Einzig*). In his book he chiefly describes the *Einzig* of the first order, and we must remember, if we would understand his exaggerations, his irony and malice, that he lived in 1840, not in 1900. Nothing human will be foreign or uninteresting to the egoist of the future. It will be a part of his enjoyment of the world to be loving, self-forgetful, and magnanimous.

Stirner hates the State; in its place he would have a "society of egoists." He contented himself with the discovery of the healthy principle, and has not elaborated any plan for such a society; but our author is satisfied (notice the difference here between Messer and Dr. Ruest) that the conception of philosophical, individualistic Anarchism, as whose exponent he names B. Tucker, editor of *Liberty*, is entirely in accord with Stirner's principle.

Now that "*Der Einzige und sein Eigentum*" has appeared in English, it is to be regretted that Max Messer's "Stirner" is not likewise Englished, for this little volume is preeminently adapted to whet the appetite for a reading of Stirner's book itself.

E. H. S.

THE SPIRIT OF LABOR

Hutchins Hapgood, in his recent book with the foregoing title (Duffield & Company, New York), has attempted something rather out of the ordinary in serious literature, and has come perilously near overstepping the border-line of good taste, if he has not actually done so. This latter point is properly to be decided, perhaps, only by those whom it personally concerns, and so far no complaint has come to my ears. The author's original idea, as he tells us in his preface, was to get the autobiography of some typical workingman; and for this purpose he went to Chicago, as he felt that that city more accurately represented the labor movement in all its phases than any other city in the United States. But he found no satisfactory individual who was willing to take the trouble to give him his life-story in such a way that he could use it wholly in that person's own words. Therefore he was obliged to write a biography, using the material which his subject supplied, quoting the latter's own words where it was possible, this individual being a woodworker prominent in labor-union circles. Many other people figure incidentally in the narrative, and they are undoubtedly real people, for I recognize many of them by their given names, which in most cases the author uses, giving the surnames or full names of only such as are more prominent in the public eye, *e. g.*, Clarence Darrow, Kropotkine, Tucker, Isaacs, Emma Goldman, John Turner,—for be it known that he soon drifted into more radical circles than those of mere trade-unionism.

Some very intimate pen-pictures are given of some of the Anarchists, Communists, and Socialists of Chicago,—so intimate, I am free to confess, that I should have resented a like service performed for me.

I am bound to admit that the book has interested me very much, but chiefly because of my acquaintance with many of the personages. It is to be observed that Mr. Hapgood has not been literally libelous, although his frank and facile pen has set down some truths about certain ones that those who know them better have hesitated to express. But there is one individual, designated only by initial, whose description is so accurate and characterization so just that for many of us the initial even was superfluous. This person is known as the Anarchist poet, and his poetry is admittedly good,—much of it, at any rate,—and the readers of *Liberty* are not unfamiliar with it. His true character, which Mr. Hapgood was not long in discovering, was early made manifest to the editor of *Liberty*, who promptly labeled him an “ass,” and dropped him. This latter appellation is about the only one which Mr. Hapgood has neglected to apply to him. I am sure that the references to the poet will be read in not a few quarters with undisguised satisfaction.

On the whole, the author has been just,—one might say sympathetic. He undoubtedly is a governmental-ist, though not perhaps a very rigid one, and I am sure that he is now much less of one than he was when he began to gather material for this book. In the first chapter he admits that the most intellectual of workmen are radical, and he has noted that “the civiliz-

ing influence that 'radical' ideas have upon the entirely uneducated laborer is marked."

On page 133 we find Anton (the chief character in the book) developing. "His growing experience in the actual affairs of organizations had made him distrust government. . . . This tended to give him that balanced, psychological attitude that is . . . usually intelligent, and which he associates practically with philosophical Anarchism. He saw that politics was too likely to determine the actions of the leaders, and folly that of the rank and file."

When in the full flush of his newly-adopted ideas, Anton went to work in a non-union factory, replacing a man who had had a young man as a helper for seven years without teaching him the trade. Anton taught him all he could, and this is given as an instance of the superiority of Unionism (for it must be borne in mind that Anton is an enthusiastic union man and looks upon Anarchism as too idealistic, and the whole book is really a trade-union preachment). It has not seemed to occur either to Anton or to his biographer that one of the cardinal tenets of the trade union is to limit the number of apprentices to a trade and absolutely to shut the rest of the world out of it. It is true that Anton does not possess that spirit, but to that extent he is not a loyal or typical trade-unionist.

Doubtless a great many radical people will be surprised to learn that Louis F. Post, the editor of the "Public," "is also one of the most 'radical' men in the country"! He is described as "the strongest *feuilletonist* [*sic*], logically the ablest editorial writer

in America," and this because, in a speech denouncing a Chicago judge's injunctions against labor, "he appealed to the workingmen to go to the ballot, to rid themselves of such utter injustice"! I am well aware of Mr. Post's fearless and able work in the cause of freedom, but I do not think that the sentence last quoted is a very sure foundation for his fame.

Possibly it is true that Chicago is the city wherein the labor movement is most representative in this country, although one cannot help regretting that New York, Philadelphia, and perhaps other cities are not represented in the book; but perhaps some who live in those cities are grateful that they escaped. Speaking of Terry, one of the Anarchists he frequently met in Chicago, the author says that, in his development, he became "a student of poetry and literature, and this instinct and love for the beautiful in expression limits to a certain extent his Anarchism." One cannot forbear to ask how and why.

The book pretends to deal practically with facts, but there are a number of inaccuracies in it, of which it is worth while to mention only a couple of the most glaring. On page 286 reference is made to "the bodies of the eight Anarchists who had been hanged," although it is safe to say that not one of the known radicals whom he mentions would have made such a blunder. This slip, which is made by Anton, who was impressed by the sight of the bodies, goes a long way toward indicating that the principal character in the book may, after all, be a fictitious one. The other important error is the statement, on page 355, that the Chicago Anarchists were executed in 1886.

It is not likely that this book will be of much direct value to the labor movement, but its tendency, for the most part, will be to give the ordinary reader a more accurate knowledge of the Chicago radicals, and of the inner workings of trade-unionism in that city, than he will be able to obtain from any other source. Outside of a possible injury to the reputations of some of the people most clearly named, "The Spirit of Labor" is at least innocuous—unless it should lead some less scrupulous and less gifted writer to extend this field of investigation.

C. L. S.

MY COMMUNITY

"And thou shalt prosper and be well thought of in thy community." Nay, nay, my friend, say I. The community is the sole dispenser of all individual prosperity. It determines what it wants; and it determines the pieces of gold it will pay to him who is willing to supply it. What the community needs most, it seldom wants. Its real leaders are always ages in front of it, and it follows them at a snail's pace; for they are most unlike it. Its greatest leaders it most despised. It rewards those most who least differ from it. Its moral and intellectual panderers and procurers it rewards with wealth, power, and homage; its moral and intellectual leaders and teachers it rewards with hemlock, Golgotha, and the stake. The prosperous must needs be like unto it. To be well thought of by it is to be one of it.

From this rabble I select *my own* community. The mass is not *my* community. What is this community

but a conglomeration of persons most of whom, regarded singly, we believe to be either fools or hypocrites? A fool multiplied a million times is not the less a fool. I will not have fools in *my* community. The respect of *my* community for me is not due to, nor does it depend on, my prosperity. By implication, he who respects me for my prosperity is not of *my* community. The community is an ass! Away with *the* community! All hail to *my* community!

.MORRIS HALPERN.

When Roosevelt, answering the labor men's complaint of his gross breach of conduct in publicly branding Moyer and Haywood as "undesirable citizens" when their trial for murder was pending, declared that the labor men, in placing on their letterhead the words "Death cannot, will not, and shall not claim our brothers," were themselves engaged, and more indisputably, in an effort to prevent a fair trial, he undoubtedly scored. But this does not alter the fact that it is abominable for the president of the United States to reflect in any way on the character of a citizen who is under indictment; and, when he is charged with such a thing, he is guilty of another breach of official deportment in saying "*Tu quoque.*" Yet the "Evening Post," in commenting on Roosevelt's rejoinder to the labor men, "You are guilty of the offence with which you charge me, and in a greater degree" (the words in quotation marks are not a literal quotation), says that the answer is adequate and even fine.

Thoughts compelled from out the hidden
Frequently are inexact;
But the thought that comes unbidden
Is the one that fits the fact.

—*Rabbi Ben Gessing.*

UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

The pope's letter of instruction to the French bishops, written in the best of Latin, holds a thought which, transmitted to America in the best of English by the newspaper correspondent, makes us aware that the law separating Church and Graft in France is "anarchial." Taking that curious old fakir in Rome at his word, the situation is all right. Once on a time, in the capital of France, as I gather from historical novels, the cardinal and the king jockeyed for the best hold on the reins of government, while barons held their sway in agricultural districts. Afterwards the people jerked the lines away from all of them, and there was a revolution, a commune, a Church-and-State republic, and now, the pope would have us believe, "Anarchy." This diagram being correct, and "Anarchy" having actually happened, we see that demoralization in the French nation has run parallel with the course it takes in the individual, when the downward path has been entered upon. "If once a man indulges himself in murder," observes De Quincey, "very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination." It is the last step that counts.

We have felt the excitement the news was calculated to create that an Anarchist had left this country with

the aim of assassinating King Victor Emmanuel. Now that the satisfaction has been given us of thinking and saying how many kinds of a fool a king-killer is, let us not murmur or repine if the story turns out as usual, and nothing more befalls than that some "dago" banana circulator from Paterson, N. J., has gone back to Naples to live on his accumulations and wear earrings the rest of his days. The "Anarchist" who will permanently diminish the number of kings bombwise has not left these shores, nor yet hopped from the place that every individual springs from. Not Anarchists, but Anarchy—meaning liberty—will do the business for rulers. This patient and persistent exterminator, not so particularly of kings as of what they have stood for, started after them long since. Its action upon them is not sudden or violent. It is a pervader, not an invader. It permeates a realm, slipping by the officer in plain clothes waiting at the dock to make an important arrest, and leaves its mark by writing ciphers on the left-hand side of the figure of the reigning monarch until he does not amount to a cent. That is the way the king gets his. Liberty does not hand him a bomb. It does not blow him out, as Reuben does the gas; but turns him off, instead.

That those who use the word "progress" understand what it signifies is never to be taken for granted. The New Jersey town I live in puts a premium on the thing it thinks is progress. In the local newspapers, and especially in the real estate advertisements, inducements are offered progressive humanity to make Mont-

clair its home and to invest in houses and lots. And yet, when I think of what happened to our most advanced citizen, I know that somewhere there has been carelessness in either the definition or the interpretation of terms. For, although the said citizen showed himself to be progressive as he understood it, and as I understand it, this community that encourages progress didn't do a thing to him. His name is Fenslaff. He owns property, and is by occupation a contractor. One of his contracts was matrimony. He signed this one some years ago, before the dictum of Mrs. Parsons that the trials of the married are to be staved off by trial marriage. Not at that time had George Moore hinted at ten-year contracts; but the fatal hour must have come when our fellow-citizen fell under the influence of the Moore and Parsons idea, helped along by Professor Thomas's work on "Sex and Society," which says that where monogamic unions prevail the persons grow so familiar in consciousness that "the emotional reaction becomes qualified." The wand of progress touched him, the word of the sociologists became flesh, and he fell for it. Married as he had been for a considerable period, the emotional reaction had become qualified, and he reacted upon other stimulation of the sort the sociologist calls exogamous. Professor Thomas had explained Mr. Fenslaff to himself. He met the situation like a prudent as well as a progressive man. He settled up with the wife of the past before he settled down with the new woman. It was no case of abandonment, for there was a paper signed that put the wife in possession of a house, a good income, and her liberty. When all this had been at-

tended to, the good man ordered both local papers delivered at his new residence, so that he might read the encomiums which must be rushed into print as soon as his advanced position became known. He expected to be called "our most progressive fellow-townsmen." That was his vision. It was what he had a right to look for from a community whose watchword was Progress. What he actually got first was a call to court, where they held him under bonds to appear and be tried for deserting his wife. In addition, he had the hose of disapprobation turned on him by men whom he had done business with to their profit, while good women went out of their way to pass his house and be awed by the thought of what was going on inside. Conscious of his high aims and of obedience to the promptings of that spirit of advancement without which we should become a nation of mossbacks, Mr. Fenslaff sat tight, and prepared his vindication before the bar of social evolution. In advance he enjoyed the confusion of his enemies when he should chuck their own countersign at them, and inquire with some scorn what they conceived the significance of progress to be. I regret to record that he never got any further than his comfortable meditations, for, before the time came for him to speak his piece, some reactionary blew off the corner of his house with dynamite.

The miscarriage of Mr. Fenslaff's plan for doing credit to the town of Montclair by hitching his wagon to the *Zeitgeist* is the mate to a misadventure described by Conway in his "Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East." Conway tells how, after an address

by Mr. John Redmond, M. P., in Sydney, New South Wales, the chairman, before dismissing the audience, inquired whether any gentleman would like to question the speaker. An Orangeman arose. He was invited to come forward, which he did, and made his inquiries so pointedly that a fighting Home Ruler, who had been sitting on the platform steps, jumped into the arena of debate, and handed him an awful one on his offending jaw. The searcher for light fell, and did not arise. He appeared to be dead, and they bore him to a back room, followed by a doctor who had volunteered his services. In front a tumultuous scene ensued, the crowd getting on its feet, some howling "Fair play," and others "Served him right." The shouting stopped when the chairman came forward, and the house advanced its ear to learn whether the smitten party had survived the blow. Instead of reporting on that, the presiding officer said: "Does any other gentleman wish to ask a question?"

Montclair still invites the progressive to its midst. Does any other gentleman wish to accept its hospitality?

Whether the plays of Shakspeare ought to be presented as they are written, or in an expurgated form, is a question upon which there subsists a difference of opinion between Mr. Ben Greet, theatrical performer, and Mr. William Winter, dramatic critic. Mr. Greet maintains that the plays as they stand on the printed page are most educational, and therefore to be preferred. Mr. Winter objects that their language is too copious in some places and indecent in others, and

hence to be cut out in the interests of conciseness on the one hand and of good morals on the other.

With charity to all and with malice toward none, I have to side with Mr. Greet. Not that I would stand up for the superfluous or the immoral in words, but for Shakspeare in his integrity, to the end that he may become better known. I have never stopped wondering—having seen a few of them acted—how it happens that the plays of Shakspeare should have drawn paying houses three hundred years ago, when to-day they would be the next thing to a frost if some reputation for culture were not to be gained by sitting through one of them and then telling your neighbors you have done so. It seems most unlikely to me that in the year 1607 poetry and philosophy, such as Shakspeare flung off when he grasped the pen, were held in higher esteem than now, and brought better prices. Nevertheless we know that by reason of some quality the plays then possessed they had a pull that they have since lost. I hazard the disreputable opinion that it was the very quality which has caused them to be expurgated, and furthermore that their restoration to the class of plays that yield profits, and remunerate performers, depends on giving them back, as they are acted, the indelicacies which offend the lady-like Mr. Winter. For man does not live by pie alone. Coarser fodder appeals to the hearty, who will buy seats at the boards where it is dispensed. It is good business to let the uncritical pay the shot, and justifiable when thereby culture is advanced, as it is bound to be when Shakspeare draws full houses. Managers have found it almost impossible to pander exclusively

to the moral element and make a financial success of it. Men pay reluctantly for being done good, but come across with the coin cheerfully enough to feed their grudge against the proprieties that make them tired. Shakspeare probably knew this by instinct; if not, he had experience to instruct him, and so the indelicacies were put where we find them. They made the groundlings laugh, and the grief of the judicious, loudly and widely proclaimed, served the purpose of an advertisement. Thus he was able to meet all expenses and provide the cost of publication. In any other form the plays would have failed, and we should not have them at all. The manager that puts these works on the stage as written, and instructs his player to accord due prominence to their realistic features, will have no trouble in disposing of seats. Results of the greatest benefit to literature and the art of expression must follow the popularizing of Shakspeare's works and their substitution in public consciousness for the familiar messages and correspondence of President Roosevelt. We should talk and write much better, were we able to clothe our thoughts in the great language which the Bard of Avon employed.

The foregoing argument is immoral, but necessary and new. It is time, moreover, for somebody to observe that immorality is one of the minor evils, compared with certain human failings that are excused. It has its penalties, and so has heresy, but they are not legitimate consequences, and do not follow as a natural result in most cases. They are imposed. When a couple pass over from a room in a Raines Law hotel,

it is solemnly remarked that "the wages of sin is death," but it will be noticed that it was not their sin that killed them, and some may remember that the man who originally established the scale for his fellow-sinners was not privileged, according to tradition, even to die in a bed. Things worse than immorality are licensed,—for example, rum. Intoxication is more injurious to man than is the opposite sex, and incapacitates greater numbers for productive labor and creative thought. The French philosopher, M. Guyau, puts it in this way: "Sobriety is even more important to the masses than continence; its absence borders more nearly on bestiality; moreover, the laboring man especially possesses less opportunity to run to excess of incontinence than of drink, for the simple reason that women cost more than drink." The Frenchman states a truth, but gives an indifferent explanation of it. He writes as though all things not conventional were *meretricious*, which they of course are not, as any one will find who looks up the word in the dictionary. But, taking only that view, while it is true enough that a man with a lonesome dollar can get more ruin by spending it over the bar than by purchasing female society, it is true also that the proportion holds good, or bad, if he has a million and spends that in the same way. And, besides being less demoralizing, the brain storm which woman induces in man is "curable by experience," as J. L. Walker, a former contributor to *Liberty*, happily expressed the fact; whereas one given to insobriety gets worse and worse the longer he hits it up. Needless to remark, we all know that virtue as now constituted would not be affected one

way or the other by a revival of Shakspeare in his purity, and that dispensing with fig-leaves would cause no more and no less irregularity than exists to-day. But that is what people mean when they talk about immorality; we see what they have in mind, and must shoot at their folly where it lights, or miss the mark. There will have to be a readjustment of the damages assessed against what goes under the name of immorality. They are excessive. This unbidden thought does not further clarify itself.

The governor of Kansas wrote his name higher than he aimed when he vetoed the Flag bill that makes school trustees hoist the national colors over the school-house and orders the children to do reverence thereto every day. The governor objected that he did not believe in statutory patriotism, and his skepticism is justified. The legislators should know that, if the law is observed and reverence done the flag now where it was not done before, the thing bowed to is not the national standard, but the local statute. The children are not bowing to the emblem of liberty, but to Kansas law, and what they should have in the schools, instead of the flag, is the statute book of the State of Kansas. Moreover, since the kowtowing lacks the element of spontaneity, it could just as well be performed by wooden images as by the pupils. A few figures hinged at the middle and moved to obeisance by strings or levers would answer the purpose, and, these being attached to a windmill, there would be no risk of the observance falling into neglect through the forgetfulness of the teacher. With all the schools in the

State so supplied, the Kansas legislator, wherever he might be, when he felt the breeze oscillating his whiskers would know that, if the gearing held, the laws he had passed while at Topeka were being respected.

This flag mania has its phobia, marked by the opposite manifestation of unreason. Into a big gathering of labor-union delegates in San Francisco, not long ago, an American flag was brought and deposited in a conspicuous place by a German singing society. The meeting had been called to signify labor's disapprobation of the "kidnapping of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone by the Idaho authorities," and, the flag getting mixed, in the minds of the remonstrants, with the alleged unjustifiable act of the authorities, it was hissed, and there arose a vociferous demand that it be taken out of there. That was an exhibition of the phobia,—signophobia, probably,—and showed the patriot soured. But why should anybody get excited over a piece of cloth, which can only float and flap, and desire its removal from his presence? I hold he is not a reflective person who thus gives way to sentiment. The man with a grouch against government who takes it out of the flag belongs with that municipal council of Marseilles which investigated a school to ascertain the cause of an outbreak of diphtheria among the scholars, and, finding the walls adorned with religious mottoes, relics of the clerical *régime*, believed that they had removed the cause of the epidemic by taking these down and solemnly bearing them forth. Counter-superstitions are to all in-

tents and purposes superstitions still, whether they appertain to religious mottoes or to flags.

Is there anything worth working for in that reform which is called the "election of senators by direct vote of the people"? The argument used a while ago by Mr. Hearst's Brisbane would almost persuade us that there is. Dealing with United States senators in their capacity as attorneys for the trusts and corporations, Mr. Brisbane, who is counsel for the people and always on the job, reasons that these senators would never work in the interest of the voters until the voters and not the legislatures had the choosing of them. The direct vote, the article said with conviction, would put the people's real representatives in office, and give the criminals the jail or the private life. It was not explained how the direct vote would operate to send any better men to Washington than to State capitals, and in less than a week the same column that had been used to expose United States senators as felons was filled with job type describing the senators at Albany as a low class of criminals; and no one can help remembering that these outcasts were elected by a direct vote. We may think the State at large would select a higher grade of candidates than the election districts do, but before we chase that delusion very far we bump against the mortifying fact that the State did not pick out Mr. Hearst when it had a chance to make him governor. On the contrary, the populace served him just as we are taught to suppose it will serve its enemies by means of the direct vote. It is not in the nature of politics that the best men should be elected.

The best men do not want to govern their fellow-men, and, anyhow, there are not enough of them to fill the offices.

Representative government is in less danger from electing senators in the wrong way than from the supineness which allows the choice of the people or of the legislature of a State to be kept out of his seat or prevented from discharging his duties. We have seen several examples of this deplorable willingness of the populace to surrender its prerogative. Representative government was overthrown when Roberts, of Utah, was sent home by the house of representatives after a direct vote had elected him. The Smoot investigation threatened the right of a sovereign State to name its senator; and the proposal to impeach Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco, the first-fruits of trade unionism triumphant in politics, makes a mockery of the popular will. All this is so because the electors who sent Roberts to the house, Smoot to the senate, and Schmitz to the mayor's office, knew their men and voted intelligently. They were not under any prepossessions regarding their candidates. As to Roberts, Warren Foster, the opposition candidate, published a weekly paper, and put it up to the voters of the district all through the campaign to say whether or not they preferred to be represented in the nation's capital by a man with four or five wives. It seems they did, and expressed their preference at the polls. Roberts was elected on his merits, and so was Smoot. About the character of Schmitz no one in San Francisco could have been uninformed. The "Star," edited by James

Barry and officially designated as a newspaper of general circulation, volunteered all the information about him that the grand jury has brought out, so that the electorate was put wise by publication. On the representations of Barry that Schmitz hadn't an honest hair in his pompadour, the people elected him once and again. In each and all of these cases the candidate was the person desired by the people to represent them in office, and the legislatures and courts responsible for curtailing the activities of Roberts, Smoot, and Schmitz will have to answer to the friends of genuine representative government. Who are the impudent persons, anyway, who assume to sit in review of the popular verdict?

Sam Weller had uttered his conviction that there were as many widows as spinsters who got married, and the elder Weller declared there were more. Mr. Roosevelt, who is a thinker of the elder Weller school, protests that "the performance of duty stands ahead of the insistence upon one's rights." I conceive duties (toward others) to be what others have the right to exact. If, then, as Mr. Roosevelt says, our duty to others is greater than our right, the said duty being their right, it follows that their right is greater than ours. And then, from their point of view, we ourselves become others, when, according to Mr. Roosevelt, their duty toward us stands ahead of their own right; and this duty of theirs, being now the same as our right, enlarges our right so that it stands ahead of our duty, which duty, as premised, is equivalent to their right, and so on. If Mr. Roosevelt can demonstrate that

duty is ahead of right, he can prove that every man in the world owes more than is coming to him. This is pure altruism, enticing as a theory, but unlikely to work out when you come to collect.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

[“Health without Drugs.”]

[Early in the summer of 1906 the editor of “Reynolds’s Newspaper,” which is styled: “The Organ of Democracy, Labor, and Progress,” announced the offering of a prize of £12 for the best exposition and solution of the unemployed question, to be derived from the pages of “Man *versus* the State,” a pamphlet written by the eminent philosopher, Mr. Herbert Spencer.

Not till the awarding of the prize was the name of the judge revealed to the competitors. Mr. Frederick Miller, editor of “The Liberty Review,” organ of the Liberty and Property Defence League, and the special pleader for the claims of those who live by the exploitation of the labor of others, turned out to be the selected Solon.

The spectacle of a labor editor bowing to the decision of a capitalistic editor, upon the one special subject on which both parties must necessarily be in essential disagreement, is comic, if not consistent. The judge deemed it advisable to divide the prize among four competitors, on account of the equal excellence of their efforts. At least two of the prize-winners were well-known writers and advocates of the cause for which “The Liberty Review” exists,—the cause of the parasite against the producer.

Although it was stated in “Reynolds’s Newspaper” that the four winning essays would be published when space permitted, only one has, as yet, appeared. The writer thereof took the ground that, in general, the unemployed are unemployed by reason of their laziness and inefficiency, and advocated, as a solution, that the treatment of paupers should be rendered less luxurious, in order that labor would be preferable to “loafing” by these pampered proletarians. The essayist actually assumes that the real cause of unemployment is the idleness, drunkenness, and incapability of the class concerned, and the encouragement of these characteristics by the State. That such statements should

be rewarded with a monetary prize by a journal like "Reynolds's" is incomprehensible to any serious student of sociology.

It would be interesting to know what the editor of "Reynolds's Newspaper" thought of the proposition, put in the essay referred to, that "the millionaire's capital is the 'accumulated labor' or efficiency of himself or his ancestors."

The following is one of 138 unsuccessful papers sent in for competition; the author being undaunted in the belief that, though his efforts may not have merited the prize, he, nevertheless, has succeeded in furnishing a theoretical solution of the unemployed question, which he here presents for criticism.

To those who may be sufficiently interested to wish for a fuller and further exposition of the economic views herein set forth, attention is called to the journal *Liberty*, published bi-monthly by Mr. Benj. R. Tucker, P. O. Box 1312, New York City, U. S. A., at ten cents a copy, or twelve issues for one dollar prepaid.

In *Liberty* and its kindred publications will be found the only consistent and logical solution of our economic problems, as well as the only possible alternative to the various forms of the exploitation of man by man, including the system of State Socialism, which is now threateningly disfiguring the social horizon.—
Editor of "Health without Drugs."]

In seeking a solution of the unemployed problem upon the basis of the principles laid down by Herbert Spencer in "*Man versus the State*," it is necessary, in order to arrive at correct conclusions, to give a short statement of the political and economic views contained therein.

Spencer's position is that social progress is characterized by a continuous advance away from governmental authority and towards individual liberty through a limitation of the hitherto unquestioned functions of the ruling power and a consequent enlargement of the sphere of voluntary co-operation. The divine right of kings having been found untenable, the divine right of parliaments has been assumed by some political theorists on the principle: "*Vox populi vox Dei*," but here, too, Spencer points out, with a wealth of example and illustration, the indefensibility of such a claim. In practice the voice of the people is simply the voice of the majority, for the minority is al-

ways a god-forsaken factor in practical politics. Even the theory of the right of the governmental authority of the majority based upon a supposed social contract is subjected to a searching criticism, and accepted only with important qualifications. Practically everybody, argues Spencer, must wish for security of person and property, and in this particular the necessity for governmental power seems unquestionable. But, if it was proposed to submit such subjects as the teaching of forms of religion, systems of instruction, methods of production, and the many other functions of everyday life to the rule of the majority, no such unanimity could be expected. Therefore Spencer's political position is that the authority of government should be limited to the business of the protection of person and property against aggressors within and without the community, and the enforcement of contracts made by the people with each other.

In the sphere of economics, Spencer's position is parallel with his political philosophy. Freedom from governmental interference and restraint is to him the *sine qua non* of industrial and commercial progress. Many quotations and examples culled from economic history, showing the evil effects resulting from interference with the natural law of supply and demand, are given in "Man *versus* the State." The testimony is incontestable. So it is certain that, in attempting to furnish a solution of the unemployed problem according to the Spencerian philosophy, we must steer clear of all the propositions for State control in production, distribution, and exchange. If we believe that the Spencerian philosophy is sound, we are bound to look for the cause of the unemployed problem, not among those things that government ought to have done and has not done, but rather among those things that government has done and ought not to have done.

The question of the unemployed is coincident with the advance of machine industry and the consequent acceleration of wealth production. In proportion as the power of labor over nature has increased, the individual laborer has become a slave. The

multiplication of wealth by his labor has built up a barrier between himself and the objects of his well-being. In reason, the more wealth he produces, the more he should possess. In fact, the more wealth he produces, the more frequent are his periods of involuntary idleness and consequent poverty. Here is a contradiction. The orthodox political economist declares that the cause of our economic evils is "over-production"; that is to say, the laborers have produced so much food that they have not sufficient to eat; they have produced so much clothing that they have not sufficient to wear; and they have built so many houses that, like Jesus Christ, thousands of them have nowhere to lay their heads. Now, it is an axiom of orthodox political economy that "industry is limited by capital," which means, as far as it means anything at all, that the opportunities for employment depend upon the supply of the tools and instruments of production. But, since capital—that is, the tools and instruments of production—is first of all produced by labor, that statement is tantamount to saying that industry is limited by industry—which is nonsense, and yet a fair sample of much of the reasoning contained in the works of standard authorities on political economy.

Nevertheless, if we speak of capital in the restricted sense as meaning money, and say that industry is limited by money, we shall be face to face with a self-evident truth, the significance of which is more than most people suspect. Let us consider it. Since money was first introduced for the facilitation of the exchange of the products of industry, it would seem that, instead of industry being limited by money, the supply of money should at all times be co-expansive with the products of industry. Any monetary system supposed to exist for the facilitation of exchange (and this is the principal function of money) should provide the possibility of an equilibrium between the medium of exchange (purchasing power) and the things to be exchanged (productive power). Nowhere in civilized society does this necessary condition to the freedom of commerce exist. Upon the statute books of every nation are laws which restrict the

issue of exchange media to one or two commodities, such as gold and silver. The supply of these commodities is insufficient for the exchange of all other commodities. Productive power, through the enormous development of labor-saving appliances, has so increased that, since 1844, when the British government, through Sir Robert Peel, gave to the Bank of England practically the monopoly of issuing notes as currency, the business of the nation has increased more than 600 per cent., while the exchange facilities have been legally limited to the extent considered necessary prior to that period. Here is a glaring instance of what Spencer calls the evil of governmental interference with the law of supply and demand. To restrict the basis of the currency to one or two scarce commodities is to invest those commodities with an artificial value over all others. Producers must have money to exchange their products, and, where banks are favored with a monopoly, such as is the Bank of England, it is to be supposed that the principals will take advantage of their monopoly in the usual way. The purpose of every monopoly is to extract a reward for services rendered out of all proportion to what would be paid under competitive conditions; and the banking or money monopoly is the worst of all monopolies, because it places an unnatural limit to the exchange facilities of the entire people in order to enrich a class of financial parasites. Where exchange is limited within the possibilities of production, industry naturally declines. Where money is scarce, trade is bad; and, where trade is bad, the demand for labor will be less than the supply. Hence the existence of an unemployed class. Therefore the only scientific solution of the unemployed question is to increase the demand for labor; the only way to increase the demand for labor is, by abolishing all laws that prevent freedom of exchange. Free trade is a misnomer in the absence of free exchange. Under existing conditions it simply means that the people are free to produce, but not to exchange. The instrument by which commerce is conducted, in order that exchange may ascend above the level of mere barter—in a word, money

—is controlled by a monopoly. Therefore the issue of money is not free to expand to the requirements of trade, which are ever increasing, but is fixed by law, and the privilege of issuing money is given to a class of usurers. Thus the purchasing power of the people is limited by the State, while their productive power, through the lack of exchange facilities, swamps the market with surplus products. This gives an appearance of over-production, bringing in its train starvation and the unemployed question, which has been erroneously attributed to the contemporaneous introduction of labor-saving machinery. It is true that, by the use of machinery, labor has vastly increased its products, but, if the issue of money had been free, its supply could have been increased equally with the supply of products. Then there would have been no "over-production," for every fresh production of values could have been met with a corresponding issue of money. By this means there would be no "surplus value," no unpaid labor in the hands of the capitalists; capital would have become servant to, instead of master of, labor, and the unemployed problem would have never been heard of. All these results would have followed as naturally as night follows day, from a consistent and thorough application of the principles of free trade.

So, in thorough Spencerian fashion, our first step should be to abolish those restrictions to the issue of money contained in the various banking and coinage acts. Freedom in the issue of money is the pre-requisite to an equilibrium between purchasing power and productive power. The equilibrium of these two powers is the solution of the labor question in its entirety.

Of urgent importance, though secondary to the money monopoly, is the land monopoly, by which, through the protection of the State, certain individuals are allowed exclusive property in land, thereby forcing their fellow-men to pay for the use of that which is a free gift of nature. Although Spencer's views upon the land question have been widely discussed, and probably are the most vulnerable parts of his philosophy, we shall find a guide

out of the difficulty by applying his considerations upon the idea of natural rights to the subject. In "*Man versus the State*" he says (p. 96): "If we say that life on the whole brings more pleasure than pain, or that it is on the way to become such that it will yield more pleasure than pain, then these actions by which life is maintained are justified, and there results a warrant for the freedom to perform them. Those who hold that life is valuable hold, by implication, that men ought not to be prevented from carrying on life-sustaining activities. In other words, if it is said to be 'right' that they should carry them on, then, by permutation, we get the assertion that they have a right to carry them on."

Society negatively recognizes this, when it denies the right of the individual to commit suicide!

As land is necessary to all life-sustaining activities, it follows that to give to any individual exclusive property in any more land than he can use is to deny "natural rights" to those who may be thereby excluded. So that, on the Spencerian conceptions of natural rights, and the proper function of government, the solution of the land question is to be effected through the protection of every individual or association of individuals in the possession of as much land as may be required to carry on those life-sustaining activities to which all men, as Spencer puts it, have a natural right.

That portion of the product of labor called "surplus-value" by the Socialists, after Marx, does not arise, as Marx supposed, through the possession of capital (meaning tools of production) by the capitalists, because statistics show that "surplus-value" is chiefly composed of interest and rent. Interest is nearly always paid for the use of money (not other capital), because the issue of money is monopolized by the banking fraternity under the protection of the State; just as rent is paid for the use of land, because the land is also monopolized by the landlords under State protection.

So, in accordance with the Spencerian philosophy, the aboli-

tion of these two monopolies gives the desired solution.

WILLIAM J. ROBINS.

London Patriotic Club, 47 Corporation Row, London, E. C.

A NURSE NEEDED FOR A YELLOW KID

I reprint the following from a baby magazine still in diapers (at times), as an illustration of baby manners in Altruria. Altrurian infants, it appears, are very much like others. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

An "Altruria" subscriber dropped in the office one day and noticed the "Public" (of Chicago) on my desk. "Do you read that trash?" he asked. "Yes, regularly. But why trash?" "Oh, it is a wishy-washy journal. It is not radical enough, not advanced enough." And this started an argument as to the relative value of the extreme *versus* the moderate radical journals. We may be mistaken, but our impression is that our antagonist was completely knocked out. Our argument was that the extreme journals did very little, if any, good. To take, for instance, the extreme journal in religion—the "Truth Seeker." What good does it do? It will certainly not convert anybody to rationalism; on the contrary, a true believer on perusing a copy of that journal would become so disgusted with it that he would become strengthened in his faith, and his opinion would go down a few degrees lower. It is only read by confirmed infidels—and they are not in need of conversion. So what good does the journal do? That we are right in our statement that the journal has no influence whatsoever in making converts can be proven by the fact that the number of its subscribers is getting smaller and smaller from year to year (the old subscribers dying out or getting tired of the same old chestnuts).

The same is true of many other radical journals. In a dirty and dusty room there sits a megaloccephalic reformer, Benj. R. Tucker by name, who is absolutely sure that he has cornered the whole truth and the whole wisdom of the world and that everybody else is false or insane. Every few months he gives the world a dull and meaningless little sheet called Liberty. The sheet, we are told, is now read almost exclusively by the editor and his typewriter—and still the great Anarchistic publisher thinks he is doing something for the world. Dunces of the Tucker kind do not seem to understand that the primary object

of a journal is to be read. That no matter how excellent a journal may be *per se*, if it is not read, it is worthless. Why print it at all? Why not keep the manuscript in your drawer? Yes, it is a fact, many of our reform journals seem to be printed just for the purpose of repelling, instead of attracting, readers. They are exceedingly dull, they are extreme, they are rancorous, they are intolerant—they are sometimes disgusting.

The moderately, or perhaps better said sanely radical, journals, among which we might mention the "Public," the "Philistine," "Altruria," do an immense amount of good. Not being extreme, not being couched in offensive language, they find readers even among the conservatives, who are thus taught to think, are gradually influenced by the sane teachings of the evolutionary radicals, and thus furnish new converts to the cause of progress and reform.

By all means let us have more moderate, more sanely radical publications. The extreme, intolerant journals, the journal that is engaged principally in scoffing, ridiculing, and cursing, the journal that sees nothing good in anything or anybody except in its own particular little movement or belief, is an anachronism, and must go. It is bound to go, and it *is* going. It has been a hindrance to the cause of progress, and the sooner it is gone the better. Amen.

ANTHONY AND THE CLEOPATRAS

To the Editor of Liberty :

Wasn't Mr. Wood a trifle too cruel to Anthony Comstock in the April number of *Liberty*!

Of course, we have all heard of the egregious St. Anthony and of his triumph over sin in its most alluring form—for triumph he did, the falls of St. Anthony being a gross topographical calumny. Now, there is this to be said for Anthony Comstock: he has been exposed to the same kind of temptation, only oftener and without the strengthening hope of canonization. Him naughty art clubs have tempted with Cleopatras—witches beyond the dreams of anchorites! The Cleopatras burned; but Anthony's temperature remained normal.

He has discovered Comstock loads of wicked classics assaying twenty-five per cent. of base metal to the tome, and he has analyzed them personally, and, despite his own theories, he remains as chaste as a

FIG LEAF.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

In the April number of *Liberty* there appeared a paragraph concerning the Jews, written and signed by George E. Macdonald. It set forth the faults and virtues of the race, pointed out its superiority to other races in some important points, hinted that its unpopularity was due not to its blood or its religion but to its ability to accumulate money, and characterized all proposals to exclude the Jews as persecution. As a result of this paragraph the East Side of New York city is up in arms, and the Hebrew sheets are heaping columns of vituperation and calumny on the unfortunate head of the editor of *Liberty*, who, though he wishes he had written the paragraph, desires that the credit be placed where it belongs. In the course of the tempest *Liberty* has lost one Jewish subscriber, and its sale on the East Side has doubled. The editor of "*Altruria*," who is a Jew (and that is the best thing that can be said about him) and who holds that the purpose of a periodical is to be read (though his is yellow), may or may not be pleased to know that the purpose of *Liberty* is being swiftly realized according to the standard set by "*Altruria*" and attained by the "*Ladies' Home Journal*." I give below the letter of the indignant subscriber and some extracts from the Hebrew press. For the translations I am indebted to a Jewish friend of mine who sends them to me "blushing for his race."

First, the letter:

Dear Sir :

I hereby request you to cancel my name from your list of subscribers to *Liberty*. From a man of your type and ideas I looked for nobler and broader expressions of justice and truth than those expressed in your last issue of *Liberty*, which, except in form, are no better than the senseless, idiotic, prejudiced howlings of the ignorant Russian mob. The Jew whom you denounce as a parasite is no worse than his Christian neighbor; I ask for him no greater recognition. He is a part of your system, and, as such, has to exhale the same foul air which your world forces him to inhale. Would you justify me in denouncing you as a

parasite because of your Harrimans, Rockefellers, Morgans, Goulds, etc., etc., all of your "blonde" type? No. Why? Because you are in the majority, you Occidentals, and can, therefore, with impunity slander and insult the minority. This very same spirit prevailed in the Orient three thousand years ago against strangers to their habits and customs. How much further have you progressed, Mr. Tucker? A fine type of individualist you are, a fine exponent of the "new justice," the justice of the mob, of angry passion, of irrational pride and envy.

The Jew has always worked in all radical and reform movements for justice and right, shoulder to shoulder, with you of the "light-complexioned." What right have you to question the integrity of the Jewish idealist, to accuse him of trying to turn to selfish profit the highest aspirations of the human race? Will you dare to maintain that only you and yours are the honest exponents of justice and right? If you do, I refer you to your own article in *Liberty*. It is overflowing with a deep-rooted, senseless, unjust prejudice and hate, and hurls the lie into your face.

MAX I. MYDANS.

Boston, April 17, 1901.

Next, a communication to the "*Wahrheit*," Jewish Socialist daily:

ANARCHISTIC ANTISEMITISM

Dear Editor:

For many years it has been dinned in our ears that the Jewish question is a delusion,—that it does not exist at all. That in our times, times of modern radicalism, there is no place for a national question, etc., etc.—Old, familiar songs.

The ridiculousness of such a claim is most emphatically emphasized by the very persons who disclaim it most.

Before me lies a periodical called "*The Pioneer Organ of Anarchism*," *Liberty*, "*Not the Daughter but the Mother of Order*,"—a long name in very black type, blacker even than the ink in which it is printed. The editor is the much-advertised, well-known individualist Anarchist, Benjamin R. Tucker, beloved and honored among radicals.

Now, listen to what is said there:

"It is true that, entomologically classified, the Jew is a parasite, for he subsists on other organisms. He does not, like some Orientals, make his stake here, and go back to his country to enjoy it, for he has no country. He evinces a preference for im-

proved real estate; there is in him none of that lust for battle with nature which impels frontiersmen to assault the virgin land or forest. It is true he would rather acquire the money that others have received for manual labor performed than earn it himself by muscular exercise. He would rather sell clothes to mankind than compete in raising cotton and wool."

This is only a small number of the numerous faults which comrade Tucker finds with the Jews. Are these faults, from the pen of an Anarchist, any better than the argument of a Krushevan? Could the claims of an outspoken Antisemite be worse?

But the writer has still more ink to pour out on the Jews. He says again: "That distinctive nose of his should be educated to smell trouble before it gets too near where he has invited it to come." And he advises that the Jew "should learn to get cold feet, and cash in, and draw out of the game" where he played foul.

My beloved friend of the Jews, disseminator of brotherly-love, comrade Tucker, I as a son of the race, which you say "is Asiatic a-plenty," and "writes and 'reads against the sun,' from right to left," wish to thank you for your most generous advice to my people, but it comes rather late for our Russian and Roumanian victims.

I thank you with all the ardor of my burning soul for your claim that they (the Jews) are not like ourselves, surely not.

The Jews cannot assimilate with others. They must fight their own battles alone, and get back that which has been taken from them by violence. In your article you parade the name of Hay, because he, as you say, "protested to the Roumanian government against the oppression of its Jewish subjects," only that they may not emigrate to the United States. What do you intend to show by that,—that Hay was also against the Jews?

Reading the arguments of Tucker, one would believe that he refers exclusively to "capitalists," but God forbid! the word capitalist does not occur in a single instance during the whole article. He means by that, not the race that can "see a dollar where others would overlook it," but just the reverse. He says:

"I will now disclose the aim of the foregoing demonstration and commentary on the dominant characteristic of the Jew, i. e., his gift for business; for I notice often that, unless I explain my purpose, the reader does not know what I am driving at. In this case it is not to invite controversy, since I have raised no debatable point, but to make an inquiry. I want to know whether any of the seed of Abraham are professed Socialists, and, if so, what 'graft' they are looking forward to. I am

anxious, you see, for the future of a venerable and commercially enterprising race under a system that promises to abolish commercialism."

It is not necessary to waste time to demonstrate Tucker's Jew-baiting ideas. His whole magazine is permeated with Anti-semitism. He applauded Upton Sinclair's action in expelling a Jew, and he gives his opinion that Berkman is capable only of sticking knives into millionaires. Yes, Mr. Tucker should reach out across the Atlantic ocean and warmly clasp hands with Dr. Singer, of Vienna, saying: We are both active in the Jewish question,—you in Vienna, I in New York; you openly, I under the mask of Anarchism.

JACOB KIRSCHENBAUM.

Next, an article from the "Jewish Daily News," a sheet of the conservative type. The heading, in several lines of large black type, reads: "An Anarchist Rabbi Preaches Antisemitism. Lies and Lashings in the Name of Liberty."

It is characteristic of the intellectual Jews that they kneel and bow in deepest veneration before every "comrade" who speaks English and calls himself an American. The Jewish "comrades" will walk for miles in snow, rain, or sleet to hear that sort of an American speak. And as a God they will worship and deify him with the following expressions: "He is an American!" "He is a Christian!" "He is a real Yankee!"

This slavish state of mind still exists in certain Jews who have not yet freed themselves from this spiritual slavery. Their enthusiasm when they hear a Christian speak or think as they themselves do is that of cattle. This slavish instinct reigns over a great mass of Jewish Anarchists who pride themselves on being free of all kinds of superstitions and prejudices.

The Jewish Anarchists will no doubt be surprised when we tell them to-day that one of the greatest leaders and foremost representatives of the American Anarchist movement, a real American, and a real Yankee, who advocates Anarchism for years and years, is a bitter Antisemite; a sworn enemy of all Jews, who preaches openly and writes plainly that the Jews ought not to be admitted to this country, and hints plainly to have them expelled from the "movement."

That man is Benjamin R. Tucker, whom all Anarchists in America recognize to be the greatest authority, and whose every word is holy, almost divine law. Although they claim that Anarchists don't believe in authority and that nothing is holy to

them, they still have their little "churches," with their idols whom they worship. And Benj. R. Tucker is one of the saints, but, since John Most went to pay a visit to Czolgosz, Tucker remains the only saint among the Anarchists of America.

This Tucker publishes a small periodical called *Liberty*, which is subject to spasms,—i. e., it does not appear very regularly. The last issue is full of Antisemitic poison, with slanders against the Jews, such slanders as no Antisemite in America has ever dared to write.

We will give here a brief extract from his article.

Speaking about the "Yellow Peril," which means the Chinese and Japanese who come in great masses and overflow our shores, the writer has this to say:

[Here the Jewish editor quotes Mr. Macdonald's paragraph from the opening line to the words "race or religious prejudices," italicizing the sentence: "He is not one of us, and there is a deep feeling that he is an intruder."]

The Antisemite, like Balaam, later unwillingly speaks of their good qualities, of their morality, sobriety, their intellectual abilities; but he at once regrets what he has said, and continues: "The true cause of animosity does not lie in them. That must be found elsewhere. I locate it altogether in the circumstance that he lays over us in commercial instincts and can find a dollar where we would overlook the coin."

In conclusion, this Antisemite explains the object of his article in the following words:

[Here is given the conclusion of the paragraph, from the words "I will now disclose" and italicizing the sentence regarding "the seed of Abraham."]

This means that Benjamin Tucker, the rabbi of the Anarchists, does not believe that the Jewish Anarchists and Socialists can be sincere, but that they are in the movement only for the sake of business. What will the Jewish Anarchists say to this Yankee, whom they regard as a saint and whose writings and books they spread?

In darkest Russia we see that the leaders of the Antisemite movement are only the reactionists. The black might of a despotic *régime* and all those who wish to enslave the people and suck their blood. But here in America, as in Germany, it is the intellectual, the educated, those who preach absolute equality and liberty, who also preach hatred to the Jews, hence hatred to their own comrades.

In conclusion, I invite the reader to revert to the April

Liberty, and read carefully Mr. Macdonald's paragraphs on the Jews and on Helicon Hall, and my own paragraph on Berkman. Such stuff as the foregoing needs no answer. But, in justice to the Jews, it should be added that the most intelligent among them indorse Mr. Macdonald's position, and declare that they have often said the same things themselves. And at least one who is not startlingly intelligent, but who is honest enough not to let his hatred of Liberty betray him into accusing it of Antisemitism, rebukes publicly the liars of "*Wahrheit*" (which means Truth) and the "Jewish Daily News." I quote from Janowsky, of the "*Freie Arbeiter Stimme*," Jewish Communist organ:

The trouble is that the Jews like themselves too much; even small criticisms affect them, and at once the foolish cry of Antisemitism is raised. If the Jews are told they are good business men, have distinctive noses to smell a dollar where others overlook it, of course the person telling them so cannot be anything but an Antisemite. If you tell them that they would rather sell clothes than make them, and prefer *bourgeois* life to manual labor, they shout Antisemite.

But, for heaven's sake, is it not true? Is it not a compliment to the Jews when they are told how much wiser, abler, and more successful they are than the Gentiles, who desire the same life?

The faults or qualities which the writer in Tucker's Liberty puts up to Jews have been ascribed by the world to Americans in general.

There is hardly a European traveller, having written his impressions of Americans, who does not say the same thing of them. Still we do not hear the cry of "American-haters" raised against these writers, nor do the Americans get angry. On the contrary, the Americans read all these criticisms, reprint them under the title "How the Europeans See Us," make some comment humorous or otherwise, and pass on to their affairs.

But no nation, no men, are so afraid of criticism, or so hate it, as the Jews. *The Jew you must always praise.* Never find a fault. If you do—Antisemite! How ridiculous! How foolish!

We have read the article in Tucker's Liberty very carefully, and, if it contained any Antisemitism, we would not be afraid to

say so. We know that with some Anarchists there remain some prejudices, but for these Anarchism should not be made responsible. But we say positively that we do not see anything of an Antisemitic character in the article, and, if we had more space, we would reprint it, so that the reader could convince himself that it is not Antisemitic.

THE DISCONTENTED ALTRUIST

[Le Figaro]

Two friends lunch together at a restaurant. The waiter serves them half a chicken, which he has carved. On one side lies the wing, appetizing and golden; on the other the leg, less tempting. The two friends are very polite.

"Help yourself."

"I beg of you."

"After you."

"Nothing of the kind."

At last one of them decides, and, without further ceremony, he takes the wing. The other is forced to content himself with the leg, but it is plain from his manner that he is greatly vexed. The good humor of a few moments before has vanished, and he eats with his nose in his plate. So that his friend finally asks:

"What is the matter with you?"

"With me? Nothing."

"Why, yes, there is something the matter with you. I'll bet it's because of the wing!"

"Well, yes, it is because of the wing. I consider that you have not shown delicacy."

"Indeed!"

"Why, yes; when one helps himself first, one does not take the best piece."

"Oh! come now, what reason was there to stand on ceremony? You would have done the same."

"Oh! no. If I had helped myself first, I would have done differently."

"And what would you have done?"

"I would have taken the leg."

"Well, you have the leg; what are you kicking about?"

THE SOCIALIST'S MISTAKE.

The Socialist is he who says the Capitalist rules
Because he owns the means of life,—machinery and tools,—
And with his friend the Landlord works the workers, who are
fools.

And all through Private Property, the Socialist will say,
Three-fourths of Labor's product is taken right away,
With which the master classes live in luxury each day.

For Labor's competition creates wealth by bounds and leaps,
While the Iron Law of Wages a subsistence-level keeps.
Therefore the wily Capitalist the Surplus-value reaps.

"When we gain governmental power," the Socialist remarks,
"We'll take both land and capital from the Surplus-value
sharks."

Such is the Holy Gospel, then, according to St. Marx.

Then every woman, every man, and every grown-up boy
The Socialistic State will force to work in its employ,
And, 'neath State supervision, they the product shall enjoy.

But Socialistic theory turns out not worth a cent:
For, as by Surplus-value they mean Interest and Rent,
We'll quickly show the cause of both is simply Government.

For Interest is paid because the banks are not left free
To furnish folks in business with sufficient currency.
That's all there is to Interest: the State 's the enemy.

And Landlords who collect the Rent would call and call in vain,
If State aid for enforcing it no longer should remain.
So, by abolishing the State, we've everything to gain.

Then take away the Landlord and the Money-lord as well,
And Labor will enabled be in equity to dwell,
If Compulsory Taxation, too, receives its final knell.

"Do you think it is practical?" I hear some critic shout,
"For individuals ever to the gov'ment do without?"
Well, I admit it's true there are a lot of fools about.

WILLIAM J. ROBINS.

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Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

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LIBERTY

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ON PICKET DUTY

The State of New York has gone into partnership with me in the editing of Liberty. Its share of the work, however, is confined to the line that appears on this page, announcing my ownership of the periodical. Until my new associate shall use his superior powers to relieve me of further duties, all the other contents will continue to be edited by me. The power to determine the dates of publication still being mine,—by sufferance,—I may say to the reader that, returning from a business trip to Europe too late to issue an August number, I have decided to complete the six numbers for 1907 by issuing monthly till the end of the year. Next year, the State willing and nothing else preventing, Liberty will greet its readers bi-monthly, with a close approach to regularity. Query: if a man *must* declare that a thing is his own, *is* it his own?

The object of the above-mentioned business trip to Europe was to select a stock of French, German, Italian, and Spanish books of the same general tendencies as those of the books already listed in my

“Unique Catalogue of Advanced Literature,” and to complete this English catalogue by the addition of such English books in the same line as do not appear in the catalogues of American publishers and importers. Having made these purchases, I have now opened a store at Number 502 Sixth avenue, near Thirtieth street, in this city, under the name of “Benj. R. Tucker’s Unique Book-Shop,” where these books are offered for sale. This stock constitutes unquestionably by far the largest collection of the literature that makes for “Egoism in Philosophy, Anarchism in Politics, and Iconoclasm in Art” to be found anywhere in the world, and the prices charged for the books in foreign languages are *very much lower* than the prices prevailing in the stores that make a specialty of foreign books. It is my intention to print a separate catalogue for each language, thereby not only facilitating mail orders, but making it easy for those visiting the shop to examine the portions of the stock that especially interest them. It will take several months to make these catalogues. Already, however, the English, French, and Italian books are being placed, and I expect to be able to offer the German books by September 15. Probably the Spanish books will not arrive much before November. An important feature of this enterprise is the possibility which it affords of obtaining all the principal progressive writers in almost any language that the reader may desire. There are other stores in New York where Ibsen, for instance, may be had both in English and in German, but there is no other where he may be had also in French, Italian, and Spanish.

A fact like this is of importance in view of the cosmopolitan character of the population of America. If the enterprise can be made self-sustaining, it will do more to spread Anarchistic thought than almost any other agency that could be devised. Therefore I urge all sympathizers not only to patronize it themselves, but to interest their acquaintances as well, especially buyers of foreign books, to whom the low prices will appeal. To the latter it may be pointed out that, though carrying in stock as a rule only the libertarian literature, I will import any foreign books desired, at correspondingly low prices. The book-shop will be open from nine in the morning till eleven in the evening.

One way of effectively aiding my present plan of campaign is to buy and distribute my catalogues. An old friend of the movement has ordered, at different times, an aggregate of nearly two hundred copies of the English catalogue, paying me ten cents a copy.

Mr. Fred Schulder, of Cleveland, who became my travelling salesman last March, did very well in New York city during the spring months. His work during the summer has been a little less encouraging, partly because it has been done in small towns, which are much more difficult to canvass profitably, and partly because so many people are away from home in the hot weather. Early in September Mr. Schulder will go to Philadelphia for a stay of several weeks. He should find that city an excellent field, much Anarchistic seed having been sown there. I bespeak

for him the hearty co-operation of all the Philadelphia friends of Liberty.

While in Europe, I was fortunate in making arrangements with Mr. Arthur C. Fifield, proprietor of the Simple Life Press, 44 Fleet street, London, whereby he becomes sole importer for Great Britain of "The Ego and His Own" and most of my other publications. English friends who desire to be promptly and readily supplied should apply to Mr. Fifield.

"The Ego and His Own" continues to sell well. In fact, there is no doubt that the work has taken its position as a classic. Assuming that the readers of Liberty are interested in what the press is saying about Stirner's book, I shall give, in either the October or November number, a collection of extracts from the reviews.

The new name which "Lucifer" has dug for itself out of the pages of the Century Dictionary — "The American Journal of Eugenics" — cannot be altogether pleasing to the editor of the "Truth Seeker," who in his ever watchful championship of Freethought has never shown a conspicuous ambition to lead the way in sex reform, though, as Oscar Wilde might have said, he may realize "The Importance of being Eugene." In reading the "Truth Seeker" it is my habit to look to the Georgics for the eugenics. However, Mr. Harman's organ, in its new magazine form, undoubtedly attains a new dignity, and will

acquire a wider influence, though its contents may never quite justify so awe-inspiring a name.

The New York "Evening Post" camped on Anarchistic ground when it said the other day:

We may be free from many traditions that enslave feudal Europe, but the tyranny of local pride is as oppressive a tradition as any Spain or Austria can show. No one can be born in Darbyville without growing up into the intimate conviction that nature and fate have destined it to surpass New Hartford, although New Hartford is on the river and Darbyville is not. No youth can go to college without implicitly assuming a pledge to send his eldest son there, though there are many better colleges in the same State. When Smith of my city announces himself as a candidate for Grand Trustee of the Order of Emancipated Reindeer, it is incumbent upon me to support him, in spite of the fact that I don't like Smith's face, and our wives have quarrelled.

These Anarchistic sentiments wear a very thin disguise to one who knows that "local pride" and patriotism are equivalents.

Last autumn, at the time of the first arrests in this city under the new statute against "criminal Anarchism," it was found, after the examination of the prisoners, that a sympathetic audience in the court-room had placed my Anarchist stickers in great profusion upon the backs of the benches. This commendable form of "propaganda by deed" has recently been paralleled in Des Moines, Iowa, according to the following despatch to the New York "Sun":

DES MOINES, IA., Aug. 8.—Recently the phonograph was introduced in court procedure here. Anticipating that the

voluminous testimony of an equity case would be needed in another trial, Court Reporter William H. Jayne had the evidence fired into a phonograph record, and, when court opened this morning, the machine was set in motion.

"Courts are the abomination of the earth, and lawyers are the emissaries of the devil," drawled out the talking machine, while Judge Howe, Court Reporter Jayne, officials, and operators looked at each other in blank amazement.

"With the courts abolished and all laws repealed, America would be free indeed, and liberty would come into her own," it continued.

By this time Reporter Jayne had grabbed the machine, and the wanton desecration of the temple of justice ceased.

In the "American Journal of Eugenics" E. C. Walker writes:

The scholarly theorists who smile so derisively at mention of "right" and "wrong," and blithely consign "conscience" to the dust-heap of antiquity, show very clearly, by their indignant denunciation of outrages inflicted upon weak peoples and persons, that all their elaborate and forcible arguments about the glory of "might" and the futility of ethics are purely academic, —that their ingenious speculations have taken no real hold on their lives.

These "scholarly theorists" show nothing of the kind. Their "indignant denunciation" of the oppression of the weak by the strong shows simply that they are not in sympathy with it, and that they are trying to stir all those not in sympathy with it to exercise the might which is theirs, if they did but know it, to stop it. Might is glorious to each of these "scholarly theorists" only in so far as it is used in the interest of his ideals. Mr. Walker evidently thinks that their arguments would become real, rather than merely academic, only if they should exercise their might to obtain what they do not want and what they

do not like; only in that case would their ingenious speculations have taken a real hold on their lives! It needs but to state his position in these words to make it *appear* as ridiculous as it *is*. The "scholarly theorists" do not blame either the tiger or the tyrant, but they hate both. They refuse, however, to follow Mr. Walker in preaching to the tiger and the tyrant that they are doing wrong. The tigers and the tyrants are not doing wrong; on the contrary, they are doing exactly the things that it is right for tigers and tyrants to do. It is equally right for those who are not tigers or tyrants to defend themselves against tigers and tyrants. Such defence is what the "scholarly theorists" are trying to promote. Whether they succeed or fail, the result will be perfectly right. If those who love freedom can achieve and maintain freedom, this world will be for the free. If those who love tigerdom and tyranny can maintain tigerdom and tyranny, this world will be for the tigers and the tyrants. And no amount of preaching against sin can affect the issue in any way, except that its general tendency is to make people submissive to tyrants who are shrewd enough to inscribe the word "holiness" on their banners in order to cause believers in spooks to hug the delusion that they, the tyrants, are battling against sin. It is the preaching Walkers who, by filling men with silly scruples, are discouraging the weak from rebellion against the strong. Yet they bring this further indictment against the "scholarly theorists":

Unfortunately, men and women of weaker intellects and less useful knowledge of the world often have shown the demoralizing effects upon them of these delusive philosophies.

The same charge is often brought against Mr. Walker's free-love philosophy. It is the general complaint of the old against the new; and it is not without foundation. Bernard Shaw never said a truer word than when he answered the Comstock crowd: "Yes, my books *are* dangerous to the young." Everything new is dangerous. The railroad was dangerous; the automobile is dangerous; the flying-machine will be dangerous. What of it? Are we cowards, or are we men? It is to be hoped that Mr. Walker, on seeing his words in print, turned over the leaf and read on the opposite page the excellent article by M. Florence Johnson. Answering a question that had been propounded in a previous number, "Why is the subject of eugenics the most scientific and majestic problem of the day?" Mrs. Johnson says:

It is the most majestic problem because it is as yet the most unscientific problem, and because all the religious teachings and customs of society have cultivated "sacred" feelings regarding sex, and will oppose its being made a scientific subject.

The most majestic because the most unscientific. This admirable phrase contains a complete answer to Mr. Walker, and he should study it well. The keynote of his politics and ethics finds expression in the words awe and majesty and other opaque and mouth-filling terms. In the rarefied and clarified atmosphere of science this evolutionist finds difficulty in breathing.

A recent article in the London "Mail" on Thomas Hardy contained the following sentences:

Mr. Hardy's novels are nearly all faulty in form, but the poems are full of emotion and formally perfect. . . . He

falls back, as a rule, upon some sort of ready-made plot — upon some variation of traditional myth; he forces his characters to take a place in his scheme — and there is his story, lacking subtlety and truth to life.

By this the editor of the New York "Times Saturday Review" is "impelled to wonder at the state of literary thought in a country whose greatest writer is the subject of criticism so inane as this." So he writes a column of eloquent defence of Hardy's plots and dramatic power. "England," he declares, "is incompetent to criticise Mr. Hardy." After which this competent American critic concludes as follows:

It is a pity so many people know only "Jude" and "Tess," two worthless books, nauseating in their false and decadent "realism" and salacity — books in no wise typical of their author's life work.

It is safe to say that England's "greatest writer" is less offended by the inanity of the London "Mail" than by the insanity of the New York "Times."

The immigration question affording a fine excuse for a congressional junket, a special immigration commission was sent to Europe lately to study the problem. Senator Latimer, of South Carolina, was a member of the commission. After he had made his studies, he was interviewed in London, and in the conversation he said, among other things:

What I saw tended to disprove the old tradition that only the best and bravest cross the seas. I found that the best men and women were generally satisfied and prosperous under local conditions. These do not emigrate.

To need to go to Europe to find that out, one has

to be as ignorant and stupid as a congressman. If our national lawmakers had appointed a special commission to read the file of Liberty, it would have been less expensive and equally efficacious. To be sure, the commissioners (and their wives) would have failed to see the Café Américain, Maxim's, and the Moulin Rouge, but they would have found in Liberty, of April, 1907, on page 12, the following paragraph:

The law in question [the contract labor law] attracts to our shores mainly those who have not had enough self-reliance and energy to make a place for themselves in their native land. If American employers were free to contract for the services of foreign workmen, they would not, as a rule, employ the European unemployed; rather would they outbid foreign employers for the services of their employees, who obviously constitute the better portion of foreign laborers. Of course, it sometimes happens that an exceptionally self-reliant foreigner throws up a good thing at home for the chance of a still better one here; but, as a rule, the emigrant from foreign shores is one who chooses between nothing there and whatever he may get here. The contract labor statute is no exception to, but a peculiarly forcible confirmation of, the rule that law puts a premium on inefficiency.

Liberty not only stated the fact that Senator Lati-mer saw, but pointed out one of the reasons for it,—a reason very unpalatable, too, to persons who make their living by making laws. The editor of Liberty has brains; the senator from South Carolina has only eyes.

Lou Payn, the Republican boss, says: "If I were governor or president, I would take two things into consideration in making my appointments. I would insist that a man be absolutely honest, and that he be a politician." It is obvious that, if Lou Payn were

governor or president, he would make no appointments.

Reading the New York "Times" the other day, I came upon this item of telegraphic news:

DENVER, July 31.—Believing that, with the aid of the law, he could force his young wife to live with him, Hugo Lewis Sherwin, who two weeks ago married Maude Fealy, the actress, appealed to District Attorney Stidger to-day. The district attorney declined to act. He told Sherwin that, were she held in duress, the law would give him recourse, but she is remaining away from him voluntarily and nothing can be done.

Further down the same column I happened to find this item of local news:

Louis Stern, a furrier, who lived at one time at 309 East Tenth street, was sentenced to State prison yesterday by Judge O'Sullivan in General Sessions for not less than one year nor more than two years on a charge of abandoning his wife, which is now a felony.

So the law of Colorado, made by men and women, allows a wife to leave her husband, while the law of New York, made by men exclusively, punishes a husband who leaves his wife. I infer that the New York men are moralists, and the Colorado women egoists. To a man like E. C. Walker, who is both a free lover and a moralist, this state of affairs must be peculiarly perplexing.

GORDAK'S POEMS

It is a familiar dispute whether we should value a poem in proportion to its positive merits and shut our eyes to its defects, or whether uniform general excellence should be rated higher than a mixture of transcendent greatness with all possible faults. For myself, I want a poem to do for me the utmost that a poem can, and I do not find even glints of perfection so common that I can afford to be over-particular about the company they keep; if a poem is in part better than the accepted standard of perfection, it satisfies me better, notwithstanding that in other parts it may fall notably below that standard. This is doubtless the reason why I put a specially high value on the work of William Walstein Gordak, one of the faultiest of poets, great or small, but one who has certain peculiar powers to stir me.

The main trouble with Gordak was that he was no critic. This is a common enough complaint among poets, but I think they seldom have it so badly as he. In the first place, he seems, through most of his life, not to have realized the value of his own work. It may be that some of the poems in the volume "Here's Luck to Lora," which lies before me, were written when he was at the age at which poets generally produce their best work; but I hardly suppose that he had tried to write verse of serious value till he began, at a comparatively late age, to write it for Liberty. At that time he spoke of himself, in a letter to me, as writing occasionally nonsense-verses for the children, and he sent me a sample which was certainly

no competitor for a high prize. Afterward, when he began to find that his verses were valued, they went to the press — broadcast. Any paper with which Gordak felt any sympathy could have his verses, — usually good, sometimes very good. If anybody ever tries to collect Gordak's complete poetical works, he will have to search Anarchist papers, radical papers, local papers, sometimes ephemeral, almost always obscure: and it will be no easy task to get them together. But Gordak seems himself to have had the feeling that he was past his poetical prime when he began to write: for he says (it is not in "Here's Luck to Lora"):

Oh, had I but the poet's soul I lost
Amid the fray a many years ago —
Ah, who can tell the pain and shame it cost
To face the struggle in a world of woe —
When the dull clowns their malice spewed on me
Who had not injured them, and little thought,
Child that I was, they held my liberty
And would coerce me to their cant and rot.

If I but had the poet's soul I lost,
With fire and fury I would meet them now;
In dust and ashes they would pay the cost,
Astounded at receiving blow for blow.

For when I see the earth unpopulate,
The barren fields, the joyless lives of men,
I am fulfilled of that eternal hate
That shall revivify the world again.

Weak as I am, I yet can prophesy;
Like John the Baptist, I can tell of him
Who comes — a hero of this century —
The blossom of the ages old and dim,

The fruit of all time, greater far than all,
 Logician, orator, and child of song,
 Apollo of the Arrows, at whose call
 The mass shall rally to redress the wrong.

Now, if Gordak really had once much greater poetical powers than he showed in the time of his productivity,—and this is what we have to assume from the analogy of other poets, who, especially if they be of the Gordak type, generally do their best work while young,—what has the world lost by his silence in those years? A very great poet certainly.

As to the edition of his complete works of which I just now spoke, the world can hardly hope to see it. This sixty-two-page volume goes but a little way toward it. Not only is its selection limited in extent, but it does not represent what is to me the strongest side of Gordak's poetry. The verses I have just cited tell his ideal of what a poet should be. To be sure, he had another ideal, at least of what he himself in certain moods would be; and this other is put into the book, as being altogether appropriate to it:

They tell us we must leave the wood,
 The mead, the stream, the hazel glen,
 And stir the broth of bad and good
 Among the muddy hearts of men;
 To be august, superior,
 Must sing the song of love and hate,
 And pipe the praise of men of war,
 And sound the depths of human fate.
 Ah, well-a-day! but not for me
 The soul-anatomist's great part;
 I'd rather watch the bumble bee
 Suck honey from the clover's heart.

Let others strum pathetic tunes
Upon the heart-strings of the race,
But I will sing the languid noons
Of summer in a shady place.
The earth is older than the man,
And better loved; the stream is old,
So let me muse the poem's plan
Beside its waters deep and cold.

And yet we have elsewhere — if we have files of obscure papers, or a well-selected scrap-book — his testimony that this latter ideal, even in its limitation to his personal poetic life, was constantly failing to satisfy and hold him; and in particular we have "The Minor Poets," in a tone which cannot be taken as not meaning what it says:

Those little shivering poets — where are they?
Behind the battlements of caste and gain;
No deep and thrilling chords they dare to play,
For fear they might be called on to explain.

Melodious are they and touched with fire,
But earnest, honest ardor for things great
Pervades them not; they only work for hire,
Like lawyers or the servants of the State.

They'll get just what they ask for and no more —
A little transient praise and dainty fare;
But ne'er will gain a foothold on the Shore
Of Honorable Mention anywhere.

Why, twenty lines of Shelley will outlive
A hundred thousand volumes of their rhyme;
Thou might'st as well hold water in a sieve
As pledge them Fame for any length of time.

We need not just now discuss the soundness of this judgment, or point out that Gordak's description of the worthless "minor poet" fits conspicuously to Shakspeare and Homer; we have to face a more

pertinent and more puzzling question. Why was it that Gordak, when this was his mind, and when he had printed poems belonging to the class of poetry that he rated highest, chose to exclude this class from his collection of poems to be printed for permanence? How comes it that "Here's Luck to Lora" contains the praises of Keats and Morris, and contains Gordak's poems having the quality of Keats and Morris, but does not contain this poem with its praise of Shelley, and does not contain the poems that have the Shelley quality, though it was to the Shelley quality alone that Gordak in his soberest mood would promise immortality.

It may be that his self-criticism was more unsparing in that which he rated higher ; he may have felt that he had done fairly well in the minor sphere, but fell too conspicuously short of what was wanted in the greater poetry. Or it may be that he had heard that legitimate poetry should aim merely at beauty, and not be didactic ; and he may have felt that, when he was compiling a volume for publication, and not giving free poetic expression to his own instinct, he should conform to what he supposed to be an accepted canon of taste. Or it may be that he thought his book would be rejected by publishers, if it contained Anarchistic matter ; possibly he hoped that this less offensive volume might be the entering wedge for a different one which he might live to publish.

But it was not in this minor sphere that he did best. I have said that this volume contains matter having the quality of Keats and Morris; and I would have

this understood in its most laudatory sense. There is matter here that is fully worthy of Keats. If a poem like "The Thunderstorm" challenges direct comparison with James Russell Lowell's "Summer Storm," it bears the ordeal perfectly. Take a bit out of the coming on of Gordak's shower:

And they that love the glory of the storm
Turned with rapt faces to the deepening sky,
Where far-off thunder rumbled low and long;
While rumpled corn, and grass, and woodland nigh,
Thrilled by expectant change, a moment swayed,
Then, hushed in calm, a deeper stillness made.

Now were the westward hills and forests drowned
In rainy mists, and dim to mortal eyes
Grew the white-shining stream and sunlit ground;
But grandeur filled the everlasting skies —
A strange and shuddering beauty — as the broad
Black belt bore up that archangelic horde.

The sun went out; low moaned the frightened sea,
And flurried birds skimmed close upon the sand,
And screaming gulls across the foam did flee,
While wildest tumult struck the darkened land;
A mighty wind bore down the sapling oak,
And crackling through the thick-set forest broke.

Both Lowell and Gordak have given us genuine typical New England thundershowers, yet each shower is as individual as it is typical. In each one we recognize the weather of an actual day. And if one must choose between them, I believe that Gordak's poem will stand the test of persistent re-reading, and comparison with its fellow, better than Lowell's will. But the faults of Gordak's work are most strongly felt in this poetry that aims purely at beauty. I, for my part, am willing to pass lightly over his disposition to

coin new words and new syntaxes on slight provocation, or to treat foreign languages in such fashion as rhyming "Parisiens" with "lens" (which is in this book), or exclaiming "Festina lente, thoughtless rulers all" (which is elsewhere); but I should warn Gordak, if he were still within reach of the warning, that such things will in general more readily find pardon in poetry "with a purpose." And, what is more, Gordak's work in this book has almost nothing beyond the equivalent of Keats or Morris, or some other predecessor—oftenest, perhaps, these two. If we look in these poems for something that nobody but Gordak could have written, we must rake with a fine-tooth comb; and we find a scrap like

Nor know where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be fools,

—which is far too slight to be Gordak's best, but it is pure Gordak — or this:

yet I knew
The source of pleasure, dreamed it oft,
Star-gazing at the depths night-blue,
Or when the rain beat on the loft.

Hail to the common things that be!
The sound of rain upon the roof,
The rose, the wild anemone,
The rhythm of the horse's hoof,
The scent of piny forests, glow
Of autumn's tinted foliage,
The smooth and slumbrous fields of snow,
Familiar things — man's heritage.

But here, when we begin to find things that no one but Gordak could have written (and a poet cannot long survive except by his work that is unique: what

poet does the world honor for the excellence with which he wrote things that the greatest of his predecessors might have written?), we find ourselves getting into what I have called the Shelley quality, which Gordak has in general ruled out of this collection.

The quality in Shelley to which Gordak obviously refers in the lines I quoted, and which equally characterizes Gordak's poetry outside of the book "Here's Luck to Lora," is didacticism in a two-fold aspect: it is the use of poetry as a mouthpiece for a philosophic formula of life and as a tool for moving the world to right social wrongs. Shelley's formula of life was determinism. This word did not then exist in English, so Shelley called it by the less definite name Necessity. It was difficult for even Shelley to get much poetry out of that. Gordak's formula is the origin of pleasure from racial familiarity: whatever has from of old been familiar to the race is a pleasure to the member of the race. This makes better poetry than determinism. Aside from the passage above, take this from outside the book :

And when the thunder shakes the stead
(Down drives the pelting rain),
It fills me with a joyous dread
Forever and again.
And thou, O dark-blue night of stars,
The loveliness that never was
Until we knew it! Joy hath come
Upon us with the years;

or this—has any poet ever come nearer to presenting a basis on which Egoist and Altruist could meet? (I do not say that either of them will acknowledge himself willing to meet, of course.)

What! fleece the gaping peasant of his all
 With words of soporiferous chicane?
 To thrust the yeoman forward to his fall,
 The half-freed slave to lure and bind again?
 To rob the children of their joy and health,
 Ingenuous women of their happiness,
 That I may loll in soft indulgent wealth?
 Nay! but no other reason can I guess
 Save this – the only answer I can find:
 It has not been the custom of my kind.

Superior in virtue, – say it not;
 And, if I were, I did not make myself.
 Though wrought and riven by the common lot,
 I have not coveted another's pelf.
 But why? some instinct vague and curious,
 Some fault or fortune of my winged strain,
 Too dense to solve, too weighty to discuss,
 Involves my being; and I say again
 To those who wish me otherwise inclined:
 It has not been the custom of my kind.

But it is in his practical didacticism that Gordak has most power over me. It is when he is most in earnest that he means most, and it is when he means most that he says most in a few words. Take this series of samples from a single poem in *Liberty*:

No man can see the light and fail
 To follow: none can look afar,
 Beholding where the heavens grow pale
 The glimmer of the Blazing Star,
 Save in his heart begins to burn
 Some reflex of that heavenly fire;
 He cannot waver, flinch, or turn;
 He must advance, he must desire.

.
 The vision of the surely sane:
 The fact of happiness – the life
 Of health, of temperance, and peace –
 The normal desuetude of strife
 And servitude – content, release.

With hearts by custom long grown cold
To what they deem men cannot do,

who look beyond the bounds
Of habit, and discern the light
Of our Ideal.

Is there another poet known who could have written these lines? If so, what has his name been?—And yet, in selecting his poems to be put in permanent form, the man left this one out!

If Gordak fell a prey to some critic telling him that the didactic was not to be included among poetry proper, I can only rail against the whole tribe of pedants who try to fence art in by formulas. If that essay of Macaulay's in which he lays down the principle that poetry is that poetry does, and that, when a man says "This poem is more pleasing than the other, but it is less correct," he ought to say "The principle by which I have been judging correctness of poetic structure is an incorrect principle," could be made a required part of the high-school course, we should be rid of much evil. The Greeks knew better. Every Greek poet of the classic age whose reputation was so high that any considerable part of his work survives knew that the highest purpose of his art was to teach; he wrote from that standpoint, and it did his work good. Lyric, tragic, comic, elegiac, they are all of them preaching. The result is that their works are recognized by the civilized world as the supreme model of poetic taste.

Now we see people — plenty of them — propounding a rule of taste which condemns the Greeks. So

long as this rule is merely offered as a guide in the formation of taste, and the preservation of works is left to be determined by the survival of the fittest, little harm is done; for the survival of the fittest has an admirable way of riding rough-shod over false rules. But, if such a rule is to determine what works shall be put into a material form capable of surviving, then rage is justified.

I have a strong suspicion, however, that Gordak's selection was actually determined by the thought of what publishers in general might be supposed willing to print. I am the more confirmed in this suspicion when I find that in "Venus" he has left off the last two verses:

The crown of all incarnate bliss!
I saw, as she reclining lay,
The lovesome lips red-ripe to kiss,
Her laughing, lovelit eyes of gray,
The graceful arms, the Grecian head,
Her sculptured body white and sweet,
The marble mounts where love hath fed,
Her rounded calves and dimpled feet.

And as I gazed upon this scene,
I thought of all the million years
That go to make the woman queen
Of Love and of our smiles and tears;
Of by what slow gradation came
This madding beauty, till to-day
Not to desire seems like shame,
And not to love means life's decay.

Gordak certainly did not cut this out because it was contrary to his taste as poetry, for it wasn't. He may have cut it out for the sake of getting greater unity, to be sure. But it looks very possible that he may

have cut it out for fear of offending a publisher, and that the more earnest of his other poems may have been omitted for a like reason. Now, if it be so, see how the whirligig of time brought in its revenges. The book is issued by a publisher who would have been glad to have it contain such matter as he is glad to publish in Liberty: and Gordak is dead, and cannot take advantage of any possible success to compile a second volume; and nobody now alive knows where to find the scattered poems that might belong in the second volume, unless Gordak has kept a set of them and left it in good hands. From this let men learn how foolish it is to aim at something less than the best, on the ground that the something less is more practicable.

Therefore, I end as I began, that Gordak was no judge of his own work. But his work was very good, and any collection of it is welcome.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

I am glad to see that Michael Monahan has been able to revive the "Papyrus." His scoring of Arthur Brisbane, in the first number of the new series, for his responsibility for yellow journalism, is one of the most satisfying things on that subject that I have read. Yet I could not help thinking how many better men than Brisbane have shared in that responsibility. Ernest Crosby was one of these,—a thought which was brought home to me by the fact that the article on Brisbane immediately followed the editorial tribute to that great character.

THE BUTTERS-IN

Those who read *Liberty* of December, 1906, remember the wonderful article by "Fœmina," glorifying the *Einzige*,—that is, the individual who seeks his pleasure in his own way, regardless of the wishes and example of the crowd. The present article, by the same author and also translated from the "*Figaro*," is a fitting companion-piece, picturing the busybodies who are unwilling that anyone should be an *Einzige*. The French title, "*Les Intempestifs*," does not lend itself readily to translation. Literally it means "The Untimely Ones." "The Meddlers" might serve; but my friend, Mr. Emile Péron, has placed me under obligation by suggesting the bit of American slang that meets the case.

They are queer individuals. One knows them well only at his cost and after long experience. Nothing external declares the maleficent genius with which they are endowed. Even their reputation reassures one. People say that they are excellent, and so devoted! . . . Why should one distrust these tranquil personages, whose minds seem open and whose manners are either affable or cordially brusque? On the contrary, they inspire confidence at the start, by their air of conviction which we see, by the settledness of their judgment which we feel. They are certain of a multitude of things . . . They remind one of solid and resisting blocks. They give utterance to reasonable opinions: in case of need, they come to the support of the moral and the æsthetic with advice that is charged with authority; they do not fear the commonplace, but they announce it with so much vigor that it takes on the character of a new and singular truth. In short, they resemble everybody, and

at first sight one cannot discover their strange and dreadful mania.

To succeed in his career, the Butter-In must, in addition to the particular gift, possess a certain *ensemble* of virtues and weaknesses.

Not every one who wishes can be a butter-in.

First of all, the good butter-in has enormous vital energy. Then, he must be inexorably persuaded of his own omnipotence in the moral order; the smallest doubt on this point would jeopardize his enterprises. He must also think himself fitted to govern the world, restricting the exercise of his faculties to a group out of pure good grace. Furthermore, his pride, by force of extension, must have degenerated into altruism; and, finally, he must be possessed of tireless activity, imagination, some wit, much *naïveté*, and a little stupidity. He must be sufficiently indifferent to his personal affairs, sufficiently detached from his own adventures, not to be encumbered when he takes in hand the affairs of his neighbors and enters into their adventures. The butter-in who knows his trade gives — so much does he forget himself! — the illusion of being consumed by the passion of self-sacrifice. In truth, he simply obeys his own frantic desire for damnation. He is not wicked, and he believes himself to be very good. He thinks himself entitled to the gratitude of his victims, never gets it, and, as there is no nonsense about his vanity, is astonished thereat. Generally, although an optimist by destination, the Butter-In speaks of men with some bitterness.

There are two sorts of butters-in: the indiscreet and the subtle.

The indiscreet gives advice generously, even when not asked for it: criticises the course that he sees you following, and shows you the consequences of it; inquires regarding your intentions, and proves to you that it is better to change them. He proposes to meddle with matters which you prefer him to let alone, offers his recommendation, tries to reconcile you with one person and embroil you with another, endeavors to arrange a marriage for you, wants to take you on a journey and introduce you to people. He compromises you by immoderate puffery, lowers you by disparaging your most magnificent enemies, promises to make money for you, exerts himself to regulate your affairs and better your situation, assumes to console you, to instruct you, to guide you, precisely when you do not wish to be consoled or instructed, and when you are hungry for independence.

The clumsiness of this intolerable individual is so irritating that one does not permit him to take too great advantages. But it is rare that he takes none at all. So many solicitations, a cordiality so overflowing, such an air of disinterestedness, are touching. One accepts a bit of advice, a shadow of a service; one delivers a little of himself. Happily the clumsy haste which the Butter-In shows to invade the territories thus half opened to him reawakens the instinct of defence, and one throws him out. He goes away, full of recollections of the good offices that he has rendered, or, in their absence, of the intentions that he had of rendering them. He puts you down for a mediocre and stupidly vain soul; he despises you. And, if afterward you suffer some damage, he

takes in it that secret pleasure which even the best of men feel when they see things turn out badly that insist on turning out without their aid.

The subtle is infinitely more terrible; one does not get rid of him so easily. Sometimes one does not get rid of him at all!

On one of those days when life is hard to bear, when one feels the burden of inner solitude, one meets him. This monster prowling about in search of his prey is immediately apprised of the momentary weakness of your heart. Unlike the indiscreet, he puts no direct questions, he offers nothing; he simply shows his sympathy by an indirect word, a look. He gives you to understand that he comprehends, and that it is in his power to help you. He does not insist. He has no intention of forcing confidence . . . Infernal personage! He lies in ambush, he watches, he fascinates. He has the air of one utterly without curiosity. His reserve attracts . . . He appears before you like Kipling's boa executing the dance of hunger before the poor innocent monkeys . . . Encouraged, half captured, you risk a word somewhat more precise. The Butter-In's face becomes animated, and now he interrogates with a warmth that completes his victory. You confess something of your *ennui*, he glides in, insinuates himself, penetrates; it is done, he has entered into your secret. He surveys your heart and your life with a sagacious look. In a minute he has seen all, he knows; he is about to act. Then, little by little, he reveals himself. He installs himself, spreads himself, takes up all the room there is. With an adroit hand he suppresses your liberty,

takes away your right to choose your path. to look out of the window, to breathe. He intervenes, decides, reforms and upsets everything, with an irresistible authority.

The Butter-In is persuaded of these two points: first, that diseases, embarrassments, misfortunes, everything untoward that happens to others, happens to them through their own fault; second, that he has received from heaven the power to discern, without possibility of mistake, the proper thing to bring happiness to each. It irritates him to see so many people making so poor use of their good opportunities; he is eager to substitute himself for these bunglers in order to reestablish order in their lives. He is not a simple counsellor satisfying his taste for useless words; no, he wishes to be obeyed, and often he is obeyed. How resist him? He is so well informed about everything! He puts his time, his thought, his influence, and even his money, at the service of his victims. To him nothing is too costly that will make him their master and give him the right to lord it over their existence. And what force he has, what coolness, what vigor ever ready to combine, to judge, to decide! His mind remains supple and free, for these tragedies, these comedies, into which he thrusts himself, are not his affairs. Nothing threatens either his skin or his heart. None of these things concern him. With heroic calm he orders the most heartrending sacrifices, with persuasive warmth he impels to the most tiresome tasks; it is not he that sobs or yawns. He tortures his victims "for their good," like that Torquemada — the

typical Butter-In—who put people on the grill to save their souls.

The Butter-In is at home on all subjects. You are ill? It is because you are determined to be; you do not know how to care for yourself. Entrust yourself to him, and you will be cured. He inflicts upon you his doctor, his hygiene, his methods. If you are so unfortunate as not to get better, it is pure perversity on your part; he gets angry, he reprimands you. He has given you the means of health: be healthy without delay, or you will be the worst of ingrates, a hopeless neurasthenic who takes pleasure in his morbid manias, a sad imbecile. The vigorous butter-in, who knows what you need, administers his energy to you with a club. He humiliates you, amazes you, deprives you of your power of reaction. He would kill you, so sure is he of the efficacy of his system.

Are you passing through a sentimental crisis? Here he is, ready to serve you. Things can be arranged, they will be arranged; is he not at hand? You have been betrayed, you are no longer loved, or you are loved less; you are hurt, doubtful, sad; you still hope, you are inclined to forgive . . . God knows what you would do without the Butter-In! But he takes charge of everything, he will save you from yourself. He takes too keen an interest in everything that concerns you to indulge you in weaknesses that later you would regret. You think the contrary? Naturally! What do you know about yourself? It is he that knows your needs, your aspirations, your real intentions, your sincere desires. The wrong done to you exasperates him even more than it wounds you. You are being treated worse than you think; he

proves it to you. He searches your heart for the elements of anger that already had begun to scatter; he reassembles them, and sets fire to them. He cannot bear that, through cowardice, you should derive a precarious joy from the fragments of the happiness destroyed. If you are not proud enough, he will be proud for you. He commands ruptures, contributes to them, carries letters, charges himself with messages, corrects and envenoms the words which it is his mission to repeat, for your dignity is more precious to him than to yourself. He helps you to tear your heart out, and goes home glorious and satisfied.

He loves violent situations because they tend to increase his influence. In his soul there is no atrocity: he wishes to dominate, that is all.

Following this idea that no man—except himself—is capable of choosing his real good, the Butter-In aims to effect a complete change in the existence of his victims. Hardly any one is satisfied. The Butter-In is convinced of it. Nobody does what he ought to do! And he gets to work to restore harmony about him. He urges the novelist to write for the stage, and the dramatist to go into politics. No sooner does he enter into the confidence of a desolate widow than he constrains her to marry again, no matter how, no matter whom; if only she gives up the idea of following the instincts of her heart, he is content. He loves to turn artistic natures toward sordid instincts, to counsel those who have a preference for society to retire to the country to read Montaigne. Workers who are fond of solitude and silence must participate in evening gayeties. He hopes to turn aside the

passionate from passion, but he preaches the beauties of love to people of refractory temperament. Never is he content with the ideas that he finds in you. He gives you to understand that every effort made by you up to the blessed moment when you first met him was utterly vain. You were in a bad path, you must take another, begin everything again, go elsewhere. Your friends, mistresses, lovers, do not fail to displease him. He disapproves the character of one, the nose of another. And, if this character and this nose, in which you have put your hope, happen to cause you *ennui*, "I told you so!" cries the Butter-In. For no butter-in was ever wrong!

When docile following of his advice leads to disaster, he is not astonished; you have done what he said, to be sure, but have you done it as he told you to do it? Certainly not! Then . . .

What an inexplicable pleasure these people take in meddling in others' affairs! They derive no profit from it. One fears them, one tries to get rid of them; sometimes one hates them. Unseasonable service, undesired advice, are things not to be forgiven. They have excellent intentions, yet the results of their actions are almost always disastrous. Useless to the strong, they depress the weak by diminishing their sense of responsibility. They lack the suppleness that penetrates to the depths of the feelings, the secret springs of conduct. If they had this suppleness, they would also be acute enough to understand that advice helps nobody, and that you partially destroy another's will by substituting for it your own. But they understand precious little of things essential. These ineffectual

dominators are the dust, the waste, the botchwork, of which nature is so prolific in her gropings toward the masterpiece. She finds it necessary to clutter our path with butters-in by the thousand before producing a leader of men or a great queen.

PRE-DARWINIANISM

I can recall no precise parallel to the way in which the world has treated the great principle established by Darwin,—I mean not natural selection, whose scope is still under debate, but the doctrine that species originate by evolution from other species. That the doctrine was hotly debated when new is not surprising. But now we see it accepted without question by all scientific men, while at the same time the impression of the general public is that it is an exploded notion which was talked about for a while but was too absurd ever to get any credit among sensible people. This is the unique thing, — that, in an age of enlightenment, and an age in which the opinion of scientific specialists is accepted as decisive for matters within their specialties (and sometimes outside these), the doctrine that the specialists regard as correct should be well known to the public and yet known only as an exploded folly.

There is a second illogicality which is not quite so unique, but I think it has something to do with the first, nevertheless. This is the way in which even those who accept the doctrine of evolution continue to hold views which have become obsolete by the intro-

duction of that doctrine.* Darwin seems to have treated many an old notion as the old-time Irish immigrant treated the turtle he was ordered to kill. He cut off the turtle's head, but it still crawled around with about the same degree of activity as before, and somebody suggested to Pat that he didn't seem to have killed it. "Sure," he answered, "the baste is dead, but it isn't conscious of it." Likewise, these ideas that Darwin has killed are not conscious of being dead; they go on crawling away without their heads, with the same self-moving massiveness as ever. One suspects, indeed, that the head can never have been very important to them, or they would miss it more.

An instance of pre-Darwinianism is all this nature-fakir talk. Mr. Long impresses me as a competent observer; but it makes no essential difference if he is guilty of all the specific misstatements alleged by Burroughs and Roosevelt, and twice as many more. His opponents, notwithstanding that one of them has the highest reputation as a naturalist and the other has a very respectable reputation as a hunter, have put themselves in so deep a hole that all the mud they can throw on Long will not keep him from looking white by contrast to them. Burroughs's talk is avowedly based on the proposition that beasts cannot have anything in the line of reason, but only instinct, and

* The fact cited is indeed remarkable, but I never expected it to be pointed out by a man who still clings to orthodox Christianity. I may as well add, to guard against misconception of my own position, that, while I agree very largely with what Mr. Byington says in this article, I dissent almost entirely from the views which he expresses in his concluding paragraph.—EDITOR.

that observations of nature must be interpreted by this standard; nay, by this standard must their admissibility as true observations at all be tested. And Roosevelt avows himself to be following Burroughs as a leader and teacher. Now, Darwin having lived, it is really inadmissible that men of fair scientific education should hold such views. They might hold — if the evidence were not all to the contrary — that the element of reason in bestial life is always too small to be perceptible, and likewise the element of instinct in human life; but they don't seem to restrain themselves even to such tenets as these. Burroughs's argument against Long culminates in a demonstration (only Burroughs fails to draw this particular conclusion) that you cannot with the help of the whip teach a dog to sit on its hind legs and beg, or to jump over a stick. For wild dogs in their state of nature cannot possibly have any instinct admonishing them to do such things so as to escape a whip; and they cannot feel the whip as a motive to these actions, which have on their face nothing to do with a whipping, except by forming just such an association of the one thing with the other as Burroughs denies that a beast can ever form. Such principles might have been exploded without the help of the evolutionary generalization, one would think. Furthermore, while I do not know that Burroughs and Roosevelt exactly deny that beasts of the same species have notable individual differences in temperament, or intelligence, or instinct, or habits, or whatever may, according to Burroughs, determine a beast's way of acting, and that the observation of the exceptional

beast is as instructive and profitable (especially if that beast seems to stand above his fellows) as that of the ordinary beast, yet Long is certainly right in saying that they do not give sufficient practical weight to these considerations; and this also is because they have not learned Darwin's lesson thoroughly enough to realize the importance of variations in biology. The sum of the matter is this. Long teaches (whether he exemplifies it or not, most folks have no opportunity to see) the right and scientific method and standpoint for the observation of nature; consequently his books are the right thing for the children. Burroughs teaches and exemplifies the false and unscientific method, whereby you cook the observations to make them square with a preconceived notion, and a mistaken notion at that. Burroughs's science is under the heel of headless ideas which continue active because they are not conscious that they are dead. And Roosevelt is a ramification of Burroughs.

It is pre-Darwinianism, again, when C. E. S. Wood, in the April number of *Liberty*, says that the hatred of serpents originates from the book of Genesis. A student of sociology in our day ought to know that the hatred and horror of snakes is common to men and monkeys, and is more intense in monkeys than in men; wherefore it is an inheritance from a common ancestry more ancient than any date assigned to Genesis, or even to Eden. When our ancestors lived in trees, out of the way of wolves and crocodiles, they had to fear only three important animal enemies,—the snake tribe, the cat tribe, and the insects that carry

contagious diseases. Therefore it was highly valuable to them if they, or any of them, had the quality, well known still to exist in a few men and women, of being unable to have rest, or comfort, or quietness, so long as a cat is anywhere near, even though the cat be not perceptible by any of the ordinary senses.

Likewise, it was valuable to them to hate a snake without stopping to think why; and one need not be kept from recognizing the naturalness of this antipathy by the fact that to the snake, as well as to the cat, many persons (of whom I am one) feel no antipathy whatever. The hatred of the snake is also reinforced by the general hatred of the strong for any creature which is at once weak and dangerous, especially if it strikes when you did not see that an enemy was near. (This last observation is especially commended to the attention of those who approve or palliate the policy of assassination and terrorism. However justifiable the actions of the rattlesnake may be, however good may have been Franklin's arguments in favor of it as a more honorable emblem for the United States than the bald eagle, we know what treatment it gets, and we know that its fight is a losing one. Those who choose to make themselves the rattlesnakes and copperheads of society must expect, by all analogy of history, that they will be treated as such; and a rattlesnake is not so treated as to facilitate the snake's getting what it wants. Also, creatures that are classified in the same group with rattlesnakes, or are thought to resemble them, receive the same treatment: a fact which is of no advantage either to them — on the whole — or to the rattle-

snakes.) As to the insects that carry contagious diseases, this danger is not peculiar to animals of arboreal stock, and neither is the corresponding disgust at feeling a bug crawling on you; every switch of a cow's or horse's tail shows that their ancestors, as well as ours, were punished with death if they were indifferent to flies.

But indeed this statement of Mr. Wood's is no worse than the one with which he couples it,—that the horror of nakedness is drawn from the same story in Genesis. It is still more incumbent on the sociologist to know that the horror of nakedness is felt where the influence of the Bible has never penetrated, and was felt long before the time of Moses. "Otherwise he has forgotten the Twelfth Commandment, which is, Thou shalt not write about a thing thou dost not understand," as Chwolson, the physicist, has just now said in criticism of Haeckel.* Mr. Wood ought to read Gunkel's Commentary on Genesis. It is a very interesting book; and by the time he has read it he will have learned to read the legends in Genesis from the same standpoint as he reads the legends in Hiawatha, and this will do him a lot of good. There is no profit in combining the traditional view of the purpose of a book like Genesis with the iconoclastic view of its authority, when the traditional view of its purpose has no basis whatever except in the traditional

* A man is not so much to blame if he accepts false testimony to a fact which must necessarily rest on testimony. I cannot feel myself very guilty for having stated in *Liberty*, on the faith of a report in the New York "Evening Sun," that the law for the compulsory registration of births was broken in the case of ex-President Cleveland's daughter Ruth. I have now learned that the report was a mere forgery by Jacob A. Riis. Without doubt the editor, like the public, supposed it to be truthful.

view of its authority. The records in Genesis are not drawn up for the purpose of inculcating a course of life which is to be followed, but for the purpose of explaining things that are already extant. Hence, when we find a certain rule spoken of in Genesis as proper, this proves, not that the book is a source of the rule, but that the rule is older than the book.

Since I am on Wood, let me turn aside from pre-Darwinianism long enough to remark that Wood, on the other side of the continent, did not get the whole of the report he quotes about Father Teeling, of Lynn. According to the Boston papers, the Lynn priest not only ruled that women must not appear in his church bareheaded, but also declared it to be indecent (though not within his power to stop) that women should go bareheaded on the street; and for this also he quoted the same text in Corinthians as authority. But the text in Corinthians declares that it is indecent for a man to have his head covered under the given circumstances, just as plainly as it declares that it is indecent under the same circumstances for a woman to have her's bare. Wherefore, if this applies to walking on the street, it follows that it is indecent for Father Teeling to go out on the street with a hat on, and the police ought probably to run him in if he does so; and likewise any other man.

Q. E. D.

To come back to my text, it is pre-Darwinianism again when people say that all a man's actions are motivated by the desire for happiness. The assertion that this is the best and most rational motive in every case is an assertion to which no science except ethics

or theology can make any objection; but the assertion that no other motive is extant is an assertion which ought to become conscious that it is dead since Darwin has lived. It is the sign of a brain that has not yet learned to look at the universe from an evolutionary standpoint. If the structure of man's mind were of mysterious and unfathomed origin, the bringing all his acts under a single motive would not merely be admissible along with the rest of the mystery, but would even seem to diminish the mystery by the simplicity of the formula. But, if man's mind has come to be what it is by the progressive inheritance of such variations as are useful to the species, then it is supremely improbable that this process has given only one sort of impulse for all actions, the regular and the occasional, the essential and the non-essential, the urgent and the postponible. Just as there is reason as well as instinct in animals, so there is instinct as well as reason in man. Pleasure and pain are not two sides of the same thing (and they do not even seem to be, except when a theorist is trying to simplify his theory by bringing everything under one hat), but totally disparate impulses which are appropriate to different purposes, the one to those acts which merely had better be done sometime, the other to those acts which have to be done *now*. But some of the most urgent acts of all, such as the avoidance of a recognized danger of death, are entrusted not even to pain, but to an automatic and unreflecting impulse which is surer and prompter in its action than pain itself. Again, when a course of action is once begun, it is taken charge of by the nerve-saving impulse to

keep on; and the man not only goes on walking or running or hoeing, but even turns corners and throws out stones and starts again after stopping, without constantly thinking of any desire connected with the walking or running or hoeing. I do not consider that this is all; I think that I could find still other disparate motives without going into the sphere of ethics as commonly understood; and I think that there are altruistic motives (I use the plural deliberately, meaning to imply more than one type of motives not reducible the one to the other) which are as distinguishable from the pleasure or pain of sympathy as they are from the calculation of an expected cash profit to accrue to me from my neighbor's prosperity. But, even if this were demonstrated to be false, and if all motives alleged to be moral or altruistic were successfully reduced to the pursuit of pleasure and the avoidance of pain, it would still remain true that neither pleasure nor pain, nor the two together, constitute the sole non-moral motive from which men act.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

The German vice-chancellor is preparing a scheme for the maintenance of persons out of work while they are seeking employment. When this scheme gets into operation, the trade of seeking employment will be followed with an astonishing persistency. In that trade the open shop will prevail, and there will be no danger of strikes.

Thoughts compelled from out the hidden
Frequently are inexact;
But the thought that comes unbidden
Is the one that fits the fact.

— *Rabbi Ben Gessing.*

UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

In the outlook of Anarchy, conceived of as the mother of order, an international Peace Congress ought to be about the best thing anywhere in sight. Because all the ends of order are peace, and the sure result of peace must be order. It makes little difference which end foremost the object is presented — whether the Anarchy end or the Peace end; if we see one coming, we know what must be following. When the woman passenger asked the conductor of the trolley car whether she should go to the front end or the rear end of the car to alight on reaching her street, he said: "It don't make any differ, lady; both ends gets there." Peace and Anarchy, meaning order, sustain the relation of the two ends of the car, and, as remarked, either end foremost suits. And, just as naturally as Peace and Anarchy come and go together, so War and the State united stand, or divided fall and are counted out. Real peace has not subsisted since there were two armed governments on earth. There has been that which was called peace — the peace humorously proclaimed in the Thanksgiving order, the message to congress, and the speech from the throne — which, however, is not peace, but a brief cessation of hostilities. It is a rest after the last war, said rest being confined to the combatants and their assigns who are deceased; and it is otherwise a period

of preparation for a future war, made at the expense of the joyous survivors.

If peace waits on the reduction of the function of government to the performance of police duty, religion, or the church, will have to go. The original purpose of the State was to protect and enforce some form of worship. I believe that the government of Spain, and perhaps of some other European countries, has no excuse to exist except the maintenance of faith. This government of the United States is reputed to be the first one ever set up with any other object in view. Some of the men instrumental in outlining its original policy had the delusion that the people could be governed—that is, held politically subject—otherwise than through their superstitions. Their successors are correcting the error as fast as they can by converting the State to the uses of the church. And anybody is blind who cannot see that imperialism, or the policy of annexation, is the same thing as the Christian missionary business. It is the “overflowing fountain,” as Christianity is defined by Mr. Bryan, who himself slops over perpetually.

Only a few know about the identity, here affirmed, of Peace and Anarchy. And what else could you expect when Anarchy is presented, judged, and condemned as another sort of government that varies the conventional way of administering justice by starting with the execution instead of with accusation and trial. That is not Anarchy; it is “unwritten law.” As I would define the Anarchistic philosophy, it is not the personal bumping off of an individual ruler, but rather the taking away of the thing he rules with. The

force-Anarchist is a Protestant blowing up the pope or a cardinal by means of some high explosive hove next to him in the shape of a bomb, whereas the peace-Anarchist, as I understand his method, would be a denier disseminating unbelief as his propaganda and withholding his tithes to make the deed jump with the word.

So peace is a matter of not putting any belief, or money, into a government that manifests mainly through armies and navies. There is no peace sentiment about building warships and forts wherewith to defy the powers. A few weeks ago, when murders by Italians got more frequent than comported with the safety of the police, the policy of disarmament was adopted, and so far enforced that not a policeman has been killed since. Considering the restricted scope of the reform, and who gets the benefit of it, this is not so good an illustration of the point as I would like to give, but it at least proves the birth of the idea that the first step toward peace is to give up the gun.

The government of Italy has demanded of the Hague conference that a delegate from Cuba or from a Central American State (the accounts name both places) shall be pushed out of its councils because he is a condemned Anarchist and an exile from King Victor Emmanuel's realm. If this chap is an Anarchist proper, and not one of those unofficial executioners or unwritten-law fellows, he is exactly the delegate who can tell the peace conferees where they will have to stand to see the peace band-wagon come up. Of course, if they don't want peace so much as they want

to govern their fellow-man, they don't have to have it, and will not follow his advice.

How does it happen that a man who derives the one great satisfaction of his life from gazing at himself in a looking-glass, by his own volition, will avert his face, side-step the reflection, and go up in the air if somebody else holds the mirror before him? When the act, in one case, brings to his countenance an expression of perfect self-complacency, it seems strange that, in the other case, the effect on him should be so different that it amounts to an annoyance, under which he may knock the glass aside hard enough to break it, or maybe smash the person who has it in his hands. Leave him alone with a looking-glass, and he is likely to waste time viewing himself in a great variety of postures, and will even distort his features and still find them fascinating; but lead him unsuspectingly before the glass, and you must be twice as strong as he is to hold him there. He can see therein nothing but himself; nevertheless he would show more pleasure standing in front of and inspecting a cage of monkeys.

The freakishness of a human being in this respect explains the resentment shown by some writers who were quoted in the May number of Liberty. Not having this freakishness in mind, I had carelessly, and impertinently as I am aware, sprung the looking-glass on my Jewish fellow-citizens. It cannot be claimed that the reflection showed a single one of them any detail of himself that he had not examined and lamented or admired a thousand times, and all of

them are aware of the fact. As I pointed out nothing reprehensible or unpraiseworthy. they could not fairly complain that they had been misrepresented, and they took the course that any lawyer would approve. They entered a demurrer, which mean that the facts stated are not sufficient to constitute a good cause of action. Their replies bulk large, because the writers are sophisticated rhetoricians, as Disraeli said; and the rest of their answer is surging to get out of range of the mirror. All this was natural. What else could they do, and how could the editor of *Liberty* have made a better application of "Much Ado About Nothing" than when he used it as a heading for their remarks?

I am disappointed and mortified beyond telling; and, except for the brilliant essay the affair has given me a chance to write on the strange behavior of the man before the glass, I should, on the whole, set down the reception of my *Judenfrage* piece as a frost. Not a feature of it came out clear in the atmosphere of the East Side. The critics missed the purpose, they missed the point, they missed the "spirit" of it; and then, just to be consistent, they overlooked my name at the end. They did not understand what had been written, or who wrote it.

Controversy on the merits of the Jews is not for me. They appear to be all right, and in a discussion I am convinced that the other fellow has no show. I have about the same high regard for an anti-Semite or Jew-baiter as for an anti-Japanese hoodlum; but I still think that the Jews are relatively a commercial people, and am feeling sore because the replies made to my

inquiry are so vague and indirect. I asked whether any Jews are Socialists, and, if so, what they expected to gain by a change to a system that promises to do away with commercialism; and I am not a thought the wiser for being told in response that Mr. Tucker is an anti-Semite.

The way to dispose of a question is to give an answer to it or to let it alone. On the Fourth of July a speaker at the celebration in Paris appealed to the reflective faculties of his hearers by inquiring: "Do married men make the best husbands?" His audience only laughed. Now, to laugh is better than to get red-headed, but neither is an answer. The speaker asked: "Do married men make the best husbands?" and the question is: Do they?

In a back number of Liberty the prophecy was risked by the writer that the government would enlarge its supervision over offspring born to us, and that the fruit of our loins would be picked by the State for ulterior purposes earlier than it is now for purposes of education. The day looked to be coming this way when children would be delivered directly into the hands of public officials trained to catch them on the fly. I did not expect any confirmation of that view this year or next; I was forecasting at long range. Like other prophecies that are forgotten unless some event happens to fit them, this one was on the point of escaping my recollection, when Mr. Roosevelt passed out a promise to an assemblage of Indiana agriculturists, on Decoration Day, that might have been prompted by the same unbidden

thought; for the president then and there proclaimed an eight-hour day for farmers' wives, outlined a system of instruction for the men, and said that the government, through the agricultural department, proposed to dry-nurse the children, who were the best crop the farmers could raise. That is about what I said would be the next move. And now will the newspaper editors go on fooling themselves with the idea that, while Roosevelt directs the policy of the government, there is no forecasting what its next move will be; or will they read Liberty and get wise?

Mr. Roosevelt added a detail that somehow or other I missed. He says that first aid to parents will be extended through the department of agriculture. It is a relief to know the worst. He might have created a new cabinet officer, and called him the Secretary of Eugenics (formerly Lucifer): or, seeing only the obvious, he could have claimed that the supervision of marriages and births properly belonged to the department of commerce and labor; but the question is settled, and settled right. His attitude heretofore toward improvement of the human race by artificial selection shows that he approves its classification as "barnyard ethics"; and a department of agriculture stepping about the barnyards of our land would furnish an inspiring sight not to be too frequently repeated. The observations there taken would fortify the members to go into the house and give improving advice. After the administration has shortened the working day of farmers' wives to eight hours, it might take up the problem of bringing births nearer together. Many perfectly-developed and robust

infants have appeared in half a year or so after the marriage of the parents. If this can be accomplished in the case of the first child, it is the duty of the agricultural department to find out why future additions to the family do not show the same expedition. Great glory awaits this department as the brains, backbone, and so on, of the republic.

Lest his words escape the eye of those who can best appreciate them, I will briefly quote from a recent speech by President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University. Dr. Wilson recklessly spoke as follows:

There can be no liberty, if the individual is not free; there is no such thing as corporate liberty. There is no other possible formula for a free government than this: that the laws must deal with individuals, allowing them to choose their own lives [under a definite personal responsibility to a common government set over them], and that government must regulate, not as a superintendent does, but as a judge does; it must safeguard, it must not direct.

The words which I have enclosed in brackets are surplusage, like the pious "under God" in Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and the second clause of Spencer's definition of rights. Dr. Wilson might as well have omitted the governmental note, and let the individual answer to other individuals for his abuse of freedom, which abuse is termed "invasion" — a good word, not to be used so often as to get worn out, or lose the freshness of its bloom, or sink into the vocabulary of cant. An interesting lot of conclusions follow the negation of the government's function to "direct." I ask Dr. Wilson if he has considered the bearings of his proposition on the appointment of official ghostly

advisers called chaplains; on the rules and regulations of the post office as to the kind of thought it will condescend to transmit; on the "duties" of the various federal departments, bureaus, and commissions; on divorce laws, Sunday laws, anti-race-suicide laws, prohibition, proclamations, executive orders, messages to congress, and magazine interviews on nature-fakirs. These are all directive, supervisory, hortatory, and indicate government by impulse. The notions of the president of Princeton are hopelessly primitive. They are those of a man who has not framed up government as a Sunday-school teaching pickpocket and burglar who will operate with chosen pals, but will permit no individual competition.

The most hilarious note on the exposure and conviction of Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco is of course to be found in one of Hearst's papers. "All the communities of this continent," says the "American," "will share San Francisco's elation in the final triumph there of the people over graft and dishonor." The triumph of "the people" is pretty good. The people had their "triumph" all right, but it was not in the downfall of the grafters; it was in their election to office. This incident should be recorded right. When exposers of graft got after Schmitz, the people held great indignation meetings addressed by their representatives and by Father Yorke, the people's priest, at which the mayor's detractors were exhibited as thwarters of the popular will. It would be the prudent course to ascertain the feelings and temper of the "common people" of San Francisco before offering

felicitations. Otherwise one might get a tart reply. And, when you get right down to brass tacks, the turpitude of Schmitz does not distinguish him so far from other elected persons as would at first appear. Consider the offence of which he stands convicted,—that of taking the money of a restaurant proprietor in return for immunity from let or hindrance in his business. What the restaurant man gave up to Schmitz was his second assessment. The government had pulled his leg previously. The government assessment was called a license, which was transmitted to Washington and contributed its percentage toward paying the personal expenses of the Roosevelt family,—the railroad fare of the president and his parasites, the cost of keeping a government vessel in commission to take the Roosevelt female and young on pleasure trips, specifically the taking of the president's sons to see the Yale-Harvard boat race on the Sylph at the government's expense. The license money did that. The other money, given to Schmitz, is called extortion, and went toward paying for the Schmitz residence. Where is the physical difference between the license and the extortion? That there is a "moral" difference I concede, though I may be alone in the admission; for I believe that the liquor which the government licensed the restaurant man to sell did more harm than the room-renting that Schmitz permitted for a fee. Otherwise, in the perspective of a man up a tree, the cases run parallel.

Dr. Wilson, of Princeton, avers there is no such thing as "corporate" liberty. Is there corporate

felony? Apparently not. Government can without reproach duplicate private crimes, and even individual meannesses. I will adduce one example of each. Consider the tariff, how it goes. That form of extortion has two motives, — protection and revenue. Protection is the term used to describe the action of the police in not molesting the dive-keeper who “gives up,” while arresting and prosecuting his more conservative competitor. Any other tariff for protection discriminates in substantially the same way. Tariff for revenue means that we need the money. It is not an exalted motive, for none other ever actuated a burglar or pirate. You would think that a great government, while magnifying and exceeding the felonies of individuals, might be exempt from their meanness. You have another think coming. The city dweller who has not got tired of life and turned commuter imagines he is dealing with the meanest people on earth when his fare is received at the ticket office of a street railroad and he passes through the gate to find no cars running on account of a block. He gets back to the street without recovering his nickel, and next time he hears government ownership of railroads advocated he says he believes in it, or in anything else that will check this greed of transportation companies that is absorbing the scant surplus of the proletariat. It is pretty tough. He has lost his fare. But, if he wants to lose the value of a dozen fares, let him stamp a four-pound package and deposit in the mails for transmission abroad. The agent of the government seizes the package, destroys the stamps, and at his leisure notifies the sender that,

under a rule of such and such a date, or according to order so and so, the package doesn't go. You have recourse to an express company, and wonder why petty larceny was ever made a crime.

The superior wholesomeness and gayety of sinners as compared with saints has always been noticed. That the cheerful one should stand straight and live long, while the serious and over-righteous man gets round-shouldered and peters out, is supposed to be due to divine mercy, which would give the wicked time to repent. Some other explanation is needed. The chap in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" stooping under a bundle of sins is not true to life. I talked with a man who had all of the moralities at his tongue's end, and who was admirable in every way except that he provoked in you a desire to kick him. He knew what the conduct of every person should be, and the burden of his speech was "A man ought to," or "Tain't right for a man to," and "I always make it a rule." He had practised all good precepts from his youth up, and bore only the sins imputed from the fall of Adam. But these he deemed a heavy load. And he was getting aged and bald and narrow-chested and shrunk, and tired and uncommunicative except when some folly of his fellow-man stirred him to utter a groan. "It seems to me," he said one day, "as if it was about impossible for a man to live up to his knowledge of what is pleasing in the sight of God." He was worrying himself thin over that. I looked at him attentively, and recalled the lines of the hymn:

See how the aged sinner goes
Laden with grief and heavy woes.

And I saw how it didn't fit the case. So I thought again: "Old man, it isn't your sins that trouble you; it is your virtues." Estimating the sacrifice of time and money, health and happiness, life and liberty, that is required to keep the world as good as it now is, I have concluded that this truth is of general application,— that the pack of sins man bears on his shoulders is exceedingly light compared with the load of virtues he is trying to support.

I have a criticism to pass on the course chosen by that New York woman who, having entered into a trial engagement with a man, sued him for breach of promise when he terminated the arrangement without marrying her. The law gives her that right, and, as she is bound to support and obey the law, she is entitled to any benefit she can derive by appealing to it. But the law is a cold proposition to bring into a love affair. If penury can repress the noble rage of a poet, and freeze the genial marrow of his soul, not less must a law-suit refrigerate the lover. The legal ceremony, taken seriously, chills more or less the parties to a marriage; a wedding by order of the court would be arctic. For my own part, I doubt and suspect the utter abandon of a love that waits on marriage settlements; and the affection whose yearn will be satisfied with possessing its object or three thousand dollars in lieu thereof cannot be the real thing by a whole lot. Engaged persons expect, and promise when they marry, to love each other forever. But, if it falls out

that one party does not want to marry, the other will hate him so heartily inside of six weeks as to sue him at the law and penalize him to the limit. It looks unreasonable. Damages for breach of promise are founded on neither good sense nor experience. In the first place, as many engagements turn out happily when they are broken as when they are kept; and, while a man may disappoint a woman some if he does not marry her, the chances are in favor of his disappointing her a good deal worse if he does. I am satisfied that marriage would oftener prove a success, and wedded happiness be vastly increased, if husbands never did their wives any greater unkindness than not marrying them.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS

Young brother, young sister, with the uplift gaze,
 Would you follow the new vision, live the new life?
 Have you conceived an ideal beyond old creeds and customs?
 Does it call you? Would you follow? Count the cost!
 Has poverty no terrors for you?
 Can you be driven from shelter to shelter till "home" is an
 empty name,
 And can you still be true?
 Can you hunger while prostitution feasts and flourishes,
 And keep your genius pure?
 Have you reckoned with the world's scorn, and counted it as
 naught?
 Can you discount the averted gaze where once shone welcome?
 Still I say to you—Count the cost!
 Do you know the price you shall pay for your freedom?
 A sword shall sever you from kindred, friends, lovers.
 Not one who is not of the new, not one of the old can hold you
 or be held.
 One by one you shall sacrifice them on the altar of your progress,

In a long-drawn agony of pain.
Your very blood shall cry out to you for cruelty.
Your throat shall ache with pity, but they will never understand.
The reproach in their eyes shall haunt your sweetest joys,
And your veriest triumphs shall ring with their defeats.
They whom you love, love, love!
Can you pay for your progress the price of their pain?
Then go on, on, on! and die, still going on!
For you shall never arrive!

But you shall gain? Strength that grows by resistance, power
that is born of purpose;
A deeper insight, a clearer understanding, a greater love.
And here and there, along steep hillsides, beside yawning
chasms,
A warm hand shall clasp yours,
Clear eyes shall look into yours with the look that knows and
responds,
And you shall claim comrades, yours, your own!
You may not keep them with you, but you shall know
That somewhere on the pathway they too are climbing,
They too are pursuing the dream and the vision.
And in you shall be born a living, leaping Hope that into the
pain and the yearning,
Into the world's weariness and woe,
A new light shall dawn, a new day shall break;
That, whether you stand or fall, the world shall grow by your
striving;
That slowly, but with onward sweep of endeavor,
On into Freedom and Joy-life, the World is advancing!

ADELINE CHAMPNEY.

Here 's Luck to Lora

AND

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Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

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LIBERTY

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ON PICKET DUTY

There are not a few who think that "A Degenerate's View of Nordau" (the review of Nordau's "Degeneration" which appeared in *Liberty* a dozen years ago) is quite the finest bit of work that Bernard Shaw ever did, and there are very few indeed who would venture to dispute the declaration of the "New Age," of London, that it is the most important letter ever communicated by Mr. Shaw to the newspaper or periodical press. To its admirers it has long been a source of regret that it has never been published in book form. Naturally, then, they will be highly pleased to hear that, when I was in London last summer, I persuaded Mr. Shaw to allow me to bring it out, and that he has written for it a vivacious and valuable preface, telling how he came to prepare the essay. It will appear at an early date, simultaneously here and in England,—perhaps before the November number of *Liberty* is printed. Should it be delayed somewhat, I hope at least to be able to state in the November number in what form and at what price the essay will be published. At present I can only say that the number of pages will somewhat exceed one hundred.

I call especial attention to John Henry Mackay's announcement on the outside cover page. It is extremely doubtful if there will be another opportunity to obtain so nearly complete a file of Liberty as that which he offers for sale, and he is quite warranted in his refusal to accept any bid of less than fifty dollars. At that price it would be a bargain indeed. The bidding undoubtedly will be stimulated by the fact that Mr. Mackay will devote the money to developing the propaganda of Anarchism in Germany which he has so well begun. He has already caused to be published in German the following four essays from my pen: "*Staatssozialismus und Anarchismus*," "*Sind Anarchisten Moerder?*" "*Der Staat in seiner Beziehung zum Individuum*," and "*Was ist Sozialismus?*" as well as "*Die Frauenfrage*," the discussion of marriage between Victor Yarros and Sarah E. Holmes ("Zelm") that once appeared in Liberty; and it is his intention to add to this list as fast as he can command the means. I may add, by the way, that all the German pamphlets just mentioned are to be had at my book-shop, 502 Sixth avenue.

E. Armand, the kindly editor of "*L'Ère nouvelle*," is in jail, charged with issuing counterfeit money. The charge is supported, as I hear, by a "suspiciously obscure denunciation" and the discovery of a single counterfeit coin when Armand's apartments were searched in his absence. "The clearest thing in the case," as Armand expressively says, is the fact that the police have seized all his letters and a great many books, files of newspapers, etc. The less clear it is

how his books and files of papers are connected with the charge of counterfeiting, the more clearly this seizure does seem to throw light on the puzzling features of the case. Apparently, as long as he devoted himself to the interests of experiments in Communism, nothing happened to him; but, now that he has become an active propagandist of the refusal of military service, he gets into jail, and his library is seized under the plea that he uses bad money.

“National sovereignty is to be upheld in so far as it means the sovereignty of the people used for the real and ultimate good of the people; and State’s rights are to be upheld in so far as they mean the people’s rights.” Now, isn’t that luminous? Could anything be more trenchant and decisive? Do you know who said it? Of course you do, for there is only one man in the world that could have said it,—Theodore Roosevelt.

The case of a Prussian immigrant woman’s baby, physically born in an infant asylum on shore in Boston, but “legally born on steamship Ivernia under English flag,” the mother not being yet permitted to land, is said to have tangled up “about one hundred immigration regulations,” since it is the first baby born to a detained immigrant under the new law. The question what its nationality is, and the question whether the steamship company must pay the tax on this baby as an immigrant, are a mere beginning of the problems started. The local commissioner of immigration wants to get the baby admitted to this

country if possible, because, when the baby has selected Boston as a birthplace, it would be a blight on Boston patriotism to turn it away. Perhaps he can secure its admission on the ground that the baby is an instructor in political common sense, and is therefore admissible under that clause of the contract labor law which permits the importation of workmen in trades at which the United States has not yet a sufficient supply of skilled hands.

One of Liberty's oldest friends, Mr. Horace Carr, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "I want to congratulate you on the excellence of Liberty. It has the freshness and tang that one gets nowhere else. The present form is ideal. I can drop it in a pocket when I go to lunch or on a car-trip, and it binds conveniently. I believe it to be the most influential periodical, circulation considered, on the globe."

At the International Socialist Congress in Stuttgart, Bebel declared that the Haywood trial "has shown all the world that in the United States liberty, law, and justice exist only on paper." I go further than Bebel, and declare that in the United States liberty and justice do not exist even on paper (barring perhaps the paper on which Liberty is printed), but I do not feel that my view received striking confirmation from the Haywood trial. Does Bebel mean to insinuate that Haywood was guilty?

Prof. Brander Matthews explains the vogue of the individualistic Ibsen in Germany and his lack of

vogue in the United States by the fact that the United States is individualistic while Germany is Socialistic. It appears, then, that a writer is popular only where his ideas are unpopular. The apostle of simplified spelling should take a course in simplified thinking.

Those authors and publishers who are actively engaged in the promotion, extension, and prolongation of the copyright monopoly are continually trying to move us to tears by dwelling on the poverty of the widow and orphans that an author leaves behind him, and on the unfair distinction that is made between the heirs of the owners of literary property and the heirs of the owners of other forms of property. Light has lately been thrown upon the animus that prompts their enterprise by their proposal, now put forth in France, to tax the works of dead authors in order to lessen the competition that living authors have to meet. Of course this tax goes into the public treasury, not to the dead author's family. But that makes no difference to the monopolists, for their real end will be gained. They have suddenly forgotten the widow and the orphan; they have ceased to shed their crocodile tears. Hey, Mark Twain?

It is the view of all conscious egoists that principles of conduct should be used as instruments in the achievement of successful life, but should not be made objects of idolatry, sacred and inviolable. But it is the view of the moralists that principles of conduct are absolute, and that from them there should never be the least deviation in practice. It is always interest-

ing, therefore, to observe the situation of the moralist when his view is put to the test in his own life. Tolstoi, for instance, stoutly asseverates that it is morally wrong to resist evil by force. But the other day, when a band of armed peasants opened fire on his house, he, after the second volley, "consented" to call on the rural constabulary for assistance. It is a very fine thing for a non-resistant to be the husband and father of a family of resistants. They make convenient scapegoats. When assailed, you refuse to call the police, but, after protest, you "allow" the others to do so. However, it is to be said to the credit of Tolstoi's character, though not to that of his intelligence, that it took two volleys of musketry to frighten him out of his morals. Most non-resistants would have succumbed after one.

In the recent flurry over the domestic affairs of Ferdinand P. Earle it seems to have been the endeavor of almost all the participants, including the principal himself, to make asses of themselves. One knows not whether to be most disgusted with the mob, the newspapers, or the artist. An honorable exception is found in the artist's mother, who spoke the only sensible word. "My son," she said, "was a fool to tell all his affairs. He talked too much." It appears, however, that her son talked as a matter of principle. "I have thought," he declared, "and I am still of the same way of thinking, that the public had a right to know the true state of affairs." Unquestionably Earle, the Socialist, is true in this to the Socialistic doctrine. But what, then, are we to think of George

S. Viereck, who telegraphed to Earle: "I admire your noble and courageous attitude. The moment the mob attacked you, you became the bearer of a great message"? If the mob has a right to know, has it not a right to judge? And, if it has a right to judge, has it not a right to punish? What, then, is the "great message"? The great message is that they are meddlers all,—mob, newspapers, Viereck, and especially Earle himself, who proclaims the right to meddle.

The following advertisement appears in "*L'Organe International des Hoteliers*":

HOTEL — (situated in a mountainous region very much frequented at present, very cosmopolitan). House of the first order; modern comforts; central heating; exquisite French *cuisine*; superb view; large gardens; delightful terrace. The proprietor fixes no prices, either for rooms or meals. The visitors have only to call at the office before their departure, and *pay according to their judgment, their conscience, and their sense of equity*. The new system will be tried for one year.

Either this astonishing landlord is a Communist, or else he has learned from his waiters that tips are preferable to wages. I wonder if he has also learned that there are different ways to "speed the parting guest."

Mr. Arnold Daly having announced his intention of running a theatre without advertising in the newspapers or supplying free seats to the critics, the New York "Times" administers the following editorial warning:

The newspapers will not worry about Mr. Daly's advertisements, and the critics, if they find his plays worth while, will see them and write fluently about them, whether seats cost \$2 or

\$90. But Mr. Daly must remember the sad failure of the so-called Theatre of Arts and Letters which pursued the exclusive plan to which he has committed himself.

In other words, the "Times" serves notice on Mr. Daly that, in the absence of the customary favors, it will systematically write down his plays, regardless of their merits. Is blackmail too impolite a term for the characterization of this sort of thing?

Says the New York "Sun":

The madness for bad money which was the nucleus of Bryanism, is older than the constitution, older than the Confederation. In colony, State, or nation it has raged again and again; and it will not cease until debt, poverty, ignorance, and demagoguery have had their quietus.

I suppose the "Sun" remembers how this madness raged in 1849, when a certain Charles A. Dana said:

Specie money, from being a convenient medium of circulation, has become the tyrant of both the production and consumption of the world. By means of this tyranny labor is kept in subjection; financial speculations, stock-jobbing, and usury are perpetrated; and interest is maintained at a ruinous rate in every country. Destroy it, and a monopoly even more unjust and penurious than the monopoly of the soil is destroyed, and society is relieved of scores of parasites, who go back to useful occupations, since they are no longer able to live on the industry of others.

The recent death of George Allen, Ruskin's publisher, reminds me of the time, thirty-three years ago, when I, visiting London for the first time, started in search of an edition of Ruskin. That author had just started a rebellion against the publishers and booksellers, publishing his own books, selling at a fixed price to all and sundry (whether in the trade or

out), and engaging one of his trusted draughtsmen, Mr. George Allen, to conduct the business. Consequently the trade was vigorously boycotting the new enterprise, and every bookseller that I visited not only had nothing of Ruskin in stock, but was averse to giving information as to the method by which the desired books could be obtained. Finally one of them, however, gruffly told me that he believed they were published "somewhere down in Kent." With this as a clue, I soon obtained the correct address, and forthwith took a train for Orpington, where I found Publisher Allen working in his garden. He received me very kindly, and, when he found that I was a young American especially interested in Ruskin's economic writings, he exerted himself most actively to satisfy my wants, saying that Mr. Ruskin, who was then in Italy, would be greatly pleased. For the more worn plates in "Modern Painters" he substituted artists' proofs, and, when he delivered to me as complete a set of Ruskin as he could make, he said that it was one of the best sets that could be found anywhere, and would soon double in value. In addition, he gave me a large portrait of Ruskin, an autograph letter of Ruskin, a delicate etching done by Ruskin, and two pencil sketches made by Turner's own hand, all of which are now among my most precious possessions. Needless to say, I went away a very happy and a very grateful boy. The set of books increased in value as Mr. Allen promised. A few years later he offered me for the set a much larger sum than I paid him for it. His business became great and prosperous, and yielded Mr. Ruskin a

handsome fortune. But those obituaries of Mr. Allen which state that he won the battle with the booksellers are not strictly correct. It is probably true that before Mr. Allen relaxed the stringency of his terms most of the dealers relaxed the stringency of their boycott. But years ago he returned to the practice of allowing a discount to the book trade.

About a year ago M. A. Benzinger, a well-known artist, conceived the idea of painting portraits of McKinley and Roosevelt that he might sell them in Europe. He has just returned, with the portraits still on his hands. What wretched taste these foreigners have!

At the international conference of liberal religious denominations lately held in Boston Rev. Charles F. Dole, president of the Twentieth Century Club, offered the following resolution, which was favorably received:

That this conference sitting in Boston, while numerous guests are assembled here from other countries takes this occasion to petition the congress of the United States through our president and secretary that the questions submitted to foreign travellers coming to our country as to whether they are Anarchists or polygamists be discontinued on the ground that they are useless for the exclusion of the unworthy and the unscrupulous, and that they seem singularly obnoxious to be asked of people who are the guests of American citizens, and that they tend to throw needless ridicule upon our laws.

Let us hope that this suggestion will now command more attention at Washington than it did when proffered by Liberty nearly two years ago.

ROOSEVELT AND DIOCLETIAN

Wise provision is made that the trees shall not grow into the sky, says Goethe. It would seem that this holds good politically as well as botanically.

A few months ago I heard from a relative of Mr. Bellamy Storer that Roosevelt was on the verge of nervous collapse, and that the symptoms of this were quite apparent to those who saw him near at hand. The statement did not come to me with any very cogent authentication; but it set me thinking, because it suggested a standpoint from which to consider the daily news. Roosevelt is not acting now just as he did when he became president. He is the same man, to be sure; but there is a change in the intensity of some of his qualities. One would expect to see more over-hastiness in a beginner than in a functionary of several years' experience; instead, Roosevelt's conspicuously over-hasty actions have (if I am not mistaken) come mostly in the latter part of his administration. His sensationalism has increased. The frequency with which somebody gets called a liar has increased; I believe the Ananias Club was not even formed till he had been some years in office. He is less and less capable of letting anything alone.

Now, if these things are true (and I speak only of his public record; if I am mistaken, everybody who reads the papers has the opportunity to correct me from his own knowledge), they are the signs of a man suffering from nervous fatigue. I have been tired myself, and I know how it works. I do not need to inquire whether the signs of overstrain are visible on

his face, if I can read them in his actions.

These considerations derive most of their weight from the fact that Roosevelt's is not an isolated case. On the contrary, Roosevelt's case would be an isolated one if he did not show any signs of breaking down. Ever since the civil war, if not longer, a term as president of the United States has been enough to cut a large piece out of any man's health and efficiency. It is not for nothing that the list of living ex-presidents is all the time so notoriously short. It is not for nothing that every president who is shot dies, while other people often recover when they are shot. It is not for nothing that Grant and Cleveland were so much less successful in their second administrations than in their first.

I make bold to say that the United States has grown too big for anybody to administer. This is not only the reason why men break down trying to administer it, but also the reason why it doesn't get administered. What has Uncle Sam succeeded in doing, at any time since the resumption of specie payment, that has evinced statesmanship? He has altered his tariff two or three times in such a way as not to do even temporary good, the general tendency being, on the contrary, to make the tariff worse and worse. The voters have made up their mind on the tariff, and hammer it at every election in which the politicians permit the tariff issue to show its head ; but, though both the voters and the economists are against the tariff, it is maintained. He has amended his currency system by measures understood to be unsound in principle, which he safeguarded by arranging

that they should be incapable of producing any radical effect; then, when there began to be too much inconvenience in resisting the tendency of the new laws to become effective, he repealed them. (He continues now to do business under a currency system which all attentive people, from the most revered conservative to the most despised radical, condemn as unpractical and pernicious.) He has reduced letter postage thirty-three per cent. (keeping it still so high that nothing but the post-office's artificial monopoly can maintain the rate), has made a beginning toward imitating the European practice of rural free delivery, and has made the second-class postal service a somewhat efficient agent of censorship and a decidedly efficient agent for provoking discontent among the most diverse kinds of periodicals. He has passed laws to prevent the immigration of sick people, poor people, men who have got a job, Anarchists, and other undesirable classes. He has consented to put an end to the tribal relation among certain Indian tribes. He has made a law against polygamy among Mormons, and then admitted the Mormons as States so that his law ceases to have practical effect. He has taken charge of western irrigation, for fear others should. He has extensively developed government by injunction, has evoked the proposition of numerous measures against it which have not been put into effect, and has just now put into effect against it a measure that has not been proposed,—to wit, that the administration should decline to enforce the findings of a court if their tendency does not harmonize with the administration's policy. He has enacted a pure food

law in prompt obsequy to the abundantly-justified strictures of a very yellow Socialist novelist. He has enacted sundry laws to repress combinations in restraint of trade, but has not yet shown any hospitality to the reiterated suggestion of his most trusted advisers that he should repeal or suspend his own restraints upon trade when these are found to be auxiliary to the combinations he is repressing. He has created the public impression that, when congress makes such laws, the executive will not enforce them; but he has now got an executive who declares that something must be done, something shall be done, and who, after trying his hand at enforcing these laws, reports that with the present laws he expects to be able to make an imperfect sort of a beginning, and that, as soon as we find out just what new laws we need, and get them enacted, there is no telling what great things we shall do. Uncle Sam has furthermore discovered that the constitution does not follow the flag. He has sent soldiers to help revolutionists make such a show of force that their revolution should be bloodless; he then started to railroad the successful revolutionists into annexation by a snap treaty, but, upon finding that he had broken international law by sending his troops, he balked and proposed to make up for it by sending more troops to reinstate the very objectionable old government; then, finding that the old government would not promise to refrain from inflicting the customary punishment on the revolutionists, he balked again, did nothing, and later annexed the country because it was thought to be advantageous for a war he was conducting. He was pitchforked in-

to the said war by the act of a foreign fool in Havana harbor; having won this war by the efficiency of the men who were not in high office, he paid \$20,000,000 for the privilege of subduing an insurgent archipelago, and posed as the liberator of almost everybody. The main agent of victory, and the only one in which high officers got any praise, was the navy; Hearst's "Cosmopolitan" says that since then the efficiency of the American navy has been destroyed with surprising speed by perverse reorganization; at least the public knows that disastrous accidents to American vessels of war have suddenly grown frequent. He has proposed to dig an isthmian canal, has found a South American republic holding him up for a few millions as the price of permission to do so, and has very frankly abetted revolutionists in seceding from this avaricious republic that he might have the opportunity to dig; he has then begun digging, and produced a perhaps unprecedented crop of resignations of eminent engineers who refused to remain in charge after they had seen the job from an inside standpoint; but the work is (and constantly has been) officially reported to be making satisfactory progress. He has made the Monroe Doctrine apply to all belligerency in which territory might be seized. He has asked for the open door in China, and has received it. He has been a busy promoter of Hague arbitration, and, having found that the Hague tribunal as now constituted is a dishonest court unwilling to give an impartial judgment, is busily trying to get it revised and improved. And he is said to have refused to patronize an inventor with a military airship. Now, if the foregoing list

does not include Uncle Sam's most prominent evidences of having had statesmanship within eight-and-twenty years, I hope somebody will fill the gaps I have left. I have been looking in a school history, and find that therein the record of this period (barring the Spanish war) is mostly filled with the actions of private persons and State governments,—pretty clear evidence that the Federal government has not been doing much that was constructive.

Let it not be said that I am an unpatriotic belittler of home institutions. I am willing to talk in the same way about other overgrown masses of governmental tissue. Britain is always supposed to present the world's foremost model of the statesmanlike administration of a vast empire. Well, if this be so, what is the world's foremost model like? How long is it since a visibly statesmanlike thing has been done by the government of King Edward or Queen Victoria? Perhaps the latest instance was when, in the case of Canada, they established the policy of allowing much self-government to their English-speaking colonies. To be sure, they have since then done a service to the cause of statesmanship by establishing an active and instructive experiment-station in Socialism, known as the London County Council; but it was a sheer fluke. If the parliament and the ministers had known how much the powers of the L. C. C. would amount to in practice, would they have granted it those powers? I trow not. They thought they were merely hitching a new horse to a small wagon to take part of the load along in the same ruts that the big wagon was in.

No novelist could invent a more telling instance of

the operation of this law of inefficiency than is given by the present British administration. Every circumstance of its start was a plain invitation to statesmanship of the great school. It had a big majority in the commons, and the country at its back ready to return a second big majority if appealed to. It had a field in which several issues of great importance were clamoring for attention, and in which the essentials of proper treatment for some of these issues were not merely obvious, but notorious. It had as its prime reason for existence the fact that the country was indignantly demanding the immediate abolition of a particularly exasperating piece of oppression newly introduced by the opposition party during its recent lease of power. What has this administration done? Why speak of the way it has muddled its opportunity in Ireland, or its opportunity with the house of lords, when it—has—not—even—efficiency—enough—to—repeal—the—Education Act—that it was elected to repeal!

I am not confining my discussions to the Anglo-Saxon countries because they manage great empires worse than others, but because they manage them better.

Nobody looks upon Russia or China as a fine example of the advantages of a single administration over a great country. The German empire is a big administration which is not yet old enough to have got rusty, as I was lately saying, and bears as yet a good reputation for efficiency; but they are certainly making a bad mess with their subject races in Poland and Africa and elsewhere, and they are playing a

very questionable game with their Socialists; and, while they continue to boast of the German patriots who lifted their nation from under Napoleon's heel by their concerted work in the development of Manhood, the imperial government is steadily counteracting this work both by making its populace helots to the officers of the army and by making the individual yield his initiative to the central machine. The difference between men in a free country and men in a bureaucratic country is well illustrated by an anecdote of Mackay of Uganda. Before he went out as a missionary, he was in Berlin to complete his education as an engineer, and boarded at the same table with some German engineers of his own age, one of whom asked him: "How is it, Herr Mackay, that, while the German engineers are undeniably superior to the British in scientific training, the British continue to surpass them in practical achievement?" "The first necessity for a good engineer," replied the young Scotchman, "is *Vorsicht* (prudence), the second is *das Probieren* (experimentation), and the third is *Mut* (courage). In these the British engineers are superior, and hence they accomplish greater things." Germany was developing *Vorsicht*, *Probieren*, and *Mut* till Bismarck intervened.

The fact is that, when an administration of any sort gets too big for a man or group of men to handle, there is a loss of efficiency. Improved methods of organization widen the limit, but do not abolish it. I have always thought time would show that this law of nature is a check to the permanent dominance of trusts, but I am content not to argue that point till

time has shown. Great governments, however, are a much bigger proposition to handle than any trust, and their impracticability was recognized a millennium and a half ago. When the Roman Empire was visibly falling into decay, a succession of long-headed emperors, and particularly Diocletian, gave it a new lease of life by dividing it into sections and making an emperor for each section, so as to get more administrative efficiency by permitting more attention. There were reactions now and then, but on the whole the plan commended itself by the way it worked. But it has for half a century been unfashionable to learn political lessons from Greek and Roman history.

As for Roosevelt, I think him entirely justified in his unwillingness to run again. If he is wise, he will stick to this resolution rigidly, and refuse the nomination even if tendered to him. And not only this, but, when his term is up, he will not accept a seat in the senate or governorship in the Philippines or a managership over the Panama canal. Instead, he will use the last months of his term in having the navy department organize an Arctic exploring expedition to sail March 5, 1909, with plenty of provisions, for an old-fashioned long campaign in the ice; he will quietly get himself a berth in this party, and will make his political friends promise to use all their influence to prevent the sending of any rescue party before 1913. Then he could come back and go into politics again. An absolute vacation of this length would probably not fit him for another term as president, but it would enable him to go into the senate and do better than the average senator.

As for Congressman Bartholdt, of St. Louis, who has got a foothold toward the establishment of Tennyson's "Parliament of men, the Federation of the world," I felt nervous about him for a while. I said to myself, "At present the world does not know Congressman Bartholdt's name. In thirty years the whole planet will be extolling him as the greatest and most beneficent statesman of the age. In three hundred years he will be execrated all over the planet for having done mankind such harm as few men ever did." But on further reflection I think it not necessary to spend so much anxiety on Bartholdt. Before Bartholdt and the Anarchists ever heard of each other, wise provision was made that the trees should not grow into the sky.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

I believe that the diplomats of the Hague would establish on earth, instantly and forever, the peace that all reasonable people desire by voting the following little article:

"After each war the commander-in-chief of the conquered army shall be shot."

Then sovereigns would look twice before rushing into the adventure. I am well aware that my proposal is revolutionary, but is not war itself the worst of revolutions? And is there any means of getting rid of it that is not legitimate?—*J. Cornély in Le Siècle.*

The punishment of Ibsen's feminism—if it deserved any—must have been the veritable flood of misunderstood women who threatened his peace. His heirs have found heaps of letters from women among his papers. And his widow says that, at the master's desire, she threw away even more, including photographs. Those that were saved were human documents. Ibsen made use of them, without so much as answering them, with the tranquil egoism of genius.—*L'Aurore.*

Thoughts compelled from out the hidden
Frequently are inexact;
But the thought that comes unbidden
Is the one that fits the fact.
—*Rabbi Ben Gessing.*

UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

From Professor Oscar Lovell Triggs, once an instructor in English at the University of Chicago, have emanated many of the best thoughts which the reflective faculties of men have enabled them to produce. Before he severed his connection with the Standard Oil knowledge-works, Professor Triggs had already detached the idea that Mr. Rockefeller is the Shakspeare of this period. Another intellectual triumph of Professor Triggs, if my memory has not gone back on me, was thinking up the "To-Morrow Magazine," which endures to this day, a monument to his altitude as a thinker. There will be no higher thinking than "To-Morrow" is doing until airships are an accomplished and available fact, and men of thought go up in them whenever they feel that they have another think coming. Triggs has also developed along social lines, until, as a witness said in the divorce case which resulted from his experiments in this department, he "does not regard the institution of marriage as in anywise a solemn or sacred institution, or one conducive to the best interests of morals or progress of the human race." As though that were an indictment, in view of morals and the direction the human race is progressing in! This witness, whose testimony must have influenced the court adversely to defendant Triggs, bears, by the irony of fate, the name of a writer whose contributions, embellished with his pic-

ture, have frequently appeared in "To-Morrow." But to dismiss all this and return to the thoughts of Professor Triggs. "I believe," he says, "I believe that love makes some of us wise, but it makes most of us foolish." There spoke the thinker, and more than the thinker. There was heard the voice of the bold investigator who dared give to the world the fruits of his research. "That love makes most of us foolish," is more than a thought; it is a discovery.

We accept the dictum that love makes us foolish; because, if it isn't that, what is it?

One not infected by the frenzy of the mob and of the courts and the law might raise the inquiry how far such frenzy is responsible for the murders that have attended the constupration of women and girls. The penalty for rape is so near like the punishment for murder that what the assailant adds to his sentence by killing his victim is small in proportion to the added security against identification which he gets by killing her. Were robbery punished with death or life-imprisonment in all cases, it is certain that, while an equal number would be robbed, more of them would be killed to put them out of the way as complaining witnesses. Whether just or not, the community punishes the violator not so much for the physical injury he does the woman as for the injury and suffering of a social and mental nature which society itself thereafter inflicts upon her. The woman who escapes the ravisher with her life and health is socially dead, being slain by society, the accessory after the fact. Now, it seems to me that the

“fiend,” in doing his part, and society, in doing its part to expose the woman to hurt and damnification, as well as the frenzied mob that pursues him, are acting under the same stimulus. That the man gratifies his lust, the crowd its thirst for blood, and society its jealousy of distinction, does not change the fact that the impulse is in each case sexually awakened. If you consider the comparative nobility of the various motives, that of the original offender seems not to be the meanest. Such is my theory. If the facts are otherwise, I can only express my regret.

Most clearly do the opponents of the “higher law” prove their point. They have buried the act under such a heap of odium as no man with clean hands or mind would care to dig through for purposes of a resurrection. The unwritten law is so unspeakable that nothing in the way of law anywhere equals it except some laws that have been written, read, passed, engrossed, printed, and enforced by the constituted authorities. Or, if the written laws are less atrocious, they make up the demnition total by being more numerous. A new one went into “effect” in New York on September first, punishing adultery by imprisonment in a penitentiary or county jail for not more than six months or by a fine of not more than \$250, or by both fine and imprisonment.

Now, the higher law on this point is “Go, and sin no more.” Years ago a man of Nazareth, a Jew on his mother’s side, was made referee in the case of a woman taken in the act contemplated by the above statute. The account reads that he said to the lady’s

accusers: "Let him that is without sin among you first cast a stone at her." While waiting for the execution of the sentence, the referee amused himself by punching holes in the sand with his umbrella. When he looked up from this diversion, there was nobody in sight but the accused, whereat it is to be assumed that he chuckled. "I judge," he observed to her, "that not any of those gentlemen believed himself qualified to throw stones under the conditions." She answered with some scorn: "Apparently none was so accoutred of virtue"; "Neither am I"; and both went their way—whether the same way the narrative does not disclose. I make only the obvious comment on this case when I say that, if the man had been a member of the New York legislature, like Senator McCarren, for example, with his "spittin' image" riding around in the Brooklyn trolley cars in care of a mother who is the wife of another man than the senator, he might not have enriched the higher jurisprudence with a principle which his followers will be the last to adopt.

That every being, brute or human, is "right" in acting out his nature, whether social or anti-social, is a conclusion from which reason opens no avenue of escape; and therefore I never bother myself to inculcate lessons of right or wrong in those over whom no fault but my own and Mrs. Macdonald's has given me authority. I cannot see how it enlightens anyone, especially a young person, to inform him that an act is wrong. Unless it means that he will be whipped if he commits the act, he does not

tumble—or tremble. I have read in the history of a Cape Horn mission, conducted by a Christian fanatic, with what futility the missionary sought to impress the Terra del Fuegians with a consciousness of wrong when they appropriated the idle property of another to their own use, or when they went about unclothed, or declined to work at the tasks he set them, or offered to their guests a hospitality so simple and generous that it included their women. The mission, unfortunately, had the backing of the British Admiralty office, so that the fanatic who controlled it could enforce his notions of right and wrong, with the result that, by compelling the Fuegians to wear clothes, dig cellars, and sleep in cabins with closed doors, he so rapidly enfeebled the tribe that from a people numbering three thousand he soon reduced them to three hundred. And it is not likely that the last Indian of them ever came really to believe it wrong for him to stand in the open and let the snowflakes fall on his greased and naked hide, or to loaf when his stomach was full, to make common use of property, or to prolong that other respectable custom of his fathers I have mentioned. The missionary at this station described in his reports how he had broken to the Fuegians the glad tidings of their ransom through Jesus Christ and expounded to their edification the distinction between the law and the gospel. There would be more survivors of the tribe now if he had confined himself to that sort of exegesis, and had allowed them to discover for themselves their errors of conduct. This is the mission to which Charles Darwin contributed five pounds a year for a while, to his subsequent regret.

When a person announces his rejection of common methods of suasion, moral or otherwise, he is expected to propose a substitute. I may remark, therefore, that, where I might have said "that is not right" or "that is wrong," I have instead successfully insinuated the query whether conduct meriting reproach could be defended as "fair" or "prudent," or even polite. For the youngest of individuals have fixed ideas about right, or no ideas at all, and many don't care; but a reputation for fairness or wisdom or good manners is more frequently deemed worth thinking about. If an appeal to such senses as these has any effect at all, we may as well employ it, for the right and wrong argument has none whatever so far as I have observed.

The doctrine of inherent rights must be affirmed without reflection or not at all. I held to that doctrine for many years, but, as soon as I turned to examine it, I discovered that it was a spectre, and thenceforth fared on —

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

That "fiend" was the realization that I had no "rights."

"Have you ever seen a spirit?" inquires Stirner. "No, not I, but my grandmother." Now, you see," Stirner proceeds, "it's just so with me too; I myself haven't seen any, but my grandmother had them

running between her feet all sorts of ways, and out of confidence in our grandmothers' honesty we believe in the existence of spirits."

Have we ever been conscious of possessing rights? No, but our grandfathers were, and out of respect for their judgment we believe in the existence of rights. If I have rights, so has another man, and, if he should define one of his rights as that of controlling me, I do not know how I should refute him. And, if he granted me equal rights, the concession would only lead to a scrapping match to determine which should control the other; and that must be settled by might. The advantage in claiming rights, natural or other, is that you have the affirmative of the proposition, which takes best with the crowd. We have all the rights we can demonstrate, and I leave the demonstration to the other fellow, subject to my dissent, provided I can maintain my right to dissent. If I am ever caught talking about my rights or the rights of another, I want to be understood as I would be should I say that the sun rises—not as affirming a fact contrary to the order of phenomena, but as using a convenient phrase adapted to the hearer's order of thought.

Both religion and morals as well as the "frenzied mob" must feel some concern at the news that in Travers City, Michigan, Sister Mary, a beautiful nun, was "kidnapped at the gate of the convent." But let us forget our apprehensions; maybe that was what she was at the gate for.

In these days, after the so-termed rights of women

have reached high tide and man has become mere, it is natural that there should be some backwash, leaving woman with fewer rights, in certain respects, than she had before. Not in all instances will she protest, but I imagine she will come pretty near registering her strongest kick when the right to be kidnapped, if she wants to be, is wrested from her keeping, or its exercise visited with such notoriety as to take all the fun out of it.

The precepts of economy which youth may follow without detriment turn to folly when practised by the aged. Having to walk once the mile or more between the steamboat landing and the railroad depot at Portland, Me., I gave my valise and ten cents to a man who was going my way with an express wagon. But a thin old man about seventy years old, who had attached himself to me, not only carried his own freight, but rebuked me for wasting the dime. In self-defence I said I could recover an equal amount when I got back on my job in New York; and, to prove myself as reckless in one way as another, I offered to carry his satchel to the train if he lacked a dime to pay for transportation. "Young man," he replied, "I have more dimes than I could count in a year if my property was turned into ten-cent pieces. It's the principle of economy I am talking about," and he shifted his heavy grip from his right hand to his left. "But you are spending your strength," I said; "got lots of it to spare, I suppose; more than you could use up carrying trunks in a hundred years." The thought penetrated his mind. "No," he sighed, "mighty

little. I'm not at all sure it will last till I get this carpet-bag to the depot." "But you will get it all back, maybe," I told him. He shook his head. "I don't feel as strong come another day at my age as I did the day before." "But richer?" "Yes." "Then you are practising economy by holding on to what you can get back, and spending what is gone from you forever?" "Oh, aye, I suppose so; but, young man, it's the principle."

There are whole communities like this man in a slightly different way. They hang on to precepts they are too old to use profitably, are sparing of change, and save laws too numerous to count, while prodigal of their liberties, though these are the only things of any importance to them, and once gone are past recovery. What good does it do us to get superior enlightenment, intelligence, improved notions of life, and so on, if we are restrained in the use of them, and are to lose all the benefits due us through having attained them, by laws made for barbarians, savages, and fools? It is the boast of the law that it knows no difference between the high and the low. Shucks! The same brag could be made for a donkey, and would only confirm his identity with the ass. There are a good many precepts and rules of conduct that are like big game. You follow them for awhile and find it fun; then they turn and follow you, which furnishes the occasion when, in my view, they can profitably be dropped behind.

With the intent, perhaps, to discover and extrude polygamists, there was inserted among the questions

asked in a circular sent out to postmasters of the country, in the preparation of the Government Blue Book, this:

“What are your marital relations?”

The compiler of the list, one Merrit O. Chance, chief clerk of the post-office department, declares that the question was put to find out whether the postmasters are “married or single, widowed or divorced”; but that excuse is a little too thin. Anyway it doesn’t elicit the information the chief clerk pretends that he wants. For instance, one incumbent filled in the blank space with the word “Hell.” How can the post-office department, or any other mob of experts, determine from that answer whether the party who suffers hell is married or single, widowed or divorced, or a polygamist?

If Liberty can consent to become yellow for one number, it might evoke the judgment of its constituents on the significance of that postmaster’s answer. This is the formula: “Reader, what is *your* opinion?”

NO EXCEPTION TO THE RULE

When the skiff is on the water and is loaded to the rail,
 And the most judicious handling is required to make her float,
 It’s a rule, the wise ones tell us, which was never known to fail,
 That in these said circumstances ’tis the fool who rocks the
 boat.

If the craft we call the nation bore our commerce in her hold,—
 Being freighted with a cargo she was never built to tote,—
 And was dipping gunwales under every time she pitched or
 rolled,
 Would you call it an exception when ’twas Teddy rocked the
 boat?

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

THE FARCICAL SUCCESSION

So Roosevelt is to efface himself, after all, at the end of his present term. The Provincetown speech, with its eighteen-months programme of "defiant" law-enforcement against "rich malefactors," and the Taft candidacy and chase after delegates, seem to preclude a third term. "Seem," of course; for with Roosevelt all rules fail, and what is impossible to-day may be indispensable next year. But the probabilities, at any rate, point to the elimination of Roosevelt.

And Taft is his candidate, the ticketed and stamped and guaranteed representative of Roosevelt's policies. He is of the approved "type," and the reactionaries ought to tremble.

But, curiously enough, they are quite complacent. Rockefeller has indorsed Taft; the Wall street organs at bottom find him more than acceptable, though the "Sun" affects disappointment at his servility and fidelity to the terribly destructive Roosevelt. Now, what is Taft? What does his record suggest?

His speeches may be dismissed as buncombe. They are dull and heavy buncombe, and wanting in skill. Nothing could be more clumsy than the attempt to deal with the Southern question. The negroes should be good; Booker T. Washington is their true prophet; they should be treated with justice, and without discrimination; the Southern whites should do what is right by them; the Fifteenth amendment does not say that every negro should have a vote; property and other qualifications, provided they are uniform and fair. After such brilliant statesmanship Taft could

well afford to avow "optimism" on the race question. As for the disfranchisement acts already in force and the other anti-negro amendments that are pending at this time; as to the violations of the Fifteenth amendment, the protests of the negroes who have not been put to sleep by the Booker T. Washington "industrial" formula; as to the demand of aggressive Republicans for reduction of Southern representation in congress,—why touch upon such unpleasant things? Why make a fat humbug uncomfortable?

On the railroad question Taft is as bold as a lion. Regulate? Of course he would regulate; but it pains him to know that Bryan is advocating a valuation of the property of the railroads. That is needless and useless; it would only annoy the managers and directors. What has the value of a railroad's property to do with its rates? Not all roads are paying dividends; some are even bankrupt; and this conclusively shows that valuation could give us no light on the reasonableness of rates. It is competition that determines rates—where there's any. Where competition has been eliminated by mergers and agreements, the ability to pay (what the traffic will bear) is the determinant. But suppose shippers complain of certain rates as excessive, and it becomes necessary to determine whether they are reasonable or not; what would be the courts' test? Would not the value of the property, the amount invested in it, as distinguished from water and wind, etc., be material and decidedly relevant evidence? Oh, Taft is opposed to stock inflation and stock gambling; he would even prohibit such things by an amendment to the rate act. But please

excuse him from favoring valuation.

Swollen fortunes are very bad for the republic; but, since the government needs no additional revenue (robbing the people so adroitly that it has a large surplus in spite of pensions, huge naval programmes, canal schemes, steals, and waste), Taft would not impose any inheritance or income taxes. Let the States discourage swollen fortunes (what! irrespective of revenue needs?); the federal government should wait until its present taxes proved insufficient. The reduction of taxes on incomes that are not swollen Taft has not thought of as at all proper. The question how swollen fortunes are accumulated, and whether it is not possible to prevent dishonest and iniquitous "piles" instead of taxing them a little afterwards, Taft cannot be expected so much as to recognize.

Taft's earnestness as a tariff reformer I pass over. Where he shines particularly as a radical is in connection with the injunction business. He very solemnly advised the Oklahomans to vote down the proposed State constitution, and his greatest objection to that hell-born instrument, that tissue of intolerable tricks and wrongs, is based on its injunction paragraphs. I read in a press summary of the Oklahoma speech:

Mr. Taft commented at length on the necessity of maintaining the power of the courts, and condemned the requirement that jury trial should intervene between an order of injunction and punishment for its violation. He said that the writ of injunction was one of the most beneficial writs that a court could have, and that it is just as useful in defence of the poor as in the defence of the rich; and any weakening of it as an instrument for remedying wrongs would operate in favor of the rich malefactor.

Mind, the Oklahoma constitution does not forbid the issuance of injunctions; it merely provides that, where contempt of an injunction is charged, the judge shall not have the power arbitrarily to send men to prison. No, says Taft, the reformer, we can't allow this; the injunction is a beneficent instrument, and, if the poor man knew what was good for him, he would cry for more injunctions. It's the rich malefactor who should dread them.

Strange, isn't it, that the rich malefactors have not lifted a finger to fight injunctions! The corporations send lawyers to Washington to oppose and defeat every effort to limit the use of the injunction, but perhaps labor and the rest of us misunderstand them; perhaps they are anxious that the rich malefactors should receive no benefit from any weakening of that noble instrument.

I wonder if Taft went on to demonstrate that jail sentences for contempt, without jury trials, are also necessary and beneficial to the poor. If not, his "argument" is incomplete and beside the point. Or is that too obvious to need demonstration? Will Taft name the rich malefactors that have been sent to jail for contempt in violating injunctions obtained against them by the poor?

But enough about Taft's reform spirit. Roosevelt, the radical, the *bête noire* of Wall street, the august protector of Socialists and Anarchists (according to Harvey), guarantees Taft's progressiveness. What more does the country need?

Seriously, is Taft humbugging Roosevelt, is the latter humbugging the dear people, or himself, or both?

What a farce we are witnessing! This is a mad world, my masters.

S. R.

THE PHILOSOPHERS OF UNREPENTANCE

[Benjamin De Casseres in the New York "Sun"]

Against Dante and his panoramic hell I should like to pit the great philosophers of unrepentance,—Goethe, Nietzsche, Emerson, Walt Whitman, and especially Spinoza. He whom Dante troubles let him read Spinoza—Spinoza the remorseless and the daring, the master non-moralist, the first philosophic Overman, from whose spiritual loins sprang the Olympian Goethe and that Viking of modern free thought, Friedrich Nietzsche.

Spinoza, from the other side of "good" and "evil," watched the puppies playing on the hearth of mother earth and dissected their paltry, soul-enslaving emotions and beliefs with surgeon-like precision. To him "good" and "evil" were relative terms; they mean nothing to the brain that sees beyond the immediate effect of each act. There is only necessity, which is to say that two and two make four in the moral world as well as on a school blackboard. What is the ultimate outcome of each act, Spinoza asked. Our "sins" may breed in time's mighty tangle immemorial virtues, and our finest thought and most virtuous act may in time bring forth pain.

Sin and pain and evil never troubled Spinoza. He had too much faith. He asked the world to come with him into the beyond world of the intellect and understanding, and from that height to behold ourselves and our serio-comic virtues and transgressions as his immovable, placid, passion-dry God saw them. The doctrine of human responsibility was held by this great Jew of Amsterdam to be a necessary lie. Historically society is an evolving illusion, and it thrives on poisons, like the daughter of Rappacini in Hawthorne's tale. To Spinoza the doctrine of free will was a blasphemy. Any other will but God's, he asked, and he smiled the mocking smile of all wisdom. The fox is caught in the gin; the star is sentenced to the law of its orbit, and the souls of men are matrixed in their destinies.

From his eyes Benedict Spinoza brushed roughly away theological invention—the slime-matted seaweed of human illusion. He swam to the point where all latitudes converge and escaped into the unarithmetical spaces, the point from which all things are seen to be transitory, vain, relative, illusive, except that

point of insight which perceives and notes the transitory and relative. That is absolute; and it was at that hypothetical point Spinoza set up his everlasting rest. He called it God.

Spinoza's philosophy is as superior to Dante's as his life was sublimer at every point.

IRRESISTIBLE BAIT

Henry Murger, author of "*Vis de Bohême*," summering once in Chambon, at the house of Villemessant, the founder of "*Le Figaro*," went frog-fishing, his host accompanying him.

Several hours passed without the capture of a single frog, in spite of the appetizing worms which he fastened to his hook.

"You will get nothing that way," said Villemessant. "To catch frogs you must have a scarlet bait. I am going to look for a bit of red rag for you."

"Oh! don't trouble yourself," said Murger; "I have just the thing."

And, pulling the ribbon of the Legion of Honor from his buttonhole, he attached it to his line, adding:

"They will bite at that; everybody does."

TOLSTOI IN 1861

The tenth volume of Proudhon's correspondence contains a letter dated April 7, 1861, in which occurs the following curious passage relative to Tolstoi: "All Russia is in a state of joy. In accord with the nobles, and after consulting *everybody*, the czar has issued his emancipation proclamation. You should see the pride of these nobles thereat. A very learned man, M. Tolstoi, with whom I had a conversation lately, said to me: 'Now there is an emancipation worthy of the name. We do not send away our serfs empty-handed; with liberty we give them property!'"

MR. DOOLEY NO LAW-AND-ORDER-FAKIR

[New York "Times"]

If I had to bring up a flock iv wild childher in Ar-rchey Road, I wudden't much care what they larned about th' throe habits iv th' elk or th' chambok, but I'd teach thim what I cud iv th' habits, th' lairs, an' th' bite iv th' poliaman on th' beat.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH GRAFT?

How deep must every righteous soul
Which starts at cunning, greed, and craft
Deplore in public life the rule
Of that which bears the name of Graft!
The instincts of all honest gents
Repel, dispraise, condemn, and flout it,
And yet we know that governments
Could never get along without it.

What is't that bids our able men
Their private walks to abdicate,
To drop the plough, the plane, the pen,
And grasp the wabbling helm of State?
'Tis Graft's persuasive voice that calls
These saviours of a menaced nation
To boost in legislative halls
The flag and an appropriation.

And, when the trump of war is blown,
'Tis futile as a rifted lute
Till, to evoke its mighty tone,
We raise the wind that makes it toot.
Lean bank accounts must own the draft—
“A tax” the strenuous patriots phrase it;
But that's a euphemy for Graft,
And grafters, hence, are they who raise it.

Love's god might find his business slow,
And launch in vain his feeble shaft,
But oft the arrow from his bow
By Cupid aimed is sped by Graft.

And no man incompletely broke,
Though blind and deaf and propped on crutches,
Need miss in person, home, or poke
"Those undefinable feminine touches."

When public spirit hunts its hole,
When patriotism's ardor cools,
When charity keeps back its dole,
And duty's tasks are left to fools;
Who then the Statehouse shall erect?
Our jails, so useful, who will build them?
Why, grafters! Whom could you expect
Except the men who should have filled them?

Philanthropy's bright cause may fail,
And human helpfulness be flown,
While Altruism, sick and pale,
Turns to the Ego and His Own.
All this may be when men have quaffed
The drink that Apathy is brewing;
But raise once more the horn of Graft,
And straightway there'll be something doing.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

An eminent surgeon, travelling through the valley of Saint-Béat in the Pyrenees, learned from the inhabitants of a poor village that there was no doctor in the neighborhood.

"What!" said he, "not a single practitioner of the medical art! How, then, do you get along?"

"The best we can," answered an old man; "we die ourselves."—*Gil Blas*.

JUST THE CITY FOR THE ALTRURIANS *

A friend writes us from Vienna that the authorities in charge of public modesty in that charming city are showing a disagreeable excess of zeal. They are forbidding booksellers to display the nude in their windows, not excepting the most famous masterpieces. Who is the Austrian functionary who has sworn thus to surpass our vicomte de La Rochefoucauld, of chaste memory? Modesty is a delightful virtue in a woman; in an administration it loses much of its charm. The intentions of the Viennese censors are the most laudable in the world; unhappily, they overstep the permitted limits. And here we have Rubens absolutely convicted of pornography!

For the picture-dealers have been forbidden to exhibit reproductions of the Antwerp master's celebrated picture, "The Daughters of Leucippus." The late vicomte Sosthène himself would not have dared to go so far. From the point of view of healthy domestic morality it is evident that the Dioscuri were guilty of a blameworthy act in carrying off those two young ladies. And their conduct was aggravated by the fact that for the commission of this rape they chose the very day when the Messenian princesses were united in legitimate wedlock to their two sweethearts (*verlobte*). Viennese authority undoubtedly intends to place upon Castor and Pollux the mark of its disapprobation. On this score we have no reproaches to offer it. Only it is deplorable that the counter-stroke

* Translated from "Le Temps."

should fall upon Rubens. He does not figure in the act himself. His *role* is confined to a relation, in the most loyal fashion possible, of this regrettable assault upon morals. The utmost with which we could reproach him is his plea of extenuating circumstances for the divine ravishers, by the way in which he has exposed the body of the offence. When one finds himself before the masterpiece, it is certain that, the first moment of indignation over, one surprises oneself in the act of finding vague excuses for the two Olympian Apaches. Such indeed seems to have been the feeling of Rubens. The master had a wonderful knowledge of the old fables: he had learned from the Jesuit fathers to read Ovid in the original. He knew that the Leucippedes, after an honorable resistance, resigned themselves to their fate. He chose the moment when this resistance is spending its last energies. For being translated into abandoned postures, it is none the less as meritorious as graceful. After all, this adventure terminated in a mythical double marriage. The Viennese authorities should not forget that.

Not only are their scruples excessive; we fear that they are ineffective as well. Let us waive the picture of the "Daughters of Leucippus." This sample of the joyous Flemish paganism belongs to the Munich museum. By prohibiting the display of its reproductions Austrian authority may flatter itself that it is protecting the *bourgeois* of the Prater, when attending a wedding ceremony, from the temptation to imitate the Dioscuri. But is not that a thoroughly bureaucratic candor which prevents the vulgarization of another masterpiece of Rubens,—“The Little Pelisse”?

The Viennese have only to enter the Vienna museum to look with all their eyes at the painting itself, quite otherwise suggestive than its translations into black and white. Then what?

Contempt of ridicule is an incomparable civic virtue. To prosecute Rubens and H  l  ne Fourment for the offence of immodesty is to push this virtue to the point of hero  ism. If there was ever a soul free from ugliness, it was that of the great and ingenuous adorer of all the spectacles of life. Such was the candor of this pagan of the North and such his faith in the innocence of the beautiful that it never occurred to him that he showed any lack of respect for his dear and gentle H  l  ne in painting her as a goddess or a nymph. To this tranquilly unconscious frankness he added all the delicacies of the tenderest husband, at once indiscreet painter and irreproachable spouse. Moreover, the most scantily clad portraits of H  l  ne Fourment betray no embarrassment in the model; the beautiful and happy creature does not seem to suffer at being exposed to the admiration of the centuries. Posterity would pursue a graceless course in searching for sin where the wife of Rubens scorned to see any.

In his last years, already seized with the malady that was destined to carry him off, martyred by gout, surprised in his triumphant happiness by that unexpected visitor, melancholy, the man of joy defied sadness by multiplying the public avowals of the beauty of H  l  ne. One of the last royal clients of Rubens was Philip IV of Spain, a prince so mad over painting that he was not content with the possession of V  lasquez. The king, morose and pious,—let it

be told in the circles of Viennese clericalism,—was not afraid of mythological nudities. He had ordered of the Antwerp master a series of paintings, according to the “Metamorphoses,” for his hunting pavilion at Torre de la Parada. The king’s own brother, governor of the Spanish Netherlands, was charged with looking after the work and hastening its completion. The cardinal-infante, Don Fernando, did not know much about painting; that soldier, as little of a scholar as possible, preferred war and the chase to the arts. He did his best to convey to the artist the requirements of the royal client, but, he wrote to his brother, “in these matters this Rubens is more competent than I.” After receiving twenty-five pictures, Philip IV called for eighteen more. The marvel of this second collection sent from Antwerp to Madrid was “The Judgment of Paris.” Don Fernando wrote to the king: “All the painters say that it is undoubtedly Rubens’s best work. I reproach him with only one fault, regarding which I have not been able to obtain satisfaction,—namely, the excessive nudity of the three goddesses; the artist’s answer is that *precisely in this lies the merit of the painting.*” And the cardinal added, with no thought of malice: “The Venus placed in the centre is a striking likeness of the painter’s wife, the most beautiful lady of Antwerp.” May this indulgence of a prince of the church appease the conscientious scruples of the Viennese censors!

It is true that Don Fernando, although a cardinal from the age of fourteen, had a license to return to the world and take a wife if he saw fit. There was

even talk of a marriage with the excellent Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the perpetually unmarried. She would not have said no, in the first place because she never said no, and then because this dashing soldier of the church was highly pleasing to her.

"He had," she says, "a very good figure, although small, and as handsome a face as a perfectly honest man can have." What a pity that this marriage did not take place! Frankly, Don Fernando was better than Lauzun; Mademoiselle would have known, in addition to conjugal bliss, the joy of being painted by Rubens. And we, posterity, should be in a position to judge whether she abuses our credulity when she declares in her "Memoirs": "I have a trim leg and a shapely foot."

HISTORIC INTERVIEW

[" Gil Blas "]

A small reception-room in a grand hotel of Marienbad.—Furniture of a small reception-room in a grand hotel.—The pieces of furniture have the air of saying to each other: "Let us not forget that the eyes of Europe are upon us."

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF ENGLAND
THE PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE

"Then, my dear president, you have drunk your water?"

"Yes, Sire."

"It has had its effect?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Directly?"

"Alas! no, Sire. I have had to wait nearly three weeks to obtain a really satisfactory result."

"Of course. That is always the way with the stomach. But things are going well now?"

"Very well, Sire."

"So much the better, so much the better!"

"May I venture, Sire, in my turn, to ask you if you are satisfied with your cure?"

"Why, yes, my dear president."

"It is for the benefit of your kidneys, I believe, that Your Majesty takes these annual cures?"

"Yes, my dear president."

"Has Your Majesty taken your water regularly?"

"Certainly. It was not amusing, but I took it."

"And the effect?"

"Pretty good."

"From the start, Sire?"

"Oh, no! These matters do not go so fast. Not for several days did I get a satisfactory result."

"I am really glad to hear it, Sire."

THE HEAD WAITER.—"His Majesty is served."

[Special dispatch]

The king of England and the prime minister of France had a very cordial interview, *en tête à tête*, before breakfast. They considered the questions now uppermost in the public mind, and it is thought that their interview will do much to strengthen the *entente cordiale*.

The indefinite prolongation of literary property would be the actual disinheritance of the property whose creation the writer or the thinker had specially in view. For whom does the writer really worthy of the name toil? Let us have the courage to say it without fear of ridicule: he works for posterity, for glory, to spread opinions that seem to him just. Now, a sincere Christian inheriting property in those works of Eugène Sue that are about to fall into the public domain would be able to suppress them; and, from his point of view, he would be right in doing so. Likewise some modest creature might annihilate the verses of Musset, thinking them corrupting in their influence and burning with an ardor too profane.—*Edouard Dumont, in "La Libre Parole."*

THE JUDGE, to the prisoner at the bar.—"The officers caught you in the act of taking from this unfortunate man his watch and chain, his pocket-book,—everything that he had."

THE PRISONER.—"I was making a trial of the income tax."
—*Le Figaro*.

"THE SOUL OF MAN UNDER SOCIALISM"

The attractive essay to which Oscar Wilde gave the above title has done not a little mischief by encouraging people in the error that the goal, liberty, may be reached by the route of authority. For this reason I give the same title, in quotation marks, to the following powerful portrayal (rendered in English from the French) of the effect that Socialism has had upon the soul of man thus far. The picture is the more telling because painted by a man whose bias is in favor of the Socialistic solution of economic problems, M. Saint-Georges de Bouheliér. It appeared in "*L'Aurore*" during the Stuttgart congress.

Stuttgart is at present the seat of solemn assizes, where one may observe the method of laying the foundations of a creed. It is strange that, at the moment when Catholic discipline is falling into dissolution, another discipline is taking shape, equally minute and equally atrabilarious. For even more than at Amsterdam and at the previous Socialist congresses there is to be seen at Stuttgart a cavilling and well-nigh frantic passion for subjection. Not all who wish are welcome, and one is worthy of admission only if one is unified. Already there have been abundant exclusions from which there is no appeal, and heresy threatens everybody. . . .

These processes are not very sympathetic. Even to those who, like myself, see in Socialism, and especially, let us confess it, in the *prolétariat*, the most abundant reserve of the future our unified are making their party not very attractive.

By taking away even the right to think they can hardly hope to please those who find their glory in

thought. Their first step in expropriation is the seizure of intelligence. I doubt if, as a result, talent will gravitate in their direction. . . . It does not seem to me that any one of value will be desirous of having his inner liberty absorbed by the mass.

For there is one thing certain: here no one can ever pretend to prevail. No man has any importance if he thinks for himself; he soon finds himself completely alone; originality attracts suspicion, strips off power, annihilates. If you do not wish to act with the crowd, you will be taxed with infamy. For there is no truth save that approved by the federations or committees, national or other. Notice, moreover, that in this party the chiefs themselves are under universal control, and that they lead you less than you lead them. You, the numerous mass, the enormous anonymity, the variable and floating mystery of the wrangling-halls, you have the mastery of Jaurès or Bebel, and, instead of the wise man thinking for the ignorant, the innumerable absurdity of the fanatical and illiterate multitude substitutes itself for the wise man and imposes itself upon him. Is there a more deplorable sight, one that inspires greater pain, than that of such minds in a condition of servitude? The recantations of Jaurès obliged by a vote to retract his faith and to practise principles contrary to his own must be a source of humiliation to this magnificent lyric poet. Is not man's holiest liberty outraged then? And to what tyranny have you then submitted yourselves that you must thus abdicate your own royal spiritual gift and lower yourself to such postures of solemn adjuration! . . .

In the narrow circle of the federations no one keeps his will intact; no individual has the power to intervene according to his own conception. When he is on the point of rising to express his wish, the frightful and obscure party spirit seizes him, so to speak, by the arm, and nine times out of ten he is forced to keep his seat under the threat of heresy. The "changing infallibility" of the doctrine admits no initiative and no escape; at the present moment you must act so and so, and the sole decision to be taken is a matter of edict. Indeed, it is needless to discuss with oneself this affair or that; examine the resolutions of the last congress; there you will find your orders, and you will follow them. Accept them without any ifs or buts; that is the only orthodox course—until the next congress.

Next year it may be detestable or unworthy to accept them; what is taught to-day as peremptory is not absolute. What say you? That you are a patriot? And until when? As yet the party is patriotic. But let it cease, by an official vote, to be so, and no longer can you be patriotic either. . . .

On points still under discussion you can follow your own tendency; but, so soon as the doctrine of the congress is formulated, you will have no right to act upon any other. However, there is nothing irremediable; as the party changes its opinion on all subjects, each one is permitted to hope that chance may effect a reconciliation. But for the moment you are to obey. Whoso bends to the regnant idea is never wrong, and one is a right-thinking man if, instead of guiding himself in his own fashion, he conforms to the party.

In all matters the party substitutes itself for you. On the subject of God or country; for the daily or the extraordinary; on matters of a private nature and of domestic life; on the subject of wages, labor contracts, and affairs national or international,—on all these the party has its own ideas which it imposes upon us, and its principles alone are good. Outside the party all is wickedness and abomination. That is the general sentiment among the unified.

I know very well, however, what they say: we do not wish to enslave the individual, but, on the contrary, to free him. Meantime you take away his prime possession,—his liberty to think. The mystic, magnificent, inexhaustible treasure; that which neither persecutions or miseries or the worst misfortunes diminish; that which makes of the dirty and wretched beggar, if he is conscious of his intellectual wealth, a noble hero and the most royal king,—this you filch from everyone who joins you. And no one withdraws save at his peril. I see in this a great human danger. You have created a new authority, and, with fine phrases about healthy liberation on your lips, you organize the basest of servitudes; under pretext of liberating yourselves, you begin a course of opposition to the State, but under orders of a party more hostile to the individual than any State. In favor of our desires for freedom you labor to reestablish obscurantism. You complain of tyrannies and oppressions and religions, and, with the versatile errors of your crowds, you establish your active and mobile dogmatism. Is it from the wisdom of the great man that you derive your conceptions and your prin-

ciples? No, it is from the *Consensium Omnium*. With you individuals are objects of suspicion. Among you intelligence is ill at ease; it inspires apprehension, and suffers therefrom. Be sure that real talent will less and less go toward you in sincerity. For your whole organization is hostile to it; your committees and your congresses plot its ruin; you want fanatical slaves, not frank and free thinkers.

A LACK OF RECIPROCITY

[H. Harduin in "*Le Matin*"]

When one has taken refuge, as I have at the present moment, in a grassy nook far from Paris, nature and the air of the fields cause one to discover within himself a simple soul of the possession of which he was not aware. But the comprehension of many things escapes him.

Such is the case, for instance, with this Morocco business when, reading the recent news, one traces effects back to causes.

One asks oneself why we need wish the Moroccans to have a bank, custom-houses, policemen, street railways, harbors, telegraphs with wires and without, and all other things that Europe has.

They declare that all these things are perfectly useless, and for proof point out that they have done very well without them hitherto. And, as we insist and put our hands to the work, they become distrustful. These people understand evidently that it is not solely their happiness that we have in view.

So they resist, and straightway we declare that this resistance is fanaticism.

Yes, it is actually thus that the question is stated. One is a fanatic when one pretends to remain master in his own house.

This matter of international police is one of the most extraordinary inventions imaginable. It is understood that this police is to maintain order and prevent pillage and murder, which would be excellent in itself, but for the fact that the Moroccans assert that their conduct is a family affair and that they have the right to steal from each other, and to kill each other if they see fit.

This right is indisputable. So the Europeans answer: "You

are not the only people in Morocco; we are there also,—we who wish to traffic in your country and exploit in it peace.”

Right there is the source of the trouble,—in this lack of reciprocity, the Europeans insisting on exploiting Morocco whereas the Moroccans have no desire and no power to exploit Europe.

THE MAD ALIENISTS

[“Gil Blas”]

Lombroso was recently made the victim of a practical joke. He passed an adverse judgment on the murderer Soleiland on the strength of photographs of hands, these photographs representing in reality the hands of two other individuals. As a result, the Italian scientist has been made the target of no end of ridicule.

No science can pretend to infallibility. One of the most amusing stories in demonstration of this is that told by Aurélien Scholl regarding a dinner at which he was a guest in company with Legrand du Saule, the famous alienist.

The dinner was given by a man of letters, who, being a little anxious about certain peculiarities manifested by his daughter, desired to give the great specialist an opportunity to observe her discreetly, and so adopted the device of this banquet, to which a number of well-known Parisians were invited. The dinner was very gay; the most diverse subjects were introduced, and the most paradoxical theories set forth.

Legrand du Saule, faithful to his *role*, alone refrained from joining in the general animation. He listened most attentively, however, and, toward the end of the dinner, leaned over toward the master of the house, and said in his ear:

“You may rest easy as to your daughter. She is subject to a slight nervousness, which will soon pass away. But there is one of your guests whose condition is most disturbing, and whose case, I fear, is most hopeless.”

“To whom do you refer?”

“That fat man yonder, with the face of a monk, who seems to laugh so heartily.”

The host looked, with curious and anxious gaze, at the guest indicated by Legrand du Saule: it was Ernest Renan!

"OUR" LAWS

The series of articles on "The Science of Social Service" now running in the "Public" promise to be interesting and instructive. At a restaurant two friends are having an after-dinner chat—musing over the question of how they got the dinner. In this way all the intricacies of the exchange of service from many to one and from one to many are clearly brought to light. When the talk turns to the question of payment for the dinner, Mr. Post is delightfully lucid. He says:

How did we get the money? You must answer that question yourself, for you paid our dinner check. If you picked somebody's pocket for it, you haven't paid for our dinner,—not in the great "round up," or equilibrium of social service,—even though Joseph is satisfied. The man you robbed, and not you, has in that case involuntarily paid for two dinners he hasn't had. And it is much the same—don't be startled—if the money was part of your income from royalties for that Pennsylvania coal deposit in which you have an interest. For don't you see that you can no more pay for dinners with coal royalties than with money picked from somebody's pocket? You render no service to anybody by giving miners permission to work natural coal deposits. Why not? Because neither you nor anyone from whom you get title made these coal deposits. You might as well think you were rendering human service by permitting your fellow-men to breathe God's air as by permitting them to dig God's coal. So far as the equilibrium of social service is concerned, it doesn't make a particle of difference whether you paid for our dinner with money picked from a pocket against the law, or extorted from coal miners according to law.

Now, this would never do for a University Extension Course in Economics.

When he touches upon the question of responsibility, however, Mr. Post becomes both respectable and illogical. He says:

Of course, if you paid for our dinner with coal royalties, the fault is no more yours than mine and Joseph's and the miners' and all the rest, for allowing our laws to give an institutional advantage to you.

So, when one commits a crime by means of an instrument, the responsibility is not especially his, nor does it belong to the persons who provide the instrument. The fault is equally the victim's, and yours and mine, for *allowing* this instrument to be what it is! A man is to be held accountable, not for what he does, but for what others do!

Here is a case where Nothing and Something are identical.

FRED SCHULDER.

A SOCIALIST'S LESSON IN SOCIALISM

[*"Le Matin"*]

It is the duty of school-teachers in Germany to vote against the Socialists. So has declared the Gotha court in the case of a teacher who had voted for a Social Democrat, and had brought suit against a newspaper that had violated the secrecy of the ballot. The case was dismissed, and the court, in its decision, laid down the following doctrine:

"The court is of the opinion that every non-officeholding citizen is free to vote for whom he likes, but that a teacher, being an official, is guilty of a serious offence in voting for a Socialist. Moreover, his action is imprudent, for the school rests on the principle of authority, and, if the teacher supports the enemies of the State's authority, he cuts off the branch of the tree on which he perches."

ANOTHER OF THE SAME SORT

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 24.—The Holy Synod has issued a decree announcing that soldiers are exempted from the operation of the manifesto of October last, giving subjects the right to change their religious belief. The decree adds that so long as soldiers are serving with the colors they must remain members of the Orthodox church.

SHADOWS *

When the sun no longer shines in the heavens, on the earth rises the twilight. The twilight—the vast night army of thousands of invisible detachments and millions of warriors. A mighty army, which from time immemorial battles against the world, retreats every morning, conquers every evening, reigns from the setting to the rising of the sun—and daily, defeated, conceals itself in nests, and waits.

It waits in the high mountains and in the cellars of the city, in the dense forests and in the dark lakes. It waits, concealing itself in the eternal caverns of the earth, in the mines, in the caves, in the corners of the houses. Dispelled and almost driven away, it nevertheless fills every hiding-place. It is in every crevice in the bark of the trees, in the folds of men's coats; it hides itself under the tiniest grain of sand, clings to the thinnest spider-web, and waits. Alarmed in one place, it immediately crosses to another, using every occasion to return to the spot whence it is driven forth to crawl upon unoccupied positions and spread over the earth.

When the sun goes down, the army of the twilight in heavy detachments comes forth from its hiding-places, silently and cautiously. It fills the corridors of the houses, the vestibules and the badly-lighted stairways; it forsakes its posts under the cupboards and tables, crawls away from the middle of the room and seats itself on the curtains; through the ventilators of the cellar and through the window-glass it pushes itself into the streets; in heavy silence it attacks the walls, the roofs, and, waiting on the towers, it remains quiet till the red clouds grow pale in the west.

Another moment, and suddenly comes a great outbreak of darkness which rises to the heavens. The beasts conceal themselves in their resting-places, man goes home; life, like plants without water, shrivels and begins to wilt. Color and form dissolve into a blank; fear, error, and crime begin to rule the world.

At this moment on the almost deserted streets of Warsaw appears a strange human creature with a little flame over his head. He rapidly runs through the street, as if the darkness were pur-

* Translated by Sarah E. Holmes from an Esperanto version of a Polish anthology.

suings him, stops close to each lamp a moment, and, making a bright light, he disappears, like a shadow. And each day is the same. Whether over the fields the springtime fills everything with the fragrance of the flowers, whether peals of thunder and flashes of lightning proclaim the reign of July, whether autumn winds disperse dense fogs through the streets, or winter's snow flies through the air,—this man, always, when evening comes, runs with his little flame through the streets, lights the lanterns, and afterwards disappears, like a shadow.

Whence do you come, man, and where do you hide yourself, that we neither know your face nor hear your voice? Have you a wife or a mother, who waits for your home-coming? Or children, who, putting your lantern away in the corner, climb over your knees and encircle your neck? Have you friends, to whom you tell your good-luck or failure; or at least acquaintances, with whom you can speak about every-day affairs? Have you a home, where one can find you; a name, by which one may call you; needs and feelings, which make you a man like ourselves? Or are you really a creature without form, silent and incomprehensible, who appears only in the twilight, lights the lamps, and then disappears, like a shadow?

They told me that this really was a man; they even gave me his address. I went there, and asked the janitor:

"Does the man who lights the street-lamps live here?"

"Yes."

"And where?"

"In that little room."

The little room was closed. I looked through the window, but I saw only a simple bed against the wall and the lantern on an old stick. The man was away.

"At least you can tell me something about him, what he looks like?"

"Who can know?" responded the janitor, shrugging his shoulders. "Even I do not know him well"—he said—"for he is never at home in the daytime."

After two years I came the second time.

"Is the lamplighter at home to-day?"

"Oh!" said the janitor, "he is not, and he will not be. Yesterday they buried him. He is dead."

The janitor meditated. Asking of him some details, he sent me to the grave-digger.

"Tell me, grave-digger, where did they bury the lamplighter yesterday?"

"Lamplighter?" he repeated. "Who can know that? Yes—

terday we buried thirty people."

"But he was buried in the lot for the poorest people."

"There were twenty-five buried there."

"But he had only an unpainted coffin."

"We buried ten in unpainted coffins."

In this manner I never saw his face, I never heard his name, I never found his grave. And he remained after death as he was in life; a being visible only in the twilight, silent, without form—like a shadow.

In the twilight of life, where we grope about, where each moment we hear shouts of laughter from the joyous, groans from the helpless who are being trampled upon,—where no one surely knows the way and where misfortune, misery, and hatred hunt the man,—over these dark ways of life run the lamplighters. Each one carries over his head a little flame, each one lights the lamps on his short route, lives unknown, labors unceasingly, and afterwards disappears—like a shadow.

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ON PICKET DUTY

As to my plans for the publication of Bernard Shaw's essay on Nordau's "Degeneration" I can as yet say nothing more definite than that the type is set and the plates are made. The book will appear as soon as the releasing word shall come from Mr. Shaw.

Few people will take up the reading of the wise and eloquent barber's story of "Johann Schmidt" in the present issue of Liberty and not finish it. Most of them will be fascinated by it, and will read it with the greatest interest and pleasure. But it will occur to others that, if the narrator were not a barber, and were somewhat more at home in the calling of modern writing upon which he enters so auspiciously, he would have given his excellent story a less romantic ending. Also, sympathetic as is the figure of Johann Schmidt, his all too frequent reference to Jesus and his teachings throws a doubt on the soundness of his own philosophy, and tempts one to say to him, in the words of Voltaire: "I pray you, let me never hear that man's name again!" The modern world is driving on the sea of a new paganism, with Christianity

far to the rear and well-nigh lost to view. If the narrator of the story were not a barber, and somewhat more of a discerner in the world of thought, he would know this. Speaking of Jesus, Zarathustra laments his too early death, and declares that he himself would have disavowed his doctrine if he had lived. "Noble enough was he to disavow!" Johann Schmidt also, I think, is noble enough to purify his philosophy and philanthropy of all Christian taint when he comes to see the offence which lies therein, and he may come to see it the more speedily if he will take time from his newly-won happiness to read and study the work of an eminent and celebrated namesake of his, "The Ego and His Own," by Johann Caspar Schmidt, who wrote over the pseudonym of Max Stirner.

The lord bishop of London is so cocky over his defeat of Roosevelt at tennis that now he is ready for any old fight. "I defy any one," he says, "to find any other reason why we are alive than that the Eternal God said, 'Let there be light.'" I shall not accept the challenge; but it occurs to me that, if the lord bishop of London is mentally so constituted that he is content with the reason that he himself has discovered his own existence would be more easily explicable had the Eternal God said, "Let there be darkness."

The October number of Liberty contained an account of a resort hotel in Europe which has discarded its tariff schedule, allowing guests to pay what they

like. Nearly three weeks after the publication of Liberty the same story was "specially cabled" to the New York "Times." At least, such is the "Times's" claim. Enterprising paper, the "Times"!

Professor Jenks came all the way from Cornell the other day to tell Columbia students that "whether the State be Anarchistic or Socialistic can be determined only by the will of the citizens." When will the Cornell professor of physics visit Columbia to proclaim that whether water shall be dry or wet can be determined only by the will of the physicists? Professor Jenks also told the students that "most citizens have but a hazy idea of what is meant by the State." As usual, the professor is with the majority.

Mr. Harry Kelly, in the New York "Sun," declares that he must group himself with Thoreau, Whitman, and Emerson. Probably the reason why he *must* do this is that nobody else will do it for him. Mr. Kelly, claiming to be an Anarchist, is sufficiently consistent to help himself.

IN THE DAY'S WORK

When Bonaparte, Roosevelt's attorney-general, made his idiotic suggestions regarding the proper treatment of Anarchists, the able editors of the plutocratic press, even if they saw the stupidity of the suggestions, did not find it in their hearts to ridicule their author. Recently Bonaparte travelled all the way from a Massachusetts summer resort to Chicago to attend a congress of prison reformers and tell the delegates that all habitual criminals ought to be hanged. The whole address was dull, ignorant, brutal; and it disgusted most of the editors who are not professional "anti-crime" crusaders. Here is a typical comment from the Brooklyn "Eagle":

Considering how many men clearly guilty of murder are now acquitted because juries disbelieve in capital punishment and refuse to send any man to his death if a shadow of a sentimental excuse can be found for him, Mr. Bonaparte's proposed addition to the number of capital offences, if it could be adopted in any State, would paralyze the criminal courts. There is no danger of such an act being passed anywhere, and its advocacy is enough to bring in serious question the judgment of any man. Cranks are not the best material from which to fill high and responsible public positions.

Bonaparte is, in truth, a reactionary crank—the worst of all possible types. His "facts" are as weighty as his ideas. Thus he contended that the habitual criminal is a "product of modern civilization," for two hundred years ago or so any major offence meant hanging and no man had the chance to become a professional. On this amazing reference to history the New York "Evening Post" remarks as follows:

Mr. Bonaparte believes, however, that the freer infliction of capital punishment in former times and the unsanitary condition of jails killed off malefactors before they could form a habit of criminality. But compared to those who perished in this way the number who offended with impunity and offended habitually was practically unlimited. The nomadic bands who made highway robbery a profession, and the hideous thugs and assassins who haunted all the ancient capitals, were surely examples of the habitual criminal. Perhaps the attorney-general meant that in old times there were no corporations. He always is so facetious!

In Napoleon Bonaparte's last instructions for the king of Rome there is this sentence: "Let my son often read and reflect on history: this is the only true philosophy." Napoleon would have given the same advice to his family and relatives, and their descendants, had he respected their intelligence. But he was notoriously contemptuous of his brothers, and knew that, to reflect on history, mind is necessary. He would hardly advise our attorney-general to "reflect" on history.

The impudence of the inferior federal judges is becoming unbearable. No wonder that even the Nebraska Republican convention demanded in its platform a constitutional amendment depriving the lower courts of the power to pass upon the validity of acts of legislatures and of congress. Not only has the injunction been used to suspend and nullify State laws, to prevent executive officials from doing their plain legal duties, to maintain abuses and wrongs; but the judicial tyrants and usurpers, in violation of all decency, are beginning to scold and denounce legislatures as they have for years censured and lectured jurors. In two or three recent "rate" cases legislatures have

been characterized from the bench as "a disgrace to civilization," and their statutes as vicious, demagogical, etc. The theory, as stated by the authorities on constitutional law, is that legislation is presumed to be valid until shown to be otherwise, and that courts are careful, cautious, and extremely slow to reach conclusions unfavorable to acts of law-making bodies. In practice every doubt is given to the tricky and mendacious corporations, and even the pretence of respect for legislative discretion is being abandoned. The courts are everything, the legislative and executive departments nothing—as Lysander Spooner argued and predicted they would be. And think of the hypocrisy of it all! When the Bryan platform of 1896 parenthetically intimated that the strained income-tax decision might be reversed by a future supreme court, all the patriots and safe-and-sane gentry affected horror at such an "assault" on the judiciary. What do the judges and lawyers think of the present assaults of corporation-ridden courts on legislatures and executives?

Apropos of the aggressions and usurpations of the courts, even conservative writers are beginning to admit that the nullification of legislation by the judiciary is the greatest usurpation of all. There is not, say constitutional lawyers, the faintest trace in the constitution of any intention to give the courts the power to veto legislation and act as censor upon the works of congress and the executive, while the definitely-positd principle of co-equal and co-ordinate powers is manifestly at war with the judiciary's preten-

sion—a pretension first advanced by Marshall, the champion “twister,” and successfully maintained since his day. Any independent thinker of intelligence is certain to concur in this view. If the framers of the constitution had intended to give the courts the power to invalidate acts of congress, they would have said so plainly, and would undoubtedly have qualified and restricted the exercise of this power. They might have provided for unanimous or three-fourths-majority decisions in constitutional cases; they probably would have withheld the power, in any event, from the inferior federal courts, which congress can change, abolish, and re-create at will. In short, palpable anomalies and absurdities would have been avoided. But the truth is, there is no warrant for judicial nullification of legislation, and the people have submitted to this gigantic and amazing usurpation through superstition, credulity, and weakness. Let us hope the time has come to challenge this monstrous perversion.

Roosevelt utters a certain sentiment, and his adoring “fellow-citizens” applaud. What follows is thus narrated in the press dispatches:

“Wait a moment, I don’t want you to applaud this part unless you are willing also to applaud the part I read first, to which you listened in silence. I want you to understand that I will stand just as straight for the rights of the honest man who wins his fortune by honest methods as I will stand against the dishonest man who wins a fortune by dishonest methods.”

He then went back and re-read the passage referred to, saying that he wanted his hearers “to applaud the other sentiment also,” and, when they had done so to his satisfaction, he continued, “Thank you, now I’ll go on.”

This, we are told, is a characteristic incident. Yes,

indeed, a very characteristic incident. It shows Roosevelt's asininity in several ways. The people had not applauded the "other sentiment" simply because it was superfluous and platitudinous. Who ever objected to the defending of honest fortunes won by honest men? There was something novel and courageous, to the unsophisticated, in Roosevelt's talk of fighting dishonest methods and dishonest men, for they know from observation and reading that governments are not in the habit of fighting the rich and powerful criminals, and so they applauded. Nothing could be more natural. But the preternaturally virtuous and stoical Roosevelt, with an eye on the newspapers, was bound to secure applause for the platitude also, in order to parade his "even-handed justice" and his independence. The consideration that applause that is "wanted" and requested is valueless and meaningless did not occur to him.

Several bankers and captains of industry (the industry of making and unloading wind-and-water securities) have expressed approval of Roosevelt's alleged campaign against law-breaking corporations, rebaters, etc., with this reservation—that bygones should be bygones and the past wholly forgotten. No punishment for past offences so long as the repentance is genuine and the conduct correct in the present. But how would these corporate moralists like to make this rule general, to apply it to the small and ordinary people—to violent strikers, to gamblers, to burglars, to thieves? Are we not all "equal before the law"? How can admirers of "our institutions" seriously ask

that rich criminals shall be pardoned wholesale while no mercy whatever is shown to the poor and obscure offenders?

Modesty is not considered a Roosevelt quality, yet the latest series of presidential speeches argues an astonishing degree of self-restraint and reserve in their author. Roosevelt is an apostle of righteousness, of common sense, of true manliness. He does not, however, define these terms for us. He has been railed at by carping critics and mean souls for this vagueness; they do not perceive that, if he were to undertake to descend from glittering generalities to concrete propositions, his whole gospel would necessarily sum itself up in one word, "Rooseveltism," and his speeches would all read like this: "Watch me, follow and imitate me; applaud my policies, and you will have a lien, a firm hold on righteousness, common sense, and manliness. Others are either dangerous radicals (like Bryan, Tom Johnson, La Follette) or malignant reactionaries, like Foraker, Hughes, Knox. I alone am the embodiment of sane radicalism and philosophical conservatism. I alone know how far to go, where to stop, and when to reverse myself." Now, this, though true to the letter,—and only rascally conspirators venture to deny it,—would not be modest, and Roosevelt would rather be indefinite than immodest.

Col. Harvey abhors centralization and usurpation and rampant federalism—when any one is guilty of these things in the actual or presumed interest of the many. He is a warm advocate of these same tendencies when the beneficiaries are privileged and thieving

corporations. He can see nothing alarming in federal injunctions against State officials, in arbitrary suspensions of State laws, in encroachments upon State rights and State jurisdiction, in distrust of and contempt for State courts. All this is quite compatible in his eyes with the "sacredness of law and order." Is judicial tyranny in the name of federalism less to be dreaded than executive tyranny? The Harveys and their clients object to federalism only when they think the interests of plutocracy menaced; they are loud defenders of State rights only when they "need" these "in their business." When federalism suits them, as it generally does, especially when the accommodating federal courts are the exponents of that doctrine, they lose all their affection and solicitude for State rights and the "government of the fathers." The artful dodging and gymnastics of the plutocratic editors were never more amusing than now.

S. R.

A congressional commission appointed to investigate the postal service is to "recommend the appointment of a director of posts, who shall be removed from politics, and who shall continue in office from administration to administration. He is to be subordinate to the postmaster-general, but it is intended that he shall be a business man of high qualifications, who shall have no concern except the carrying on of postal affairs without reference to politics." By this master-stroke of reform, I presume, the postmaster-general himself will be freed from all concern save that of carrying on postal affairs *with* reference to politics.

JOHANN SCHMIDT

I am surprised that there are not more good stories. I think there is not a day but I see on the streets some tragedy. Life is all a tragedy. Comedy is only tragedy in disguise. It paves the way for tears. We laugh as men learn to feast in a beleaguered city devoured of pestilence. If I had the time from my profession,—I am a barber,—I think I could write a good story, for every day I walk the streets.

Last fall, on the corner of Clark street and Fourth avenue, I saw a blonde young man haranguing a group of fifteen or sixteen people at about half-past eight o'clock in the evening. The streets in that section were then deserted. He wore a pointed beard, after the style called Van Dyke, and looked like an artist, a poet, or freak of some sort. There was a suggestion of Christ, or of the painter Courbet in his youth. He was standing in the street, addressing this small knot of people on the sidewalk. I stopped too. I like freaks. Most people are so respectable and commonplace. Respectability is conventionality, and conventionality is deadly dullness. In truth most men, like most leaves, have an inclination to be different, but the men are cowards.

"My friends," said the youth, "there will be a great many preachers in the pulpits tomorrow, preaching virtue and telling you to be good. It is good to be good, but what is it?—To love one another? Very well. It is a good thing to love one another. But the best thing is to so love one another

as to give every one his fair chance in life,—a fair chance at the honey of this wonderful life—this one and only life. I stand here in the mud to-night to tell you those worthy preachers are working at the wrong end. I am a preacher to tell you that goodness is a question of food and clothing and a comfortable home. Virtue is a question of comfort. Morality is a question of time and geography. All morality, everywhere and in every time, is the search for happiness, and happiness does not begin till we are fed and warmed. Light, and warmth, and fine dishes to eat, and fine clothes to wear, and leisure time, and books, are not temptations to those who already have them. They are temptations to those who are cold and starving. Money is a temptation only to those who are pressed with needs and debts. Food is not a temptation to those who have food. Clothes are not a temptation to those who have clothes. Light, and laughter, and food, and drink, and warmth, and happiness, are only temptations to those who slink about the dark alleys and shiver in cold garrets.

“I am standing here in the dirt of the street to tell you the vicious are not poor because they are vicious, but are vicious because they are poor, as their fathers before them were poor. I know the traits of inheritance, but I know also that the course of man is upward,—that the traits of the gutter and of the hovel are the traits of hunger and wretchedness. I know there will always be sinners, but answer me first: What is sin? Who shall declare it? I am here, a poor preacher, to try and make the stones of the street preach to you that the root of evil is the lack of

freedom. The lack of an equal chance for all sober, honest people to live. That the root of inequality, of great wealth undeserved and great poverty undeserved, is the privileges given by law and government to the few who still drive the many as their slaves—for you are all slaves. I stand here to tell you that the root of all privilege is in the laws, and that government is still the engine, moved by force and used by the few against the many, just as kings and emperors used it. Government to-day is only what is left of the government by kings. It all has the same purpose—a few to exploit the many. There can be no freedom till the right to enforce any peaceable man against his will is gone forever. Neither to tax him by force, nor in any way compel him by force so long as he himself is respectful of the rights of others. The ideal society is a voluntary association, and to approach that you must get rid of these unequal laws and this idea of a government founded on force and compulsion.

“I am standing here in this mud to tell you the truth, which will make these dirty stones more precious than diamonds. The truth that Freedom in all peaceable things is Man’s destiny and Anarchy is society’s salvation. Anarchy—the doctrine, not of force, but of the abolition of force; the abolition of force against peaceable men by government, and the abolition of force by individuals against other peaceable individuals. For all force is useless. Anarchy is the doctrine, not of disorder, but of peace and order. I preach to you the gospel of morality through comfort and happiness;—of the gospel of comfort and happiness through freedom, personal liberty and eco-

nostic freedom, and the gospel of freedom attained through 'Anarchy; Anarchy, which is the every-day practice of the Golden Rule.'"

"He's a damned Anarchist," said one of two men moving off together. "He's a damned fool," said the other. Just then a policeman who had joined the group a moment before put his hand on the preacher's shoulder, and said, "Come with me; I arrest you."

"What for?" said the blonde young Vandyke.

"None of your damned business," said the policeman; "you'll find out. Are you coming, or do you want the club?"—and the big policeman held the club ready to strike. The young man eyed the weapon, smiled at the group, which was growing larger, and said, "This is government." Some one laughed. The big policeman glared around and said, "I'll take you too, you——" (and he used bad language). He fixed his hand in the collar of the Anarchist, and, jerking him nearly off his feet, said viciously, "Come along now"; and they moved off. The crowd melted away. One man with a tin bucket and a grimed face said it was a damned shame. Most of the others laughed.

It is very likely the Roman soldiers in the midst of their gaming laughed at the friendless fanatic crucified as King of the Jews and Saviour of mankind. Doubtless the mob went home to supper from the scaffold of Sydney and the blazing stake of Savonarola and of Bruno quite satisfied that fools who rebel against the existing order of things should meet their just desert, Death! The mob of to-day is always cock-sure their saviour is a lunatic, but to-morrow the

mob worships the lunatic as its saviour. The rule never changes. It is inevitable. Were it otherwise, the sensible and sane stupid people of to-day would be as wise as the brilliant lunatics who open the wonderful gates for them. I know this, for I am of the mob myself. There are only two learned professions, the barbers and the cobblers. We have ample leisure. We can think at our work, and we are of the people. We also read a great deal. Some scientists, in accounting for the wisdom of barbers and cobblers, have said their shops are places of resort, and they pick up knowledge from their customers. Heaven! Can you pick figs from thistles? Can you make omelets from pebbles? Most men do not think. The masses of men accept blindly the condition they are born into. The dullest of all are the respectable people. Not even every barber thinks. I am myself unusual. I read a great deal; having such a dyspepsia that I cannot drink, and not caring for cards, and being rather withered and rejected of women, I read much. There are some who think they think, but that is very different. Preachers belong to this class.

When the policeman—Maginniss—arrived at the station-house with his prey, the young man gave his name as Johann Schmidt, and was booked for “obstructing the streets.” “I was not obstructing the street. It is absurd. The street was deserted. I was talking to a little group of about twenty men. Why, the street-peddlers and fakirs obstruct the streets twenty times as much as that in the day-time. No one was stopped or incommoded.” He spoke with a German accent. The captain looked inquiringly at

the arresting officer, for his experienced eye had noted that Schmidt was very clean,—a thing unusual in geniuses and other criminals. The officer whispered to the captain, “Walsh wants him shut up and run out. He is a Socialist.” “Lock him up,” said the captain. Walsh was a manufacturer of steel bolts and plates. He employed nearly two thousand men. Schmidt was searched, and a pocket-knife, a pigskin leather wallet, some letters, and three dollars and twenty cents in money were tagged with his name and put away. An officer acting as jailer or turnkey then led him down a corridor, unlocked a steel lattice door and a door with a little wicket in it, and thrust Schmidt into the general detention room. “Hello, Frenchy,” said a voice from a shadowy corner. All laughed. “What are you doing here, Count? Isn’t there some mistake?” Again they laughed. Schmidt turned quickly to the last speaker,—a drunken, ragged fellow with a coat buttoned tightly across his chest; evidently he was economizing in his laundry bills, and in soap. His eyes were bleared and watery. His nose a distorted, livid thing. His face inflamed and bloated. His breath an exhalation of alcohol. So, with jeer and jest, Schmidt was received into the friendly fraternity of jail birds, and began to breathe that fetid stink, the jail odor: a sickening, putrid human miasma. Misery loves company. His new comrades commenced to ply him with questions: What had he done? Nothing great: not murder, or he would be honored with a special cell and a hard mattress on a steel lattice bunk. He was in the room for common, petty, undergraduate crime. No heroes

here. Drunks; brawlers; petty larceny thieves; fake beggars and recruits from the great horde of vagrants, charged with the crime of "no visible means of support," which covers more sins than charity.

Most of his fellow-cattle lay and looked at him in silence. Some slept. It was a hard cement floor; no bunks, no blankets. It was only the herding place for the night. They tried to borrow or steal any tobacco or money the police might not have taken. It was Saturday night, and toward midnight the place began to fill up. Helpless drunks, crazy drunks, tearful drunks, sick drunks, and noisy drunks; with an occasional offender against some more sober law, such as obtaining money under false pretences, as if such men are not to be honored when the money is a million. The air was poison, the noise pandemonium, and the night hell. One gentleman in evening dress, with an exceedingly dissipated shirt front, sang over and over again, "Here's a health to you, John Brown. Here's to you, my jovial soul." Evidently the gentleman and his friend Mr. Brown were two souls with but a single thought.

(That is from the play of "Ingomar." I have seen it many times. I consider the theatre really more useful than the church. Both preach, and the theatre preaches poetically and also amuses.)

A pale-faced, ill-clad boy of about sixteen was thrust into this festering pool. He was crying. Some began to laugh at him. Most of them gave him encouragement. One man told him to remember everything came to an end, and his turn would come some day. He did cheer up, and before the night

was over he was half graduated in crime, with disgrace on his head and revenge in his heart.

A very pudgy little man, with his eyes tight shut, sang like an automaton, somewhat moaningly, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The noisy ones were not spared oaths or blows, both brutally given. The keen eyes and noses of the human rats quickly noticed that Schmidt was clean, and they called him "Duke" and "Soft Soap," and took as much pleasure in robbing him of his cleanliness as society does in ruining a woman's reputation. But all was done in good-natured malice,—as in society.

"Are these fellows the fault of a system, or of themselves? Have I made a mistake?" thought Schmidt. "No. The truth is always right. Freedom is the truth. These poor things are but the results; nay, the dregs and offal of centuries of results. I will not blame them. I will work for that day when hells like this cannot be."

And so the sun rose on the filthy city, tinged for a moment all its steam and smoke and ugliness with orange and opal.

At ten o'clock Monday morning Schmidt, with the lice he had accumulated (unintentionally), appeared before the police magistrate. I have never seen a lawyer, or a police magistrate, with a benevolent face. They all have hawk, buzzard, cat, weasel, lion, wolf, fox, or badger written on them. This arbiter of fate had a forehead not quite so wide as either of his chins, cunning eyes, and a ferocious mouth. He was bald. You have noted the thrifty farmer bringing to town his wagon-load of truck, covered with an old bed-

quilt, out of which stuck the rosy hind-quarters of a newly-butchered hog. That was the face and pate of Justice Abendroth. Schmidt was surprised to note among his fellow-prisoners some fine heads and faces, anything but weak and vicious. One was a machinist, who was accused of being asleep on a door-step at 2 A. M. (Which step was not stated.) He pleaded that he had met some friends he had not seen for a long time; it was Saturday night; he took a little too much in a social way, and sat down and went to sleep. "I ought to have been at work at eight o'clock. This may have lost me my job. I have a wife and three children." "Ten dollars, or five days," said Justice Abendroth. And the man who slept on a door-step was led off, evidently much to the benefit of the wife, the three children, civilization, and society.—I have a great reverence for society. So many things are done to save it. What is it? That is something I often ask myself. What is this valuable thing called society?

Then came our human still, with the monstrous nose, and he was led off sick, listless, trembling, and begging piteously for a glass of whiskey "for the love of Christ."

A glass of whiskey for the love of Christ! Well, why not? But the love of Christ was not there. It had been exhausted in a thousand pulpits the day before.

Then came a buzzing and whispering into the ear of Justice by a prominent saloon-keeper and other influential citizens, and the complaining officers were called up, and there was more murmuring, and then

all those having any "pull" were turned loose. The pudgy gentleman of the musical religious turn of mind asked leave to speak to his arresting officer, and spoke to such purpose in the universal language that the officer suffered a total lapse of memory, and said there was a mistake, and afterwards received the twenty dollars taken from the pudgy gentleman and deposited with the clerk.

A young man with very sleek hair, parted in the middle, and looking very clean and with a carnation in his button-hole, sauntered in, and was affably greeted by Justice Abendroth, who invited him to sit beside him and see the circus. This distinguished visitor to our only modern gladiatorial show was Mr. James Perceval Walsh, son to the maker of steel bolts and plates, who owned nearly two thousand men. For the amusement of this young Roman, the army of vagrants (those not having a wealthy father as, the only visible means of support) was paraded before him and dismissed to labor and imprisonment, right and left. It was like the working of the slaughter-houses, which dispose of the continuous lines of cattle so effectively. The deputy city attorney would ask, "Guilty, or not guilty?" in an irritated tone. The dumb brutes would look at each other and mumble something. "Guilty," would shout the irritable attorney, and, unless the victim protested, down it would go in the recording-book of the clerk. And so it went merrily on, the particularly stupid look of some imbecile prisoner, or the foolish look when some one's plea of "Not guilty" was shouted as "Guilty," evoking laughter from the policemen and the bail

and witness buzzards who flocked about. But one cried with a wail, "Not guilty, your Honor; not guilty." "Oh, well," said the annoyed justice; "who arrested him?" "Officer Dorflinger." "Swear him." "Well, your Honor, the What Cheer All Night Restaurant is bothered by this man. He has made a habit of coming around and picking bread out of the swill-box, and he stole a napkin." "Your Honor," interrupted the cringing wretch, "I swear I never stole the napkin. I took the bread because I was as hungry as a dog." "You are a dog," said Justice; "ten days, and then get out of town quick." "They would not jail a dog for eating out of a swill-barrel." "Silence! Who said that?" "I did," said Schmidt. "You? Oh, we will get to you," said Justice.

In due time, "Johann Schmidt, obstructing the streets," was called, and big Officer Maginniss, being sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, testified that this young man had collected a riotous crowd which was blockading the whole sidewalk so that nobody could pass, and was talking anarchy and riot to them in the most violent language, and, when told to move on, had abused the officer and called on the crowd to resist, overpower, and beat the representative of law, order, and the majesty of government. Justice herself, in the person of Mr. Abendroth, was as mad as a wet hen. Young Mr. Walsh whispered into the ear of Justice, and Justice (still disguised as Mr. Abendroth) shook her head as one who would suggest, "Just you watch me." "I am sorry you are booked on so slight a charge," said Justice (disguised as Abendroth). "If

you had your dues, I don't doubt you'd be held for murder. You dare to attack the government which shelters and protects you." Johann Schmidt at this point said he would like to be sworn and be heard in his own behalf. Justice was so astonished at this that she held Judge Abendroth speechless for a moment, and then caused him to burst out, "Very well; if you choose" (as much as to say, "Much good may it do you"), "but, I warn you, all that you say may be used against you." "Oh, I know it will, and much that I don't say," said the fanatic. "But there are so many officers here besides Officer Maginnis that we will get different styles of lies." After this pleasant and auspicious opening, he went on to say: "I would like to tell you all here how I came to be an Anarchist—" "Well, you can't," roared Justice; "you stick to the charge against you. Were you obstructing the street?" "No." "Ha! That is your conclusion, is it? Were you talking to people?" "Yes." "Were you talking Anarchy?" "Yes." "He admits it," said Justice, stupefied. Then, rousing himself, he shouted: "What you need is the penitentiary." "But, your Honor—I have to call you your Honor, don't I?" said the blonde young fool. Justice, disguised as Abendroth, waited with the patience of the executioner who knows he can well afford to be patient. "I was talking to but fifteen people, or so. It was half-past eight at night; no one was passing. There was no obstruction. All that Policeman Maginnis has said is false. Of course, I don't blame him. I know he can't help it. He is a policeman. Still, it is false. Sometimes it is interest-

ing to know that a thing is false. I was talking Anarchy, but let me explain what I mean by Anarchy. It is a political philosophy, and has no relation to either beer or bombs. In fact, it forbids all force against peaceable individuals, either by government or by other individuals. It is—" "You can't preach your infernal doctrine in this court," thundered long-pent-up Justice; "I don't believe a word you have uttered, except that you were preaching Anarchy. The man who would do that would not only lie, but would murder. You ought to be shut up for life. I'll give you the limit,—fifty dollars and sixty days." "I hadn't finished when you interrupted me," said the blonde fool wearily, "but never mind. I see you are one who is determined to dispense with Justice though the heavens fall." Some intelligent person laughed. Then Justice's chins trembled with rage—all of them. "Thirty days for contempt of court," said Justice to the fool. "I don't think I could overcome it in that time," said the fool, in a discouraged tone. "Sixty days—ninety days!" foamed Justice; "see that this man is indicted for inciting to riot and murder," he roared to the city attorney. "And this is government," said the blonde fool, as he was led away.

"So that's an Anarchist—let's have a look at his belongings," said young Walsh. In the pocket-book they found the miniature of a faultlessly beautiful young woman, and written on the wrapper in German, in a fine precise Gothic hand, "Ludwig. Come back to me when you are weary. My heart is always open for you." "By God, she's a beauty," said

young Walsh; "say, Judge, let me have this."
"Certainly," said Justice; "take it along." "He'll certainly raise a row about it," said young Walsh.
"Who? Him? Not much. By the time he gets out of there he'll be glad to keep his mouth shut. Anyway, it's lost and can't be helped. Take it along if you want it," said Justice.

Young Walsh cooled Justice with champagne and soothing words of praise, and over the bubbles they talked, each with satisfaction to himself, of the terrible danger to our institutions if such lawless incendiary cranks were permitted to be at large. Men with no regard for vested rights.

The "Morning Truthteller" said that Schmidt was one of an organized band of desperate Anarchists. That such men were beyond the pale of that civilized and organized society whose very existence they threatened, and should be shot on sight, like mad dogs, or at least deported to some Devil's Island. It should be said that the ideas of the "Truthteller" were furnished by a group of most respectable money-bags, and were clothed in words by some verbal tailors kept for the purpose.

I wonder if Salome went to look at John the Baptist in prison? How his heart must have rejoiced to see the lustre of her eyes, the whiteness of her hands, and to smell the clean fragrance of the cedar from her flowing robes of soft purple silk! For I suppose the prisons of Herod were as rayless, dank, and foul-smelling as those of Chicago, and the advent of a fragrant young girl must have been like a star alone in all the gloom of night, even though she came for his head.

So, to Schmidt, came the Little Sister of the Prisoners,—hair of gold like the maize silk, teeth as white and regular as its pearly grains, lips as scarlet as the poppy, skin like rose petals upon cream, and brave wide grey eyes like the skies of morning. She came thrice a week, bringing chocolate, oranges, lemons, paper, postage stamps, testaments and other books, little paper bags of tobacco, and such like cravings. The bags of tobacco were more in demand than the testaments. It is a pity, but it is true. Elsa Bauer, daughter of the very, very, very rich brewer, Hermann Bauer. Motherless. She went her way, and old Hermann went his, making more and more money, so that his big, sleek, dappled horses in brass-mounted trappings could not have hauled his gold if it was put into one of those wonderful sacks we read of in Grimm. Her way lay toward the prisons and hospitals, for she took with a literalness which her friends thought comic Christ's exhortation to visit the sick and those in prison.

Have you yourself who read this ever been in prison, or deserted in a hospital?—Weary with the monotony of misery?—A forgotten thing?—A bit of wreckage on the shore?—And the bright sunny world at its play recklessly?—Weak, so that tears will come, from self-pity?—Hopeless, so that hardness grows from self-knowledge of degradation? The sick and those in prison need a touch of sympathy—a breath of God's own fresh air. Really, if you have yourself ever been sick or in prison, you will find Christ's words not so laughable.

Hermann, the father, was of the soil,—a hard-

headed, hard-working, illiterate old German brewer. Elsa, like all the real vitality, brains, and morality of this life, was also near to the all-powerful, ever-renewing mother, the soil. He was the root; she was the flower. The first generation of culture; sensible, well-informed, well-educated. Each went his and her own way, and left the other free. That is true happiness, —to be free. No one is.

Love is a wonderful force. It is certainly first cousin to electricity, which splits the oak and even sometimes rends a church. You look into a woman's eyes, and like a flash you are in love. You see a perfect stranger, and you love her. You are ready to mate with her. But she passes on; you never see her again, and she is forgotten. How many of these tragedies there are! Lost opportunities! Desertions! I myself have loved so many beautiful women who never knew it. Nor do I believe barbers are more susceptible than other men. It is bitter, this indifference to small bald men.—If an acquaintance happens and ripens, then this first flash grows to a flame; but, none the less, it began instantly, like the stroke of lightning. Its signal is beauty. Certainly beauty is the great bait of the world. I am talking now of mating; that is love. Certainly for friendship and comradeship time is necessary, both to ripen and to prove them. It is in these comrade elements that love failures occur. No one ever doubted for an instant that he loved. There are no mistakes in love. They come afterward.

So Johann Schmidt, Anarchist and obstructor of streets, looked upon the enhaloed beauty of Elsa

Bauer visiting the prisoners and straightway loved her, for man's love is bold. And she looked upon him and thought, "Lohengrin!" but she did not love him, for woman's love is more afraid and is under the domination of the fitness of things, and to love a jail bird—impossible! But she too saw he was still somewhat clean, and she saw that the great cameo-cutter who never fashions the mask of a poet over the soul of a brute had carved for this blonde young fool the figurehead of Lohengrin, or of Siegfried. She was very fond of the Wagnerian dramas.—For myself, as music, I prefer the "Barber of Seville."—She said timidly, more so than usual, for she was timid about probing the wounds of any one, "Why are you here?" "For telling the truth." "Oh, if you do not wish to speak of it, excuse me. But they do not put men in jail for telling the truth." "Always! They have always done it. They will always do it. John the Baptist, and now me, and, between, millions telling truth in all tongues. That is what dungeons have been kept for." "You are a German?" said Elsa. "I would not deny it if I could." "Indeed not," she replied; "I am of German parentage myself." To this a low gallant bow, quite in courtly fashion and with perfect ease, and afterward, "Then, Mademoiselle, you know our maxim, '*Freiheit ist Wahrheit.*'" The Little Sister of the Prisoners nodded, and "Siegfried" continued: "I am in jail for preaching freedom. For asking some dozen citizens to arouse their intellects and examine whether there was no reason now, as in the past, to restrain government and lessen its powers over men. No room

for progress. Had I asked them for a dollar for ten cents' worth of the oil of the Arctic bear, procured at the nearest butcher's, and warranted to cure rheumatism and give to age the smoothness of youth, I could with safety have gathered a congregation which would have stopped all other traffic. But in this case government would not be alarmed. Indeed, would be a sharer in my steal, for it would for a round sum issue me a license to rob. In short, Mademoiselle, I am an Anarchist." "An Anarchist!" There was disappointment and alarm in her tone. "Yes. But you need not fear. You see I am captured. And, in fact, I have no bombs, and, when at liberty, I patronize the barber, and do not drink beer. I prefer the finer gold of the vintages of the Rhine and Moselle. My only weapon is my tongue. My only victim myself." "You are ridiculing me," said the Little Sister, flushing. "Excuse me, Mademoiselle: I am ridiculing society, of which you are part, which is so ignorant it does not know its own ignorance. But as for you, Miss, I see nobility in your eyes. Your presence in this jail of outcasts speaks it. I place myself beneath your feet. Anarchy which I preach does not mean chaos, riot, disorder, but order. Its very foundation-stone is order. It prohibits force by any man against any man not himself a forcible invader of the rights of others. It still follows Christ, the great Anarchist, and discourages force, even in return for force, as unwise, and its creed is freedom for all peaceable men and women, and peace, so that all may be free, and the grip of the special-privilege-making government may be taken from the

throat of the people, and society be a voluntary association for the good of all. So that the children of men shall inherit the earth, and none shall be higher than his just place, and none lower than his just deserving. So that society shall for once be in tune with nature, and men and women be free to love and live as seems best to them, and once again nature's laws shall be unchained and men shall be free to rise in their virtues; aye, and free to descend in their vices, so that the fittest, the truly fittest, shall survive. So that the yearning which is in all men to freely express their thoughts shall not be stifled by Church, or State, or custom, but men shall bud out as unreservedly as the trees bud and blossom. So that a new race of poets shall arise, and all men shall be poets in their unfettered thought and unrestrained expression. Freedom—Freedom—Freedom—for which my very soul pants now; if it may be breathed by my unborn brother of the coming centuries, it is a little thing that I have lain in jail, or climbed a gallows' step. I am an Anarchist—an apostle of true human freedom."

You can say what you please. We are electric batteries, and there is a current from one to another. If you were a barber, you would know this. I have felt it different with one customer than with another.—

The Little Sister of the Prisoners stood like an awestruck child. The room of the prisoners was filled with a mysterious something, and Siegfried stood there like a young god.—A young god with lice on him! Think of it! And put there by Maginnis

and Abendroth! Think of it! And for what? Think of it! Why, it is like Christ over again.

Siegfried felt the silence, and said quietly, "There is always a good in suffering. Had I not been thrust into jail, I had been so unfortunate as never to have seen in you, Mademoiselle, the practical goodness of the human heart." "You dream an ideal," she said, hesitatingly. "I do. And all, all, all that the world is rich with to-day, the steam engine as well as Christianity, 'Hamlet' as well as the Declaration of Independence, electricity as well as the 'Goetterdaemmerung,' is from the dreamer of ideals. Banish ideals, and man remains a dweller in caves, a feeder on the flesh of his kind. Yes, Miss; I do dream an ideal, and in that is my hope. The ideal of to-day is the real of to-morrow."

Certainly beauty is the greatest force in the world, and Siegfried was very beautiful. The Little Sister of the Prisoners looked at him, and then, as one who had been lost somewhere, she seemed to come back to the jail and her work. "Won't you have an orange?" she said to Siegfried. "Thank you very much; the skin is so fragrant." A poor devil addressed her humbly. He said his sole crime was being out of work. His eyes, however, looked vacantly. His skin was parchment, and he was an attenuated anatomy. She took the address he gave her, promised to do his whispered request, and went out. Presently she returned to Siegfried, and said, "You are booked for ninety days for contempt of court." "Yes," said Siegfried, "I told you I was here for telling the truth." "What was it?" said the Little Sister. He

told her. She turned and left, without a word.

The Little Sister of the Prisoners was a power. First, she was the daughter of old Hermann Bauer, the manifold millionaire. Second, she was beautiful—and you cannot deny the power of beauty. It is felt everywhere and always. There must be some reason for this. And third, but all-powerful, she was the Little Sister of the Prisoners, and a good safe majority in Justice Abendroth's district would vote any way the Little Sister breathed the wish. As Johann Schmidt would say, "And this is government," but, at least, it was more commendable than to vote at the nod of a district boss. Therefore, when the Little Sister said she had investigated the case of Johann Schmidt and desired his release, there was no questioning it. It had to come. The officials at the jail fell over themselves to bring it about. The only question was the use of the telephone, and locating Justice (disguised as Abendroth). Justice did not hesitate a moment. Between Walsh and the Little Sister of the Prisoners he did not hesitate, and he remembered pleasantly that young Walsh would hasten to unbolt the prison doors himself if the Little Sister said so. He felt himself on very solid ground, and telephoned back immediately that he was only too happy to oblige Miss Bauer, and to accept her judgment in the matter: Let Schmidt be released, and, if the judgment had not been entered, to withhold it; otherwise, suspend it, and he would fix things up in the morning. The captain on duty smiled; the jailer smiled; everyone smiled. Schmidt was brought out and told he was free—and Schmidt did not smile. He bowed

to the Little Sister, and asked for his effects. They were handed to him, and he looked at once for his miniature and exclaimed quickly, "Where is the picture which was in here?" No one knew anything about it. "Did you value it highly?" said the Little Sister. "Beyond expression," said Siegfried gloomily, and the Little Sister's heart became gloomy also. She wrote her address on a slip of paper, and said, "Please call on me to-morrow morning at eleven. I wish to propose some work for you." Siegfried bowed silently. His eyes were troubled. She left, and hers were troubled also. After she left, Schmidt questioned more about his picture, but it was useless. The officer had returned all he received, and could swear to it. And Schmidt went away with his favorite curse upon his lips, "And this is government." Thus did Johann Schmidt become the secretary or prime minister of the Little Sister of the Prisoners in her work among the naked and the hungry, and those sick and in prison.

You may take my word for it, as a close student of human nature,—which a barber must be,—that beauty is a great bait. It is something more than a bait. It is a spark to powder. Even silly beauty is this, and most beauty is brainless. But, when you have great beauty of soul and depth of mind added to ravishing beauty of face and form, that is something that will conquer angels,—unless angels are just puffs of damp air; I do not know.

The Little Sister and her Siegfried were triumphant beauties, each of them, and the triumph of beauty over each of them was as certain as if Romeo and

Juliet had been shut up alone on a tropic isle.

I was sent for once to shave a minister of the gospel (that is what he called himself). He had been sick, and was convalescent; and some other ministers of the gospel were with him to discuss a law to compel amusement parks to close on Sunday. They fell to talking of how immoral plays are, and they spoke of this play "Romeo and Juliet," and the one I was shaving said how very immoral it was. Morals are, as I have said, a matter of time and geography. It is moral to do in Turkey and China what it is very immoral to do here. The one I was shaving said it was a common scandal the way Juliet and Romeo conducted themselves, but he did not blame them so much as he did the Romish priest and the old nurse who, instead of aiding the love of Romeo and Juliet, should have turned their thoughts to God,—just here my brush slipped, I was so mad, and filled his mouth with lather, but he blew it away and continued,—and to Jesus. He spoke as if Jesus were a medicine.

The Little Sister and her Siegfried were Juliet and Romeo alone on an island. The end was certain. They loved each other.

If I were composing a tale out of my head, I would not be so foolish as to make young Walsh know Elsa Bauer. It would not be necessary, and it would seem improbable. Though, after all, the rich set is a small community everywhere.

But truth is stranger than fiction, and Perceval Walsh not only in fact knew Elsa Bauer, but was a victim to her flaunting banner of beauty. He could not know she was ripe for the love of Johann Schmidt,

because she had told that to only one person, herself,—and then in great alarm,—but he could know that this Anarchist of hers was straight, strong, beautiful, fearless, god-like, with the enthusiasm of a reformer and the magnetism of an enthusiast. That he talked at least three languages, had traveled, knew books and good manners. He had asked Elsa once, “Who is this secretary of yours?” and she had answered, “I don’t know, and I don’t care,” in a way that required the subject to be changed. For she was a character of rock crystal and an only child, and, as Hermann Bauer idolized her and had at least twenty millions, she was not to be dictated to. She did not know, and she did care. Over and over in her heart, like a prayer wheel, went the question, “Who is he? No ordinary man. The face of Christ. A soul I will stake my soul for—and yet, yet, yet—Who is he?” She knew he had been a riding-master, a fencing-master, waiter in a restaurant, coachman, teacher of German, and what else? What else?

Jealousy maddens at a phantom—at the air itself—at something—anything—nothing. It is insanity, —uncontrollable and incurable; hell to the victim, and damnation to all about it. Perceval Walsh could resist no longer. He laid before Elsa Bauer the miniature taken from Johann Schmidt’s pocket-book. He told her exactly how he got it, which was wise in him, for often it is better to tell the truth. As he told of this there was running through her mind another prayer wheel, “And this is government.” When he finished, she said very pathetically, “I wonder if you ever thought this was robbery; theft, and robbing a

helpless man. Leave it with me. I will restore the stolen property to its owner." She was bitter. Mr. Walsh was angry. He told her her *protégé* was still talking Anarchy on the streets, and she said to him, "I know it, and I know the Anarchy he talks: a gospel of peace; of uplifting; of a fair chance to all men; of the downfall of artificial privileges; of voluntary association. I know it. It is the Anarchy of Christ. Peace on earth, good will toward men. Would God there were more such as he!" He thought, "By God! He has converted her." The wide fearless eyes of the Little Sister of the Prisoners were on him. She was a soul thousands of volts stronger than he. She dismissed him.

She was alone, and there lay that wondrously beautiful face before her and the words, "Ludwig. Come back to me when you are weary. My heart is always open for you." The world seemed different; the light less sunny; her work heavy. What was he to her, or she to him? He, a jail bird! Nonsense! He was as much a jail bird as was Peter the Apostle, or John Bunyan, or Miguel Cervantes, Bonivard of Chillon, Gottfried Kinkel, or Fritz Reuter, or the thousand million soldiers of Freedom who had been jailed by tyranny. But he was a waif—a bit of human drift. Why this demand for credentials? Did Isolde ask letters of introduction from Tristan? Or Elaine demand a pedigree from Launcelot, other than the look of his face and the murmur of her own heart? And Elsa! Did she not lose the Swan Knight because she would not trust her own perception of his own goodness, but must question, "Who are you?" And now

she, herself, another Elsa, had lost her Lohengrin. Lost! He had never been hers. Here was beauty greater than her own lying before her. And yet she could swear he had been and was hers—yes, swear it, by that wordless recognition of love by love.

When he came, she gave him his treasure, and there was no mistaking his eagerness and the glad surprise in his eyes. She told him it had been brought to her to give him. He thanked her heartily, made his report, discussed the work, and then said, "Miss Bauer, this lessening the misery of the wretched and bringing comfort to the afflicted is holy work, and the world will never be so perfect but that there will be need for it. There will always be the weaker ones. But even the finest charity is in a sense degrading. The object of charity is also the object for insult. To me this charity is salving the sore, not cutting it out. It is giving drink for the fever, not curing it. It is knocking the top off the weed, not digging up the root. The root is our unequal conditions. They are all made by law and enforced by government, and this truth I must preach. This frenzy is what drove me from my native land. It is on me now. I must be about my Master's business. My Master is the Millions of Unborn." "You must do what seems best to you," she said, steadily. "I shall always be glad to hear from you, if you feel like writing." He devoured her face with his eyes. It was as if he was drinking, drinking, drinking, and storing it away as the camel does for the desert. She looked, too, till his stare made her drop her eyes. Then he left abruptly.

When the door had safely closed on him, she threw herself, face downward, on the sofa. Women are very different from men,—so emotional and impulsive. (I have a theory that they will always be so.)

He was right. A wife and children have no place in the life of a man with the world's work to do. He passed out of her life, and she worked now among the prisoners, as if it were a mission. But love never passes out of a woman's life; all women love always, though not always the same love. Some find a new love each month or year; some, several loves at the same time; but other some only once in all their lives. These last are very foolish. Elsa Bauer was of this kind. I only state the facts. It is not for me to discuss the matter.—I was once shaving a gentleman who had a wen on his nose, and I began to discuss it with him, but he told me with a great deal of energy that one of the things most important to be thoroughly done in this world was to mind one's own business. I have never forgotten this, because the wen was one of the most extraordinary I have ever seen.

After the departure of Johann Schmidt, the day itself had a duller hue for Elsa Bauer. Her heart ached the more for the sorrowing ones of this world and for herself, and it seemed she must run away from this great heart-ache. She left a secretary and a fund to supply tobacco, oranges, and testaments to the prisoners in the jail, and she ran away to hide herself. Not to Italy; not to the tombs of Virgil, Petrarch, or Romeo and Juliet; not to orange groves and rose gardens; but to the oppressive peaks of Switzerland

and to the dark firs and plaintive waterfalls of her father's own country, the Black Forest of Baden. These sang congenial dirges to her heart.

The doe is an easier victim separated from the herd. Sometimes, if you come upon her suddenly, she will stand perfectly still, fearing to move.

Young Walsh felt that Elsa Bauer was far from the herd and an easy capture; so he followed her into the Schwarzwald, where one day, on one of those neat footpaths which make a park of the forest, he found the doe; but she exhibited anything but fear, and he returned to Paris and thence to Chicago, with humiliation in his heart and the word End dancing in the air before him wherever he turned his eyes.

His return to Chicago could not have been ordered better if this were a play, or a make-believe story where everything comes out just as you wish it.

He arrived in Chicago at the very moment that Johann Schmidt was about to be brought to trial for murder. This is how it happened: Schmidt was preaching against the State as a power which really exists by force and still for the benefit of the few, and he was advocating peaceable resistance to what he termed robbery by law, when a guardian of the peace, —otherwise, a policeman, supported by taxpayers,—ordered him to shut up and move on. He moved on, but he did not shut up, and a few blocks further on commenced to speak again. Some of his congregation followed him, and, when he again began speaking, quite a little knot of people was assembled to listen. He was uttering the words, "Wrong never justifies wrong. If a thing be wrong, we cannot prove it

wrong by using a wrong against it. The use of force by the State never justifies the use of force against the officers of the State and every resort to force only gives excuse for the use of greater force in return—" "Didn't I tell you to move on, damn you?" said the policeman, coming up behind and shoving Schmidt roughly along. Schmidt whirled around instinctively, and the policeman hit him with his club. Schmidt staggered, and threw out his arms blindly. There was a shot, and the policeman fell with a bullet through his heart. The crowd ran away, all but Schmidt, who, after rubbing his head and gathering his wits, knelt beside the dead man and tore open his clothes. So kneeling, he was arrested by a policeman who came running around the corner. Another came, and between the two, followed by a growing crowd of boys and the drift of the street, Lohengrin was marched once more to the fetid jail. This time he was honored with a special cell, isolated and double-barred, as befitted one who was now of the royal degree of crime.

Who fired the shot? The "Morning Truthteller" asked this in red letters, four inches high, and immediately answered it by saying that Schmidt undoubtedly did, and proved this by the damning fact that no revolver was found on Schmidt, who thus showed the cleverness of an old offender in doing away with the evidence of his guilt. No revolver was ever found. Who fired the shot was never answered; but, while the press ran riot with the downfall of law and order, and shrieked in two colors over the menace to organized society and vested rights, the police, as the true

upholders of society and vested rights, were doing more effective work more quietly. Who fired the shot was a question that would have to be answered before Schmidt could be hanged, and hanged he must be, or society would perish. So Schmidt took the third degree at the hands of the police. This is a secret rite in which the accused supplies the evidence against himself. Nothing more complete or satisfactory can be imagined. It is like the hen which lived wholly on her own eggs, a machine absolutely complete within itself.

Schmidt was put into a dark cell with three inches of dirty water over its floor, and during a period of three days was given one drink of water and one piece of bread. Three days of starvation and sleeplessness, three days' staring into the chilly dark, often makes dreams come, and many a poor devil has confessed anything desired. Perhaps they have visions, and say things they know not of. It used to be considered that evidence procured by the rack and the boot was really valueless, and of course this third degree was unconstitutional by both the prisoner's constitution and that of the United States; but legal constitutions were not made for vagabonds.

He was suddenly and dramatically confronted with Ferguson's body. He gazed sadly at it, and said, "God forgive him!" At his trial police witnesses swore that he said, "May God forgive me!" but even this was disappointing, and it was feared it might not be enough on which to hang a man. So Schmidt was returned to darkness and semi-starvation for a week, being begged and bullied from time to time. He

would not confess, and yet the stupidest man could have seen that this was most disobliging, for, if only he would confess, it would greatly facilitate his being hanged. He was too prejudiced against law and order. Heaven, these wretched Anarchists!

Finally the patience of the law was exhausted, and in the presence of a sergeant and two officers Schmidt was hung up by the thumbs. This is old-fashioned and simple, but it gives considerable torture. After he had been thus hanging for some time, he groaned heavily; but it was really difficult from this to manufacture a distinct confession, and at last, without a confession, he fainted. With such obstinacy as this, crime would go unpunished, and the police themselves might even be suspected of being inefficient; so the electric brush was brought in, and Schmidt's body, still swinging by the thumbs, was galvanized back to life with agonizing shocks as great as he could endure. These made his body jerk about in a most amusing manner. This specialty in the third degree was unknown to the ignorant middle ages, but is now practised by the police in all our largest cities. It is one of the marks of progress of this Christian and electrical age. The only nuts gleaned by shaking this human tree were the words, "God forgive him!" which version was rejected as unnatural and ridiculous; and, after consultation, the policemen recalled that Schmidt distinctly said, "I did it; may God forgive me!" This, under all the circumstances, was considered sufficient evidence, and the police could sleep in the blessed consciousness that they had done their duty and justified their existence. The trial

could now proceed.

Young Walsh was greatly interested for the preservation of society, and at this point he furnished to the sheriff and district attorney a list of names of law-abiding citizens who could be relied upon as bulwarks of society. It was arranged that Judge McGrath, a member of his father's club and the poker club, should be assigned to preside at the trial. Judge McGrath had very decided convictions—especially after dinner—as to the sacredness of government by force and those privileges created by law known as vested rights, and the poker club had hanged Schmidt promptly as soon as he was arrested; some had even quartered him and burnt him at the stake because he was an Anarchist and an enemy to organized government, government meaning to their intellects, in a confused way, peace and order.

Armed with the list of good men and true furnished by Walsh and the district attorney, the sheriff sent his deputies to select the men from whom the trial jury must be drawn. Two men who had not hesitated to say that Anarchists should be shot without trial were pointed out by their employer with a wink as men eligible for jury duty; but, you will understand, this gentleman, a wholesale grocer and elder of the church, sincerely believed he was doing God's service. Thus the dreary mill of human justice, which must make the gods laugh, began to grind. Counsel was assigned to Schmidt, for it is one of the beautiful mercies of our society that no man can be hanged without the assistance of counsel. In this particular case the defence was very unpopular. The "Truthteller" ad-

vocated lynching, or the speedy conclusion of what ought to be a mere form of trial.

Judge Dillingworth, in many respects not unlike a turkey gobbler, having red gills and a pompous manner, was assigned by the court as counsel for the unpopular defence. This was exceedingly thoughtful in the court, as Judge Dillingworth was a candidate for the place held by Judge McGrath. Judge Dillingworth saw the point, and haughtily begged to be excused; so Pitman Smith, a lantern-jawed young fellow, just floundering in the legal slough of despond, was appointed. It is surprising, when every one has agreed that a man ought to be hanged, how rapidly the result can be accomplished. Schmidt had no occasion to complain of the law's delay. Jail pallor had scarcely begun upon his face when he was brought solemnly before the jury which already solemnly intended solemnly to hang him after a solemn trial.

Drawing the jury was not as long an affair as had been expected. Judge McGrath was well-fed and benign, and looked as self-satisfied as a man should look without whom all society would fall into chaos and confusion. The two men who thought an Anarchist ought to be shot on sight swore that they had no prejudice, no bias, and no opinion on the case whatever.

Thus, without even exhausting all the challenges he was allowed, Pitman Smith obtained a jury of good men and true, sworn to decide according to the evidence, each of whom knew in advance, deep in a secret recess,—which, for lack of a better term, we will

call his cowardice,—that he intended to hang Schmidt, regardless of the evidence, and each felt he was a saviour of society, according to that moulder of thought and voice of the people, the daily "Truth-teller."

The trial of a man for his life proceeded very glibly, and the policemen swore very solemnly to what they knew to be lies, but in this they felt they were doing themselves and the State a service. No one dared swear who fired the shot, for at once the query would have arisen, Where is he? and so the State rested without this question being answered. Pitman Smith fired at the jury six reputable witnesses who were present in the crowd when Ferguson was killed, and they testified that Schmidt did not shoot, that he had no revolver, and that he did not advocate shooting, but, on the contrary, was deprecating the use of any force when he was assailed by Officer Ferguson. Schmidt took the stand and told the facts just as they were, and then told of his torture under the third degree. In this, Pitman Smith made a mistake, for the district attorney manifestly had the jury with him when he branded this statement as an outrageous and malicious lie, which proved that Schmidt was totally unworthy of belief; and he shouted to the jury in indignant tones that such treatment would not only be inhuman, but absolutely unconstitutional, and therefore such conduct on the part of the police was impossible. Pitman Smith pinned his faith to the fact that there was no proof whatever as to who fired the shot, and, though he hemmed and hawed a good deal and stumbled about, he made (if any one had listened) a

very level-headed argument that Schmidt could not be convicted, as it was admitted that he had not fired the shot; and, as who did fire the shot was unknown, no possible connection between him and Schmidt could be proved. He talked very learnedly and uselessly about the burden of proof being on the State and that Schmidt was entitled to every reasonable doubt, all of which was promptly swept into the legal waste-paper basket by Judge McGrath, who charged the jury that they did not have to know who fired the shot, or whether the prisoner had ever seen the slayer; it was enough if from the evidence they believed that the talk of the prisoner then or at any other time had suggested the murderous idea.

The jury promptly brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree, and the daily "Truthteller" published their names as patriots who deserved well of their fellow-men. The sheriff was given a testimonial by the solid business men of the city, the district attorney was assured of his nomination to congress, and, after Judge McGrath had pronounced sentence, the "Truthteller" paid a glowing tribute to this distinguished jurist who had saved society by the invention of a novel legal principle. Every one was happy; every one but Pitman Smith. He said very loudly, over a glass of beer, at a German restaurant, that it was the rottenest law the world had ever listened to; that, if applied to other people, it would make every man or newspaper accessory to the murder of any one who was murdered after he had been criticized adversely by either the man or the newspaper. Pitman Smith's legal blood was up, and he rolled up his

sleeves and fought on, regardless of remuneration. But the sentence was affirmed, the governor refused to interfere, and civilized society at last drew a long, happy breath: it had been saved; Johann Schmidt was to be hanged.

There was a fellow I knew once, who had the chair next to mine in the Elite Tonsorial Parlors, who was a Spiritualist, and I went with him to a number of *séances*, but I never took much stock in them. It seems always to have been exceedingly difficult for the dead to communicate with the living; therefore you would think that, whenever they did so, it would be on some matter of the most wonderful importance. Then, too, the dead seem so dignified, as if this world had shrunk away from them into extreme pettiness; and yet I never did hear such a lot of foolish, disjointed talk as those spirits indulged in, and the information they gave was of the most trifling kind. Certainly the whole affair was not worthy of those who have shaken off the fleshly fetters and soared into the universal empyrean. On the other hand, I will not say there is not a source of wireless telegraphy between sympathetic people.

The very day that Johann Schmidt was finally sentenced to be hanged Elsa Bauer was seated on the rustic bench of a wayside inn in the Black Forest, watching the flutterings and twitterings of a thousand little dark-headed birds among the firs. Suddenly, as if shot by a bolt through the heart, she said to herself, "I will go home." A great longing came over her, so that she could not fly fast enough to the sea-port which led to home. She was possessed of a fever like

that which seizes the robins and sparrows and other migratory birds which gather in flocks and procrastinate, till of a sudden, without warning, they are up and away. The homeward flight soothed her somewhat, but left her anxious, as if she had been told of a terrible misfortune, but could not now recollect what it was. So she came to the ugly city, which, like the jinni from the fisherman's leaden bottle, coils in smoke gigantic into the sky. After much hearty and peasant-like greeting from old Brewer Hermann, she came into her own sitting-room, a comforting sense in its quiet tones—its only pictures a great silver Corot and a self-portrait of Rembrandt. She loved this last for its golden tones and rich shadows, but also for that defiant face which looked out at her boldly, saying, "I was a man. Though I am dead, yet I still live." She went straight to her desk, and among all the parcels and letters piled there she, without hesitation, selected one; tearing open the envelope, there lay in her hand the exquisitely beautiful face she remembered so well—too well; and the words, "Ludwig. Come back to me when you are weary. My heart is always open for you." She gazed with a noble and wistful jealousy at the face, and then read: "My Elsa: Will you do me the kindness to send this little portrait of my mother, which was her betrothal gift to my father, to her: Countess Helena von Schwerin, Odenwald, Bavaria. I feel that to lie to her is unbecoming to myself and my cause, and yet I would not inflict on her useless pain; so I will ask you to make such statement as your love and judgment suggest and say that I sent her my heart love. I would like you

and everyone to know that I feel no disgrace in my death. Indeed, I am buoyed up by a curious exaltation. I love life; I would be glad to live; but the feeling that I am dying for humanity, as a martyr to that progress which will make life somewhat better for those to come, perfectly consoles me. It is, I think, the triumph of the love for race over the love for self, and from this cell I can understand Christ's beautiful forgiveness of his executioners. He saw so much further than they, he could only pity them. At this last hour I think it manly to tell you that I love you deeply, and it is a great comfort to me to believe that you love me. I have waited till the latest moment to tell you this, and to entrust my sacred relic to you. When you get this, I shall have been hanged for the murder of Officer Ferguson. I need not tell you I am as innocent as yourself. Johann Schmidt."

Elsa read this letter with a bewildered mind. First, a confusion as to what was meant; then a great thrill at the words "I love you"; then a chill and a sickening unto death at the words, "I shall have been hanged." Her hand crushed the letter; her eyes stared before her and she trembled, but only for a moment. Eagerly she looked at the date of the letter, and saw that it was written that very day. There might yet be time. If there were a God, he would not permit this thing. She choked a moment, and lights flashed before her eyes as if the rope was about her own neck. The next instant she rang a bell, sent for her father, and began rapidly to write telegrams—to the governor, to the district attorney, to the warden of the penitentiary, to the senators and representatives

in Washington, to the German embassy and the German consul in Chicago, and then to those who move the governor, the district attorney, and the senators as puppets on strings—the political bosses. She was in the midst of this when her father came in smiling. She said, "Father, Johann Schmidt, who was my secretary, is to be hanged for the murder of a policeman." "Yes," he interrupted, "I know it." "He is innocent," she said, "and it must not be; it shall not be. Sign these telegrams, dear father." The phlegmatic brewer hesitated, and started to read them. "He is Count Ludwig von Schwerin," said Elsa; "he is innocent. Sign, father, quickly. I will explain later." At her word he stopped reading and signed the telegrams, muttering to himself, "Count Ludwig von Schwerin; Gott im Himmel!"

The telegrams to the governor and the politicians were imperative: "I urgently request a reprieve for Johann Schmidt sentenced to be hanged. Act at once. Hermann Bauer."

The motor car was ordered, and Elsa and the fat brewer drove a mad chariot of fire to the relief of Lohengrin. None too soon, as the execution was set for the next morning,—information which made Elsa sob for joy and gasp for fear. The reprieve came instantly and easily, and afterward the pardon, which completely exonerated Count Ludwig von Schwerin, known as Johann Schmidt, from any suspicion of crime. It was a small matter in which to oblige Hermann Bauer, and the governor was glad to do it. An *attaché* from the German embassy arrived, breathless, with his eminent legal counsel, who, curiously

enough, agreed with Pitman Smith that the conviction of Johann Schmidt was rotten ; and the final result, so far as Pitman Smith was concerned, was both gratifying and profitable. The " Truthteller " had a thrilling article telling of the narrow escape from such a miscarriage of justice as would have been a blot upon the fair name of the State and the majesty of the law. It gave the minutest details as to the von Schwerin family, which was of the oldest nobility of Germany. It did not omit an allusion to the distinguished *attaché* from the embassy at Washington, and it fairly out-did itself, if possible, in the exaltation of Count Ludwig von Schwerin, who, because of his intense democratic sympathies, had sought to bring about much-needed reforms by descending among the common people and becoming their champion. The " Truthteller " said he was talented, cultured, and handsome, and hinted at a romance in a certain quarter. It further said that connecting him with the murder of Officer Ferguson was an unfortunate mistake, the reasons for which were not now necessary to go into, but that Count von Schwerin, like Count Leo Tolstoy, of Russia, though an earnest advocate of reform, deprecated any use of force, and founded his hopes wholly on reason and non-resistance.

As at the touch of the prince the gates of the enchanted castle opened, the princess awoke, and life once more ran through every part of the palace, so at the touch of Elsa Bauer (aided by the heavy hand of Hermann Bauer, brewer and multi-millionaire) the sad penitentiary gates swung open, and sunlight and cool sweet air rushed upon Johann Schmidt, embrac-

ing him, filling him with the intoxication of freedom; but, even while his heart throbbed under this intoxication, he shuddered at the thought of those others, rotting the God-given life away behind dark walls, or walking to freedom only through the gallows.

Elsa Bauer stood in her private drawing-room, herself a picture Rembrandt would have loved—spun-gold hair, fine grey eyes, fresh German complexion, her dress deep maroon velvet from throat to the floor and wide lace collar and cuffs, a huge opal in narrow rim of pure soft gold making sunsets as it gently heaved upon her bosom, and an old Indian emerald on her finger, like a bit of the sea. Rembrandt turned up his defiant nose at the world, and out of his frame looked at her lovingly. The rain whirled in sheets against the window, and the storm raged, but in her heart was bird music and the whisper of summer leaves: there was a glow over the whole world, and the universe sang songs of joy. In her hand she held a telegram: "I am coming. Johann." She had treasured the yellow slip all day in her bosom. She had read it an hundred times. Now she again read it; and her heart listened.

Not long ago I shaved a poet who could not pay me immediately, but gave an old envelope out of his pocket with his name and address on it. On the other side I found those words about bird music and the universe singing songs, and they have run in my head ever since; so, as he has not paid me, I have used them.

I have told my story. If you say, Where is the



tragedy? I say, Wait. Is it not tragedy to be jailed for the words of truth? Is it not tragedy—all those outcasts, the human garbage heap? Is it not tragedy that there should be machines to choke the breath out of men and penitentiaries to shut them from the sun? Is it not tragedy that vice and crime should be the offspring of want, and that those who make the want should crush the unfortunates? Is it not tragedy that want and luxury are given so unequally? Is it not tragedy to think how Siegfried shall strive for humanity and how he shall seem to fail and shall die, cursed by those he would serve? Is it not tragedy if Elsa and Lohengrin shall cease to love, or, if they never cease, that Death, the great tragedy, shall spread its dark wings above them, waiting for a moment to strike and then rend them apart? Yes; on the word of a barber and a philosopher, life is a tragedy.

FRANCIS DU BOSQUE.

Thoughts compelled from out the hidden
Frequently are inexact;
But the thought that comes unbidden
Is the one that fits the fact.
—*Rabbi Ben Gessing.*

UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

On his record as a prosecutor of "grafters," and his promise to "enforce the law," which was the issue of the "campaign," Mr. Folk of Missouri was elected governor. He is a receptive candidate for president, but his party papers are turning him down. They say they do not want a detective in the White House. In other words, their constituents do not want the law enforced. Who has not seen men swept into office on a wave of popular enthusiasm for enforcing the law, and who has not also observed that the dodge cannot be worked in two successive campaigns? No community elects a man more than once on the issue of enforcing the law. In the next election they drop the issue or the man, or both.

One may treat a law of the realm with contumely and disdain, and still remain respectable, provided he owns obedience to a law of something else that is rather more irrational than the one he dumps overboard. Those fathers in God, the bishops of the English church, are in a state of insurrection against the Deceased Wife's Sister law, and forbid the faithful of their communion to avail themselves of its provisions. They can discern, being prophets, that, if a churchman is once granted permission to marry his

sister-in-law after the wife is departed, he will soon be appropriating the said relative in advance of the obsequies, as a clergyman of the Congregational church has lately done in Michigan. Such freedom as that denotes would make this world too much of a paradise to suit the interests of the gentlemen whose incomes depend on their making the next one look better. The bishops therefore revile the law as "a license for incest," which is a shrewd choice of language on their part, for you have an enemy half licked when you fasten an opprobrious name to him. How does the union labor boss prove the independent workman in the wrong except by calling him a scab? It is especially lucky for the lord bishop of London, who has repudiated the acts of parliament and denied its jurisdiction, that he has his canon law for a makeshift; otherwise he would not so lately have received the freedom of our cities. Not acknowledging the right of the State to confer liberty, but upholding the Church's right to deny it, he breaks through the exclusion act where a countryman of his, recognizing no authority at all, got headed off and turned back. This fellow, like the lord bishop, doubted the inspiration of civic statutes, but he had gone farther and included the catechism in his unbelief; and, as Anarchists are notoriously destitute of conscience, he was unable, like the bishop, to cite a higher law. He had slipped his hold on both horns of the altar when he let go of the State. That is why I say it is convenient to have a church, or a god or two, or as a last resort a conscience, when one would give the State a jolt and yet avoid the rod it has in pickle for Anarchists.

Liberty would permit the widowed or the divorced to marry whom and when they might elect, and all of the difficulties that now make the relation a gold-brick investment would thus be disposed of in a lump. I do not fathom the purpose of the philanthropical in denying this freedom. I read in the newspapers that "the Rev. W. C. Doane, bishop of Albany, one of the most eminent ministers of the Episcopal church, backed by a considerable following," asked the general convention for a ruling "absolutely prohibiting ministers of his denomination from solemnizing marriages of divorced persons." This means that there must be no return tickets issued to those who go into wedlock or to those who get out of it. And I read in the same newspaper that Elizabeth Adams and J. Elijah Adams of New Jersey had been reunited in the holy bands after living separated by divorce for a year. There was a case where freedom of divorce was repaired by the freedom of remarriage; and could anything except those unblessed unions we are promised in heaven be more desired than such a reunion of sundered bosoms? The joke is that Bishop Doane couldn't logically allow it. Liberty is always consistent with itself, as one fact fits every other fact, while one law always repeals its predecessor and needs a third law to correct its own mistakes. The error of remarriage ought to correct itself without clerical interference. Why divorced parties should re-enter wedlock without being blindfolded and backed in is one of the problems that keep us meditating. You would never think it; still, we know that they do so, showing that observed facts are more trustworthy guides than

pure reason. Their conduct is so irrational that I cannot regard as unfortunate those who find obstacles in their way when they would hop out of one marriage into another. Often the man who wants the divorce is himself the incompatible one in his present marriage, and therefore certain to queer his next venture as well. For him there is not so much to be hoped for from another partner as from a different attitude toward the one he has. I lately read a large book through, and, although I found nothing else of value, I felt repaid for my application by the discovery of the following:

The man who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

A sentence which reads as slick as that can hardly be otherwise than true. I hate to discourage people who are hoping to find greater happiness by changing their other half. At the same time I recommend the above hint to the respectful attention of persons contemplating divorce and remarriage. There is less expense and less distressing publicity in getting rid of faults and acquiring a new disposition than in changing wife or husband; and also less risk of getting a worse one.

Under just how many varieties of law-making bodies the country at present suffers I would not undertake to state. Nobody needs to be told that the gift of legislation is bestowed upon congress and upon State legislatures. Then, a decision of the supreme court is also law, while the president and every mem-

ber of his cabinet can turn out something just as good: The departments of the government, all unknown to the constitution, do more governing than the executive, legislative, and judiciary branches combined. If all the officials of the post-office department were rabbits, from the postmaster-general down to the thirteenth or fourteenth assistant postmaster-general, they could not litter oftener or more numerously than at present. With a commissioner for everything and with unnumbered bureaus and other deadwood, the extra-constitutional lawsmiths have the duly authorized "butters-in" running fast to keep in sight of them. The arrangement suits those thinkers who hold that the more meddlers we have the better. It is not so acceptable to the few who take the negative of that proposition. The latter will therefore hope there is something valid in the argument of the Standard Oil Company that edicts are unconstitutional which, by authorizing common carriers to establish rates binding on shippers, delegate legislative power to the railroad companies. As the situation is, the common carrier fixes its freight rates, which it publishes and files, and any shipper caught bargaining with the carriers to pay less than those rates is fined \$29,240,000. A penalty like that is calculated to make a man count his change before putting his freight aboard the cars, to see if he has enough to pay the above fine in case the agent has charged him less than the schedule demands. When one is in court and has just been assessed twenty-nine million odd, it is not competent for him to plead that he left his money in his other clothes. Some will waive the

question of the constitutionality of the edict that apparently delegates legislative powers to railroad companies, because of their antipathy for rebating, which they look upon as wrong. But rebating is not wrong; it is a virtue, if, as the Standard Oil Company holds, the railroad companies are legislators, for the companies thereby become a co-ordinate branch of the government, and rebating is one of government's long suits. To illustrate: A railroad tariff is a tax on the shipper. To rebate is to remit. Legislative power, civil and ecclesiastical, is the original taxer, and it invented remitting, which it practises with the approval of the angels. The government establishes, publishes, and files its rates of taxation, and, when it chooses, it gives rebates. As an example, secular real estate and religious real estate are appraised alike; owners of the former class pay such taxes as they cannot swear off, and the taxes on the latter are remitted altogether. It is exactly as though a railroad were to discriminate to the limit and carry freight free for its favorites. To the irreligious this illustration is sufficiently illuminating, and the religious ought to see a light in the case of the Standard Oil Company, for President Rockefeller is a religious institution. The point, then, raised by the Standard Oil Company is not involved in moral considerations. If the railroad corporations may legislate,—and it looks as if they could when \$29,400,000 is the penalty for disregarding their schedule,—they may also rebate without sin, in imitation, which is sincere flattery, of the author of their being. Government makes a ridiculous exhibition of itself in prosecuting citizens for practising a

trick it has shown them how to turn. But what is the use? Three hundred years ago a sect of the people of England, who fell victims to the whim that the ruling classes ought to be as decent as those they assumed to govern, were laughed at as Puritans. Lest Anarchists, by putting it up to the government to set the populace an example in virtue, may incur the reproach of Puritanism, I judge it prudent not to identify myself with that strait-laced group of disturbers.

The limits of excitement compatible with safety had been reached by Colonel Watterson, of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," when he wrote:

Along with their crazy prohibition law—the vile, illegitimate offspring of a *liaison* between the Puritans of religion and the blacklegs of politics—the result of a combine between Populism pure and simple and a remnant of what has the impudence to call itself Democracy—a duo between two discordant musicians, Hoky-Poky Smith playing second fiddle to Tom Watson—loom into view the familiar troop of humbugs, of the old firm of Pecksniff, Chadband, and Company.

Colonel Watterson and other believers in "personal liberty" murmur at the prospect of prohibition only because they are not used to it. I put "personal liberty" in quotation marks because it is now restricted to one special meaning—the right to sell or of access to intoxicating liquors. From the vehemence of its advocates you would judge that it was the first liberty to be denied, instead of being nearer to the last one that isn't. I am not acquainted with the statutes of Kentucky or with the city ordinances of Louisville, but I know it is a mild statement to say that Colonel

Watterson obeys or violates, as the case may be, a score of laws more invasive than the one that shuts off the Georgian's source of enthusiasm. For myself I should prefer the prohibition law to the Sunday law, which for a fact "the Puritans of religion and the blacklegs of politics" have intrigued to procure. Speaking of prohibition, the liquor law of Maine or Georgia is a glorious illustration of the principle of State rights, which means that a State may impose whatsoever restrictive law it chooses on its subjects, but cannot allow them any freedom incompatible with the best Puritan ideas. Colonel Watterson is an unbeliever in law to a certain extent. "I do not believe," he said in the Blue Grass speech he made a little while ago at Lexington, "that men can be legislated into angels." He meant that he was skeptical about making men sober by law. Doubt that men can be legislated into angels appertains, like talk about "personal" liberty, to the prohibition law only. In all other respects the efficacy of law to put wings on the citizen is uniformly applied. But the only time that law makes angels of men is when it hangs them.

By arguments from psychology, Mr. Theodore Schroeder, attorney for the Free Speech League, proves that the quality of a thing which is defined as "obscenity" has existence, not in the thing itself, but only in the mind of the person who imagines that he detects its presence there. It follows that, when the courts have been brought around to this view, the man who charges "obscenity" against a picture or print will be locked up for improper exposure of his

mind. And the law will do justice then oftener than it does now, because it will catch the fellows who made it.

From over the water comes a voice saying:

Socialism is the tide of a great movement, which, whether we like it or not, is going to be the master current of the life of the people of Great Britain in the twentieth century.

It is an English clergyman who speaks, and he asks whether the church, through the influence of Christ, will be able to guide a movement which it cannot arrest. There will not be the slightest difficulty. The Socialist party, either in England or America, cannot become a "master current" until it draws off enough of the main stream to make its volume greater than that of any other party. The main stream flows through the church. No party can separate itself from the church while the party and the church are made up of the same members, the church members predominating. Unify society with a majority still adhering to the church, and in the ensuing integration it will be all church and no society.

His smokeless Socialism having attracted attention by the noise it makes, Mr. Roosevelt, who perceives that it is better for his party to carry out Socialistic policies than to let the Socialists get in, is explaining in his speeches that "social reform is not the precursor, but the preventive, of Socialism." It is worse than either: it is the preventer of Socialists.

Baring his heart to the assembled chivalry of Keokuk, Indiana, President Roosevelt, after outlining the

patriotic duty of men according to his notion, turned to the women present, and said: "You women have even higher and more difficult duties; for I honor no man, not even the soldier who fights for righteousness, quite as much as I honor the good woman who does her full duty as wife and mother." Men are bound to have different ideals. The sordid truth is that men fight for what Mr. Roosevelt calls righteousness for fifteen a month, more or less, with rations, and that women carry out the popular conception of the duty of a wife and mother because they cannot very well avoid it, being married. They deserve their share of honor, but there are others, among whom let us reverently name Maria, the female diplomat, and Harriman, the practical man.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

OUR NEW MALVOLIO

[London "Saturday Review"]

Mr. Viereck reminds us of Malvolio. He shows signs of being a true steward of poetry with an individual character of his own; but someone must have dropped a compliment in his way by design or accident. Ever since, he has moved in strange and affected antics, and is much prouder of cross-garterings than of the proper duties of his stewardship. He has the hardihood to assert that he himself has "extended the borderland of poetry into the domain of music on the one side, into that of the intellect on the other," and regards himself as a second Wagner. As a fact he has not developed the "rhythmic effects" he talks of by any device more essential than ingenious systems of indentation, which give the printed page a resemblance to parts of "Alice in Wonderland" or a long-division sum. Similar affectations spoil his sense as well as his form. His ambition is strength; but, whatever that may mean, it was never yet acquired by gymnastic practice with adjectives. Crimson and red are constant epithets of half his substantives—a repetition that makes several verses quite impossible to read aloud.

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LIBERTY

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ON PICKET DUTY

The remarkable story, "Johann Schmidt,"—by the author of those other remarkable stories, "Carlotta Cortina," "The Truants," "The Angel," and "Mustapha the Wise,"—which appeared in the November number of *Liberty*, I have reprinted as a pamphlet, which I sell at ten cents a copy. At the same price I have also just published "The Right to Ignore the State," a chapter from the original edition, now very rare, of Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics." Though Spencer, when in his later life he revised "Social Statics," suppressed this chapter, he never answered it, and it remains the best bit of political philosophy that ever came from his pen. It might well be called "The Right of Civil Disobedience," as a companion-work to Thoreau's "Duty of Civil Disobedience." The two certainly constitute a pair of Anarchist classics. The present number of *Liberty* completes the six for the year 1907. The next number will appear in February, 1908, and I hope to issue it with regularity henceforth. Before another number appears I shall publish—probably about January 1—an English translation of Dr. Paul Eltzbacher's "*Anarchismus*," a volume of three or four hundred pages,

which has previously been translated from the German into French, Spanish, and Russian. The English translation is the work of Mr. Byington. The original is the work of a student, not of an apostle. Mr. Byington pronounces it the best exposition of Anarchism extant, apart from the original sources. The main body of the book consists of seven chapters, each devoted to a teacher selected by the author as a typical Anarchist,—the seven being Godwin, Proudhon, Stirner, Bakounine, Kropotkine, Tucker, and Tolstoi. Of six of these the English book will contain portraits, in which respect it will be an improvement on all previous editions, with the possible exception of the Russian. Of course it will be impossible to give a picture of Stirner, there being no authentic portrait in existence. Eltzbacher in English is destined to contribute powerfully to the spread of a correct conception of Anarchism among the general public, reaching quarters to which a more specifically Anarchistic treatise would be unlikely to find its way. And in particular the chapter on Stirner will give a new impetus to the already vigorous movement started by the publication of "The Ego and His Own." I am also making good progress with my new bookshop, at 502 Sixth avenue. The new English catalogue, containing several hundred more titles than appeared in its predecessor, is now ready, and I sell it at ten cents a copy; it is worth the money. The French catalogue will be ready in a week or two, and will be followed speedily by the Italian and German catalogues. When all have appeared, mine will be the only general bookstore in the world to completely

catalogue all the books regularly carried in stock,—in this instance nearly five thousand titles. As for the long-promised book on Nordau, it still awaits Mr. Shaw's releasing word.

After many vexatious experiences with printing establishments, I have re-established my composing-room,—a thing, however, which I would not have done, had I not been so fortunate as to secure the co-operation of my friend, George Schumm, who is now in charge of my printing arrangements. The improvement is apparent in the later issues of *Liberty* when compared, for instance, with the September number, the wretched press-work of which was noticed by numerous readers. It was done by the Winthrop Press, a well-equipped establishment, whose product, at least so far as my experience goes, is unworthy of its plant.

Mr. Byington's attack on the jury system in this issue is an instance of reasoning that comes dangerously near to being circular. He opposes the system because it too accurately realizes the desire of the people that nobody shall be punished except by a unanimous vote. Therefore he prefers judges to juries. But, to the objection that judges are likely to be dangerous tyrants, he answers that in this part of the world tyranny *over* the people is almost an impossibility, which is merely another way of saying that judges are sure to voice popular opinion; and yet the voicing of a unanimous popular opinion is the feature of the jury system that is so objectionable to Mr. Byington.

It is true, however, that he does not end *exactly* where he began. The jury often nullifies a public opinion that is not unanimous, while the judge is practically sure, in the long run, to bow to majority opinion. From an Anarchistic point of view the difference seems to me to be in favor of the jury; in fact, it is rather surprising to hear an Anarchist plead for majority rule. However, the matter is not of pressing importance, and its elucidation does not contribute materially to Anarchistic education. Mr. Byington very well knows that those Anarchists who favor the jury system advocated by Lysander Spooner do not make it an essential of Anarchism. They offer it simply as a possible—and very good—means of securing an approximation to justice, in answer to those objectors to Anarchism who maintain that without government it is impossible to secure justice. If Mr. Byington can offer another means to the same end, so much the more complete is the answer to the objectors. But which of the means is the better is a question that we shall not be called upon to determine for a long time to come, more's the pity! If, however, it pleases any one to speculate upon these matters, I advise him to read Mr. Byington's article carefully and then to read "Free Political Institutions," Mr. Victor Yarros's abridgment of Lysander Spooner's work on "Trial by Jury."

I am more in sympathy with Mr. Byington's exceptions to S. R.'s criticisms of the supreme court. One of the best things about this government is its system of checks and balances, whereby each department of

the government tends to cripple every other. All crippling of government is a good thing for Anarchism, and, as a rule, government is crippled when a law is declared unconstitutional. I confess that I was surprised to learn lately that the constitution is not specific in its grant of power to the supreme court to finally judge of the constitutionality of the laws. The thing has always been so generally accepted that I had taken it for granted. Nevertheless, the grant, though not specific, is unquestionably there, no matter what constitutional lawyers may say. There is no other inference from the plain declaration that the constitution shall be the supreme law of the land. It is the court's function to decide whether an accused person has violated the law of the land; and, if a lower court has convicted an accused person of violating a statute, it is plainly within the jurisdiction of the higher court to determine whether the statute is itself a violation of the law of the land.

A few paragraphs from the article on "Posterity" by Mr. Benjamin De Casseres [see another page] appeared last summer in the New York "Sun," and elicited the following comment from the well-known lawyer, Francis Lynde Stetson:

In his letter Mr. De Casseres exhibits restlessness concerning the subordination of the interests of the present generation to those of posterity. While I am not prepared to join him in denying that "posterity should be an object of our interest and care," I am very doubtful as to whether we can render any service to posterity better than by doing the best that we can for our present generation. The advance of civilization and of the human race has been progressive, each generation using its predecessor as a stepping-stone. It is very doubtful whether the

process can be improved, or whether any generation can forecast the needs of its successor. Certainly it is doubtful whether the present generation should be subjected to inconvenience for a benefit to future generations which is purely problematic.

“There will always be a cozy place around here for these Socialist street speakers, no matter how much they condemn this jail,” said Chief of Police Wappenstein last night. “It may be all right to condemn this place. I do not say it is sanitary. But there certainly must be some provision made for a jail for the city prisoners. This agitation at this time is due to the Socialists, and they believe they can cripple us so that we cannot handle their cases. They can take it from me that, if they hold street meetings here October 15, as they say they will, there will be a jail somewhere for them to be taken to. It is up to the council to provide me with a jail that is satisfactory to the health board. Until they do that, I guess the old one will have to do.”

The above interview, from the Seattle “Times” of October 9, has been verified. Dr. Hermon F. Titus, of Seattle, in the “Times” of October 13, says it is a square issue between a single despot, the chief of police, and freedom of speech. The street meetings are not suppressed because they inconvenience public traffic, but because the people are Socialists. It is only another teaching that authority is always intolerant, and should make Socialists question whether Socialism itself, when in complete control, will permit hostile criticism. Will it be the one exception to the great rule of tyranny inherent in authority?

A PANIC AND ITS LESSONS

On one fine day in October a financial panic overwhelmed a great and rich country. For years that country had enjoyed unexampled prosperity. The demand for labor had exceeded the supply—so, at least, everybody had said, or everybody except the workmen—and the ruling class had claimed high credit for the wonderful policies to which the marvelous prosperity was due.

When the panic came, no one was prepared for it. Banks and trust companies closed their doors; stocks went down; business houses failed; “hands” were laid off; depositors were served with “notice” and refused money, and so on.

But, while everybody knew that there was a terrible panic, no two men agreed as to the cause of the panic. One theory was that it had been produced by the chief ruler’s ideas regarding swollen fortunes, rich malefactors, the control of trusts, and the punishment of “bad” lawbreakers (for there were many good lawbreakers in that wonderful country, whom the ruler, with his usual vehemence, declined to prosecute). Another theory was that the ruler’s denunciations had unsettled men’s minds by revealing real evils and frauds in finance and corporate management, and that, notwithstanding the unexampled prosperity, the people were seized by fear of industrial ruin. A third theory was that the currency system suddenly collapsed, although a few days before you could not have forced an admission from the proponents of this

theory that anything was defective about the country's financial system. A fourth theory was that insane hoarding was the cause of the whole trouble. But, as the banks had slammed the doors in the face of their depositors, it was not easy to see how the hoarding had been managed.

At any rate, the panic was there, and the country had to be saved. Great financiers responded nobly to the call of duty, and did something—no one knew what—for which the editors unanimously eulogized them. For a few hours the market stayed “saved,” but, while the editors continued their hymns of praise, the panic returned. More saving was necessary.

Then a wise, resourceful, and courageous secretary of the treasury came to rescue. There were midnight trips to the storm centre, millions of (other peoples') money were poured into the market, and the editors transferred their enthusiasm to the preternaturally wise secretary. The presidency was but a poor reward for such services as his.

But the panic continued, and still more saving was necessary. The clearing houses issued certificates to settle the balances of their members without the use of gold. Oh, they had the gold, but it was more convenient to use certificates. But, in that case, where was the “relief”? And who thinks of mere convenience in a time of storm and stress? However, the certificates did a lot of good, though the situation was apparently such that it could stand an infinite amount of such good. There was, too, considerable doubt as to the legality of such certificates, but the great law-enforcing ruler was not expected to mind trifling ir-

regularities on the part of society-savers. Moreover, technical distinctions are always available in the interest of rich benefactors.

The certificates, like the preceding wonderful devices, did not arrest the panic. The clearing houses in several cities next issued checks for general circulation. This was manifestly illegal; under the wise and protective laws of the country such currency was taxable at the rate of ten per cent. The poor and guileless, you see, *must* be saved from all money that is not based on gold which is only imagined to exist, the bonds of the government itself, which has never produced a cent's worth of value, never can and never will produce it, or the "faith and credit" of this same government. Currency representing actual commodities in process of exchange is dangerous, and particularly so when issued by the owners of such commodities.

At any rate, the clearing houses issued checks on their general and uncertain assets and gave them to owners of merchandise and certain assets. Great was the rejoicing, even among these owners, who paid liberally for this accommodation and were deeply grateful to the banks. As to the stern ruler, he said nothing about the ten per cent. tax. Necessity knows no law, observed one of his worshippers, forgetting to add that it matters much who the judge of necessity is.

But even these checks proved ineffectual as restorers of confidence. Then the mighty ruler and his chosen secretary reappeared on the scene with measures truly "heroic."

In the first place, the government announced an

issue of bonds. It did not need the money, for it had a heavy surplus, the result of overtaxation and high finance, but the banks needed the bonds to issue notes on, and the government was heroically ready to pay them interest on these bonds.

In the second place, the government issued temporary certificates of indebtedness. It had plenty of money, but this money was in the banks, drawing no interest, and could not be withdrawn without risk of injury to the patriotic financiers and "good" law-breakers. So the government assumed additional debt and offered interest on it at the expense of the taxpayers.

Finally the ruler announced in trumpet tones that the panic should be considered over and that all dutiful subjects should resume business as usual, not asking whether there was demand, not inquiring into the circumstances of consumers, but producing and trading as if nothing had happened.

At this writing the full effects of this imperial series of measures have not had time to manifest themselves. So the story will have to be continued. As to the lessons of it to date, who cannot read them as he runs?

Great is our currency system!

Great is our banking system!

Sacred is the ten per cent. tax on credit notes!

Glorious and inspired is the ruler of the country I have studied in the above veracious tale!

S. R.

POSTERITY: THE NEW SUPERSTITION

The latest decoy set up by the indestructible god of illusions is Posterity. Man has been invited to live for various motives. Once it was for the glory of God; Comte proposed as a motive the glory of man; now we are invited to live for the glory of Posterity. Nietzsche called Posterity the Overman; Socialists call it "the rising generation." No one has thought of the glory of living for the sake of living, of eating, fighting, reproducing merely because they give pleasure. Always there are devil-gods that call for sacrifices; always there is the bogey-word that demands obeisance and tribute of all our actions. Nothing must exist for itself. Each thing must exist for the sake of some other thing. The perfume in a rose is legitimate only if there is a human nostril somewhere to be intoxicated; and the perfume of our acts and thoughts is a "moral" or "right" perfume only if it gives pleasure to the nostrils of God, Church, Common Good, or Posterity.

Man has not yet become a good animal. He suffers from ideals, as he once suffered from superstitions. An ideal is a superstition in court clothes. It makes very little difference whether you believe that an east-wind blowing down the chimney on a moonlight night will bring you good luck or that an act that gives you pleasure in the doing is "right" if it benefits Posterity and wrong if it doesn't.

The East worships its ancestors; the West worships Posterity. The East lies prone on its belly offering its tributes to ghosts; the West bows its head in

adoration to the ghosts not yet born. When an Oriental worships the soul of a bit of wood, we call him superstitious; when the Westerner worships certain letters of his alphabet which spell "God" or "Church" or "Morality" or "Posterity," we call it the Ideal. And a smile steals over the furrowed brow of wisdom, and Momus reels in glee. Ancestor-worship is the old superstition; posterity-worship the new superstition. The "gods of our fathers" are become the gods of our children. The old bottles are filled with the new wine, but the old labels have never been taken off. We still march under mottoes and tramp to Ultima Thule to the raging tom-toms beaten by priests and idealists. Still we signal a host of imaginary beings with the gaudily-colored pocket-handkerchiefs of our latest trumpery abstraction.

All these words that man bows before, one after another, in his flight across the face of Time, are born of the idea of Responsibility—that somewhere there is Something that is taking cognizance of all his acts and will bring him to account for them. Sometimes it is the bearded, concrete Jehovah of the Jews; now it happens to be a beardless, visageless, vaguely-shadowed Posterity. The idea of responsibility is as universal as all other illusions; the universality of an idea or instinct merely proves—its universality. From the feeling of responsibility sprung the most immoral and strength-destroying doctrine that we know of—the doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement.

Responsibility to God was the first great necessary lie; for, if the race is to be preserved (no one has ever found out a rational reason why it should be),

lies are more necessary to its growth and sustenance than truths. Responsibility to God—or gods—was the first ideal, the birth-boards that clamped and twisted the brain and soul of healthy self-centred beings and changed their centres of gravity from the enkernelled Self to an all-seeing, all-recording Non-entity that had a name but no local habitation. Man is born in his own incalculable anterior images, but he came to believe, in his all-ignorance, that he had been created in the image of another, a giant jail-warden who allowed him to rove the earth at his pleasure under a heavy bail-bond to keep the peace. The idea of an eternal responsibility to this abstraction germinated the first seeds of man's moral weakness, paralyzed his activities, sickened him with scrupulosities, and filled him with the consciousness that healthy activity was sin. War began within him, a war between his superb irresponsible instincts and the idea of a vicarious responsibility, and out of that shambles issued the whining Christian, the lord of tatters called the idealist, and that mincing prig, Conscience.

The idea of responsibility to God began to wane with the dawning suspicion that man was not a celestial, but a sociological animal. Conceiving himself to be this new thing, he here invented a new kind of responsibility called "social responsibility." The old mask was being repainted. The phrase "social well-being" was hoisted into the Ark of the Covenant of Lies. An act was now good or bad as it affected the community. Man loved his neighbor for the responsibilities he could shoulder on him; the corner ballot-box was the Kabala; the community had power

to bless or curse the individual. God had become a town-hall orator; the Recording Angel was become a court-reporter. The era of the State-Lie had begun.

The transition is easy from the cant about living for the sake of "doing good in the community" and "benefiting the whole" to the ideal of living for the sake of posterity. The old obscure doctrine of blood-sacrifices reappears in this new posterity superstition, slightly attenuated and shorn of its immediate and more obvious savage characteristics; but the old trail of responsibility and life-guilt is there.

We are told to live for the sake of posterity; we must breed for posterity, eat for the sake of posterity, be moral for the sake of posterity, dress hygienically for the sake of posterity, and even die when necessary for the sake of posterity. We legislate for posterity, rear a child with an eye to posterity, tinker with the social system for the sake of posterity, tamper with individual liberty for the sake of posterity, construct utopias for the sake of posterity, vote the Socialist ticket for the sake of posterity.

It is the fetich, the Moloch, the Golden Calf of our civilization. We who are living, palpitating in the flesh and blood present, have no rights; the ego is not sufficient unto itself; we are only straws to show which way the sociological and evolutionary winds are blowing; we are only the bricks and mortar that shall go to build the marvellous, fantastic, phantasmal edifice to house that coming Holy Family—Posterity. Our deeds have no value unless they feed the bulging belly of incalculable non-existent to-morrows. We are only as scraps of bone and meat tossed to that

fugitive glutton, the Future, by pasty-souled Idealists and the spineless altruists who poison life with their doctrines of responsibility and hoax the feminine with their metaphysical Cardiff Giants.

We are to be systematized, badged, classed, grooved, wired, stuffed; our instincts, our very marrow, are to be inoculated by the virus of Altruism and our faces beatified with the fore-running rays of the great Posterity Light. How we are to glow with the shine of "right living"—all because the altruistic quacks with their obsessions of Succubae and Incubae have dreamed a new dream which they call Posterity!

Weak, impotent, helpless before the immovable present, man salves his sore spot with hopes for the future; not being able to regulate his life to-day, he promises himself a virtuous, vicarious to-morrow: not daring to set up his Ego as God and its endless pleasure as sufficient motive for all his acts, he sets up an Alter Ego and calls it Posterity, as he once called it God, then the State or the Community. With ecstatic eye and lolling anticipatory tongue he awaits for his happiness in Posterity—something no one has ever seen, something no one can define, something that could not possibly exist.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

"Remember, my son, that there are things in the world that are better than money."

"I know that very well, papa; but with money we buy them."—*Gil Blas*.

DOUBLE TAXATION WITH A VENGEANCE*

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

SIR: The secretary of the treasury, in his statement to the public in justification of his issue of 3 per cent. certificates of indebtedness to the amount of \$100,000,000, says that this measure will enable him to "meet public expenditures without withdrawing for that purpose any appreciable amount of the public moneys now deposited in national banks throughout the country."

Observe, then, the situation. The secretary of the treasury, having lately deposited in the banks, with the enthusiastic approval of almost the entire press, many millions of dollars that had been paid into the treasury by taxpayers to meet the public expenditures, is now borrowing money at 3 per cent. interest—which these same taxpayers must pay—for the purpose of meeting the expenses that ought to be met, and were intended to be met, with the millions that he has deposited in the banks; and he is doing this in order to enable private corporations to meet their just obligations. Is not this the height of audacity?

But I suppose that the people will put up with this sort of thing until they shall learn that the last excuse for it would be taken away by throwing open to free competition the business of issuing currency against any and all assets having a sufficiently stable market value to inspire the confidence of the takers and users of the currency, instead of limiting the basis of such issue to a few paltry millions of government bonds, whose holders thereby secure a banking monopoly that enables them to recklessly manipulate the market, which they constantly do, well aware that, if their course chances to precipitate conditions like the present, embarrassing to themselves as well as to everybody else, they can depend upon the secretary of the treasury to extricate them from their difficulties by handing them the people's money.

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

New York, November 18.

* A letter published in the New York "Evening Post" of November 21. At the end of the second paragraph the editor cut out the following sentence: "Is it not unblushing malversation?"—EDITOR.

Thoughts compelled from out the hidden
Frequently are inexact;
But the thought that comes unbidden
Is the one that fits the fact.
—*Rabbi Ben Gessing.*

UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

May man be economic without being also religious? Can he work out a science of society or of government that has no creed on the side? If he can, he hasn't proved it, and his trend in the opposite direction shows that he doesn't want to. I see by an advertisement in Louis Post's paper, the "Public," that the apostle of Single Tax has a sister to lead about, just as the apostle of Christianity had. She is Christian Science, which Mrs. Julia Goldzier, in a book, has shown to be one with George's doctrine. Mr. George, when he wrote "Progress and Poverty," closed with a chapter on religion, after the manner of Lindley Murray in his Grammar and Noah Webster in his Spelling-book. Some said Mr. George's religious system was a kind of "natural theology"; others did not notice that it was different from the common variety of pious flubdub. Mrs. Goldzier, who has the last guess, defines it as Christian Science, and that goes. And just as grammar and spelling and Single Tax have their religious appendix, so has Socialism. Capt. W. E. P. French, U. S. A., writes a pamphlet of the title of "We-Isim" (perhaps with the object of combating Egoism), and sends me an advance copy of it. Captain French affirms and proves that "Socialism is the religion of Humanity." I doubt it not, and neither am I going to question the statement of the Rev. Mr. Campbell, reported by the

daily papers from London as follows: "The New Theology is the theology of the Collectivist movement, and is spiritual Socialism." By applying the principle, used in logic and in the trinitarian theology, that two things, or even three, each of which is equal to any of the others, must of necessity have come through the same quill, we demonstrate that Captain French's religion of Humanity and Mr. Campbell's New Theology are mates. We may depend that, if they are not exactly alike, they are as near so as the ideas of the two authors are about what Socialism is composed of. For, alas and by thunder! Socialism, as well as religion, means whatever you like. As compiled by Captain French in his "We-Ism" it might be Mr. T. B. Wakeman's Positive Philosophy or a later Apocalypse of John the Revelator. It fits everything that is True and Good and Beautiful. It is almost too inclusive, so that it reminds me of Shaw's criticism of the language of eulogium. Mr. Shaw questions the morality of those tributes to deceased public men which describe one as accurately as another, and which with a change of names may be pronounced on either Mr. Gladstone or Charles Bradlaugh. Is Socialism the religion of Humanity? is it the New Theology? or are visions about?

I pursue my inquiry into the propensity of mankind to make a religion of things that seem to be essentially profane. Such propensity is marked. The economic proposition that does not attach a religion excites but a mild popular interest. It is seen that the Single Tax provides not only a form of worship,

but also a cure of disease, in being at one, as aforesaid, with Christian Science. Before Mrs. Eddy came, the Single Taxer held that his doctrine superseded the plan of salvation, for which there would have been no call if George had lived before Adam. Another source of religious consolation, not economic, is the theory of evolution, which in the minds of some takes the shape of a new "gospel." Again, Dr. Conway met in India an Englishman who, after making an exhaustive study of religions, none of which suited his needs, found refuge finally in the Baconian authorship of Shakspeare. The cipher theory satisfied his longings and fulfilled his soul's desire. This is not the limit either, for there are devout ones who make a religion of their disbelief of all religions; but it is enough to illustrate the tendency I am remarking upon. And where a mode of life, an economic system, is found without any particular religious complement, there is certain to be a religion somewhere that adopts it as a consort. Jill will have her Jack, whether Jack goes hunting his Jill or not. Communism is an incorrigible Mormon with respect to being the choice of a plurality of spiritual wives. As a fact, Communism has never been able to support itself in the absence of one or more of these brides to occupy the minds of its units while working for nothing and finding themselves. Community life, in which the members may gain an honest, if humble, subsistence by preaching to one another, has been the ideal of more than one religious aggregation.

As a Freethinker for more than thirty years, I have been attracted to ideal Anarchism in the belief that

it does not show evidence of being a religion or of having any spiritual counterpart. As a citizen of this secular republic I have made my feeble objections to the State taking up with the churches for affinities after it had divorced the mother of them; and, when I see these various schools of reform pairing off with divers daughters of faith, I begin to doubt whether I may not be wrong in thinking that one may find in ideal Anarchy a hope that is not a pious expectation. In agitated tones I inquire of whomsoever may know: Has Anarchy any recognized religious incumbrances, or any affinity liable to claim from its adherents support for self and offspring.

A meek person had been smitten upon the cheek by one who said, tauntingly, "Now turn the other cheek also." But he answered, "You remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive"; and he returned him two for one.

He that appeals to the scripture must not murmur when the wrong number comes up. The force of an observation is in recalling it at the psychological moment.

Over the merits of giving and receiving let the contentious squabble. Meanwhile I will remark: Sometimes it is blessed to give; sometimes it is more blessed to receive, but always it is most blessed to give and to receive, for that is the square deal. Who, by giving all of the time, would hog the rewards of generosity?

The world's people will notice, their attention being

called to it, that the classes authorized to inculcate the blessedness of giving are composed of those receptive ones who perpetually stand ready to take; and, although they thereby put themselves in the wrong way to get any of the joy they give others the means to gain, they never erect a sign to warn away contributors. Ought we to permit such self-sacrifice on their part? Why don't we let them do the giving and be blessed? If we miss heaven by this course, we shall at least save the price.

A government is getting into the sere and yellow stage, and fit to be oslerized, when it is not satisfied that the citizen shall be orderly and inoffensive, but expects him to bestir himself continually in behalf of official ideas of decency and righteousness. What have decency and righteousness to do with virile government? In an individual the degeneracy marked by moral aberrations is laid to over-exercise of native powers, and, when a government gets too luxurious, we can tell by the same rule what it has been doing. It has governed too much. Excessive use of legitimate functions has brought on satiety. It is jaded, and hunts for a new stimulus. The morals of mankind, close scrutinized, furnish the needed tonic. Just as individuals for whom human nature's daily food has become not good enough, by reason of extravagant indulgence in it, yield to those enticements featured in a recent court trial in Berlin, so does a government, by overstepping itself, come at length through by and forbidden paths into notice as a degenerate. Then it has moral spasms, fits, epileptic

seizures, and a mania for putting its hands on things it has no business with. The people as a commission in lunacy begin to inquire whether it is wholly sane. When a government reaches this stage, the fact that numberless crimes of invasion are committed no longer arouse it to activity. Common felonies do not induce excitation. The open-air concerns of the people it leaves to the local police, while it bends its eye on their private behavior. Affairs of State take second place to the affairs of the family, the office, and the shop. The statesman exhorts to decency and righteousness on week days, and doubles in religion on Sunday. The genius of greatness being thus devoted to the science of speculative morals, the practical work of preserving popular liberty is left to be done in any old way. There is good reason why government should be rotten at the root when its top is decaying above the atmosphere it gets its natural nourishment from. The tree needs trimming. There are too many branches, and its tendency to spread should be checked by cutting some of them off. In the Berlin case a noble count was retired from office because he showed "abnormal proclivities." If we know what the normal proclivities of an administration ought to be, what is the inference, when it exhibits proclivities that are altogether different, except that it is decadent? Our associated statesmen, in leaving the natural uses of the State, are indulging in excessive vice, whose penalty is paresis.

I arise to report progress. On a late occasion Socialist Jeremiah Frost of the borough of the Bronx

signalized his economic and political faith by hanging a blood-red banner on his outer walls. The piece of cloth excited the police the same as if they had been bulls, and they pinched Mr. Frost. But the Frost they got in the Bronx was nothing to the frost that awaited them at the police court, for Magistrate Waldo lectured them and discharged their prisoner on the ground that every man with a political delusion that is shared by enough other men to legalize his party has a right to sport a tag of any color he prefers. I grow joyous over such advances as this in political freedom and citizens' rights. Who can fail to see that this concession of the lawfulness of looking upon the flag when it is red will entail the privilege of carrying a bomb instead of a musket when on parade? In the eyes of our enlightened constabulary the bomb follows the flag.

I arise once more for the purpose stated in the foregoing paragraph. Progress never stops. In the New York election last month, as is conceded by experts, the candidates who captured the offices won no victory, because the voters who held them in contempt put up no fight. The election went to them by default, forfeited by the opponents they did not meet. Is not this voteless opposition a promising sign? It is; and yet something is still left to be desired. Years ago I stated my belief that provision should be made for a citizen to execute his will not alone by voting for a preferred candidate, or by not voting for any candidate, but by voting against all of them, to the end that, if the aspirant for office receives fewer votes in favor of his having it than cast against him,

there will be no election, and the office will be vacated. Nobody took up the plan. The politician, if any had heard of it, would have scoffed as at an invitation to jump into the dock, but that in no way detracts from its merits. Why indeed shouldn't he jump into the dock? This is the coming reform. It confers upon the downtrodden voters the power to abolish an office at will. Now they have nothing to do but fill it. Why should they not decline to elect, and turn down the empty office? It is said that the proportion of citizens who do not vote is increasing. The man who went about with a carriage to pick up delinquent voters in my district on election day found me out in the lot batting a ball, and, when I told him I was too busy to go to the polls, he did not manifest surprise. He said, however, in accents of reproach, that no good citizen ought to keep his vote at home when he could use it to defeat a candidate for councilman who had been known on a number of occasions to shoot craps. Seeing nothing irreconcilable between shooting craps and holding the office of councilman in this ward, I touched the ball lightly and resumed the relaxation which the above incident had interrupted. The crap-shooter was elected.

Avoiding the polls is too Fabian for me. Positive action is the winner. We shall have that, and, with the power conferred on the citizen to vote against all candidates, the exercise of the franchise will again become popular. My vision of the future consists of a world without elected persons, either presidents or legislators; and, when it comes true, I believe that there will be such a reign of peace, order, and good

will that (if I may be permitted) everybody will put up an umbrella.

It is not long ago that the vast amount of money in the banks, made up of small individual deposits, was quoted as proof of great general prosperity. In the past month or two prosperity has not been the subject of quite so much boasting. On the contrary, the tone has become pessimistic. Now why is this so, I wonder? The same conditions exist as before. That is, the small individual deposits are still in the banks and likely to remain there, in many cases. Is the situation changed by the unimportant fact that the depositors are unable to get their deposits out? It was the money in the banks that made us prosperous, and it is there yet.

Can man live by prosperity alone? Last year nobody denied that prosperity was about the plainest thing in sight, or questioned its blessings just because he happened to be hungry at the moment. This year the heads of families, while not abating their confidence in prosperity, are fain to acknowledge that they might exist without so much of it if they could only get a little more beef for a dollar. Next year prosperity will not be cutting any figure with us at all, and we shall be glad to take the butcher's estimate of a dollar's worth of beef provided we can get the dollar. Therefore, since the worst is yet to come, let us cheer up.

To-day a poll-tax bill came to my house. It was for one dollar, and I handed it to Mrs. M., request-

ing her to pay it in case the collector should call. "Wouldn't that be funny?" she said. I asked why. "It would look," she responded, "as if I was paying a tax for keeping a man." I let it stand that way, and she continued, "And we have to pay a dollar for keeping Bricks?" (Bricks is the dog.) I said yes again, and she mused: "It seems like a good deal to pay for the privilege." I answered, "I don't know. Bricks is good company and scares away the tramps and peddlers." "Oh," she returned, "I was not thinking about Bricks."

The appellations of "Omnificence" and "Greatness" are freely given to Mr. Roosevelt. That he accepts the second one and puts on the cap of greatness appears from the closing paragraph of his Thanksgiving order. We should earnestly pray, he observes, for those necessary virtues that make for manliness and rugged hardihood, for without these qualities "neither nation nor individual can rise to the level of greatness." Did any individual ever have the audacity to hope to rise to the level of Greatness; and if so, would not his fellow citizens be justified in rising as one man and making sure that he was underneath them when the signal to be seated came?

Have all of the readers of Liberty met the man who puts them down by forcing the admission that, if all government were abolished to-day, the devil would be to pay to-morrow? The argument is ~~repeated~~ final by the man who makes it to me. ~~If I tell you~~ would be perfectly safe without law to protect me ~~pro~~

vided all men were of my opinion on the subject of government, he retorts, "Now you are talking about impossibilities." Ask him what he calls his supposition that government might be abolished in a day; whether that would not count among rational men as an impossibility, and whether it is not as legitimate for you to suppose an impossibility as for him to base his argument on a miracle, and he calls you an impractical dreamer, which does settle it for fair. A speaker on Anarchy before the Liberal Club was once quizzed in that way. "What would you do," said the questioner, "if all the restraints of law were removed at this moment?" He replied that he should get out of New York before ten o'clock that night, and it was half past nine then. In the philosophy of Anarchy there should be a better answer to the question than that. What is it?

Is purity passing from the control of the pure? The Purity Congress at Battle Creek last month had features that make it look that way. Comstock tried to fasten a fabricated character on Ingersoll, but, owing to the presence of mind of a woman who knew the facts, he was not allowed to get away with it. That was not the worst; it was about the best, but the speech made by Bolton Hall was pretty good too. He discussed wages and the "social evil" in a manner calculated to show that of the two evils the one so labelled is the least. That is, he told the congress of the pure that the social evil provided women with good food, raiment, amusement, and education,—which are the ingredients of civilization,—while the

wages paid to working women will not purchase enough of either to make our sisters presentable. He thanked God (who may want to disclaim the credit) that "even at the price of shame" women will possess themselves of comforts that are not among the advertised rewards of virtue. For, says Mr. Hall, if women would work for only enough to pay for bad meals, cheap clothes, and no luxuries, they would lower the standard of living, and force even more of their sex to accept the help of men. It follows, therefore, that when a young woman strikes against working for less than will eat, sleep, and clothe her decently, and, throwing up her job and her "honor," permits herself to be ruined, her act, by reason of its stimulating effect on the labor market, shines like a good deed in a naughty girl. To rescue her, after this, and provide her with a place among the industrious, displaces a working girl, who of course has got to live. When Mary turned magdalen, some other daughter in Israel went on the stroll. Mr. Hall's speech consisted of the argument of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" with a Single Tax conclusion, and must have appeared lame and impotent to the purity people, who all know that the only way to abolish impurity is to penalize it. The League for the Promotion of Purity must get rid of the Bolton Halls and his kind, who "squeal" on society by letting it out that the "social evil" is created by law and religion. With purity committed to the hands of these fellows, there is danger that something will be done to preserve it; and the professionally pure would rather turn their congress into a house of joy than have that happen.

Cutting the "In God we trust" motto from our coin is in harmony with the *Zeitgeist*, for the extermination of trusts is to-day the highest ambition of noble minds. But an up-to-date coin would have a postage stamp on one side, and the other side blank for a picture.

When a Prohibition wave reaches the shores of New York, it will be in order to take down the statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island and to erect in its place a fountain like the one the Prohibitionists vote under.

The Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association sees it coming, and issues an address imploring the retailers to "purge the business of the attendant evils" that it may no longer be subject to "the attacks and criticism of those who are seeking to uplift its moral tone." If the liquor business has got where an uplifted moral tone is wanted, it is on its last kegs. The Subway Tavern, for which Bishop Potter respectfully solicited our patronage, had a high moral and religious tone, and it is now with the dead who have died in the Lord.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

There is hardly a more ridiculous contradiction in the whole legislative outfit than that pointed out by Mr. Samuel Milliken in this issue of Liberty. Our immigration laws bar the entrance of a man who has neither money or work, on the ground that he is likely to become a public charge, and equally bar the entrance of a man who has work, on the ground that his presence increases the supply of labor. As a result, our gates are ajar only to the man who has money.

CORPORATIONS AND CO-OPERATION*

Co-operation voluntary and unprivileged is simply an exercise of the natural right of contract. It requires neither aid nor permission of the State, and is not properly any more subject to governmental interference or supervision than any the simplest forms of individual enterprise. Any man has a right to enter into agreement with any number of other men whereby they undertake for a stipulated wage to assist him in the prosecution, for his benefit, of any legitimate business. He and they have no less right to make a different agreement whereby they undertake to carry on the same business for their common benefit. The State has properly no more concern with the latter contract than with the former. . . .

Natural combinations, those formed and maintained without special favor of the State, are subject to the wise limitations of natural law, in regard both to the number of individuals who will combine in one and the same association, and to the length of time they will continue to act together, and, consequently, also in regard to the amount of capital they can command. There is nothing in reason or experience to warrant apprehension that any body of men will by reason of such combination ever become so great or powerful as to monopolize any considerable branch of industry. Any approach that a natural association of individuals may make toward such monopoly will be due to some sort of privilege enjoyed by it rather than to its collective character. Natural competition, that of unprivileged natural persons, is not self-destructive. It has never been destroyed or even restricted except by government. . . .

The corporation is a political device whereby natural persons who are to co-operate for one purpose or another are, by the favor of the State, more or less relieved from the limitations incident to natural association, and the collective body into which they are formed becomes an artificial person clothed with certain attributes and powers not enjoyed by natural persons or associations, being unnatural and peculiar to the State from which they are derived.

* From an address delivered by John S. Crosby before the National Civic Federation.

BERNARD SHAW

[Fœmina in "*Le Figaro*"]

In London, toward the end of July, some one said to me:

"Of course you have read the plays of Bernard Shaw?"

And I had to confess that I did not know Bernard Shaw. I know him to-day. For two months I have hardly done else than read him, re-read him, think of him, and even think according to him.

When one has lived a long time, works of art charm, amuse, stimulate; they no longer astonish. One has read so much, compared so much, and seen the juggler's ball pass back and forth so often, that almost everything is a reminder of something else. One still feels pleasure, but the surprise that discovery brings to the young is rarely experienced. Read Bernard Shaw,—if, like myself in the month of July, you are so unfortunate as to be ignorant of him,—and you will be surprised.

To find an echo for the many strange and strong impressions that disconcerted me, excited my conscience, and dislodged me from my old mental habits, I have interrogated English people concerning the extraordinary writer. "What do you think of Bernard Shaw?" was my continual question. The commonest answer was: "Brilliant humorist, undoubtedly possessed of much wit, but it is hard to tell what he is driving at." Some persons held him for a vain charlatan, an insupportable self-advertiser. Others declared him "splendid!" without giving any precise

reason for their admiration. And finally others, more sagacious, shook their heads suspiciously as they said: "He is a droll fellow!"

By dint of listening to these remarks, by dint of re-reading the plays—and especially the prefaces—of this "droll fellow," I have arrived at the belief that the English do not quite know what Bernard Shaw is. And evidently I do not know, either; so I make no ridiculous pretention of enlightening them. But this singular artist has so occupied me for weeks that I am seized with a desire to talk about him without method, at hazard and for my pleasure alone.

Analyzed in three lines, Bernard Shaw's subjects seem so slight that one wonders if they are worth while. The conflict is always extremely simple; the heroes are ordinary people, and, even if it is Cæsar or Napoléon that is in question, no lyricism, no bitter satire intervenes to push them to the point of violent emotion. Their adventures and their personality are intended to seem commonplace. Continually, without any raising of the pitch, they explain in long speeches things that apparently have nothing to do with the action. . . . And yet, yet, from the very beginning one is dominated by an irresistible, constraining force, that sets him to discussing with himself, changes his points of view, creates an uneasiness, a palpitating interest, and ardent desire—and fear—to know and to understand. . . . One feels that something terrifying and desirable is close at hand. Something the possession of which, after having wounded you, will make you happier and stronger; this something is—truth!

Bernard Shaw is not the first who has tried to show us truth's living and alarming face. It is the avowed purpose of every artist worthy of his art. But it takes a singular courage to accomplish it. At the first glimpse of the pursued image one veils it, out of pity for others and especially self.

A very few writers have succeeded undoubtedly in telling the truth, but impelled by some terrible wrath, by a formidable hatred, by an indignation that tore out their heart. It escapes from them with sobs, with cries of rage or of despair, with insults; and their violence veils it as closely as others' cowardice.

Bernard Shaw loves truth tranquilly, as a familiar comrade. He does not hurl it at us convulsively, to relieve his resentment, to avenge his own sufferings by causing suffering. He is able to recognize it no matter what mask it wears, and, with outstretched finger, he says "There it is" in the calmest tones and with no tragedy in his attitude. As soon as he has shown it to us, we lose our assurance and our sanctimonious satisfaction. It seems as if around the special truth that he unveils all the lies tumble in a heap. Each of us finds himself face to face with the real and petty motives of his acts; one suddenly has a bad conscience, is filled with anxiety; one is ashamed, like those poor people in the beautiful Asiatic garden when they suddenly saw that they were naked. Happily the dialogue sparkles with piercing rays of light, a glittering dust of humor bespangles the profound preaching, the entire audience bursts into laughter: "How witty this Bernard Shaw is!" They laugh and laugh. Whenever I have heard the laughter that

greeted his brilliant replies, I have had a feeling that the public was fleeing from the great image that it was on the point of perceiving, the image of truth on which it feared to gaze. "Telling the truth is my way of joking; there is no droller wit in the world";* so says one of the heroes of Bernard Shaw. Yes, no doubt! But, the more Bernard Shaw makes people laugh, the less they understand him.

When one follows him closely with a will to hear what he says, one quickly stops laughing. Penetrating little by little the meaning of his mysterious and disconcerting plays, one divines why his characters continually do the contrary of what one expects them to do, why they always react in an unforeseen fashion. It is because they are conceived outside of all pre-established convention, and do not conform to the shape of any of the convenient prejudices that people take with them to the theatre. They do not say the things that it would be necessary to say in order that the reassured public might know itself in presence of a clearly classified type, which will not transgress the limits fixed for it in advance, and concerning which there is no occasion to risk one's brains. None of his heroes represents abstractly and from one end to the other either a worthy man or a rascal; they represent under various forms and with signal sincerity a persistent intention, whether conscious or not, to attain the desired end. At first they appear contradictory, incomprehensible, like the will to live, of which all of them are powerful expressions: the will to live that alters its mind, changes its course, corrects itself a

* Re-translated from the French.—*Translator.*

hundred times, puts base thoughts into the noblest souls,—the will to live, irresistibly logical in its innumerable transformations, finding all means good and trying all.

Bernard Shaw neither loves or hates his characters. His nerves are not interested in their conflict, and he is not intent upon using it to excite our nerves. He asks neither our sympathy or our wrath for the people who move before us at his bidding. He simply forbids us to classify them thoughtlessly. He obliges us, before judging them, to rid our minds of those preconceived ideas which keep us in so complete an ignorance of all those upon whose acts we pass judgment and whose characters we define. Bernard Shaw's heroes, like real beings, do not express themselves absolutely in any of the scenes in which they appear. Their past is full of deeds and ideas of which they do not speak; their lives have a background. They have had the power to act—and undoubtedly they have acted—in a way that contradicts their conduct of the present moment. They are not *silhouettes*, but veritable men and women, differing with time and circumstance. We feel this—and it is one of the singular powers of Bernard Shaw's genius that he makes us feel this; we feel it, and we no longer dare to fasten a precipitate label upon these complex creatures. They neither attract or repel; they appeal for justice and command attention to their reasons. Not one of them is perfect enough to secure our absolute trust, not one bad enough to seem to us inexcusable.

Mrs. Warren, the heroine of one of these plays, carries on the white slave trade on a large scale, and pos-

sesses luxurious establishments in several capitals. She has a thoroughly virtuous daughter, educated and of a practical turn, who of course is ignorant of her mamma's profession. The time comes when it is necessary to inform her of the source of the money thanks to which she has received a brilliant education and pretty gowns. Mrs. Warren explains herself, quietly, with the confidence of a person who feels herself thoroughly established on solid ground. Her parents were poor; two of her sisters worked in a chemical factory, and died of the poisonous effects. She, Mrs. Warren, was washing the dishes and dying of hunger, when another of her sisters, who had disappeared several years earlier, came, wearing fine clothes and a contented air, to explain to her that, by intelligently prostituting oneself and encouraging the prostitution of others, one may eat every day and invest money. Mrs. Warren does not suppose that anybody but an imbecile prefers dying of chemical poisoning to a comfortable living. She has chosen. Her fortune is made. She testifies—and it is plain that her testimony is true—that she has always treated her subordinates well. She has paid much attention to their hygiene. Certain of them became so attached to her that they wept on leaving her. She has done her best, she has worked, she has paid her debts scrupulously. She is rich because she has been intelligent and has taken pains. And, thanks to all this, she has made of her daughter a person of distinction, who can offer herself the luxury of marriage and purity. She tells her story with a feeling of contained pride. The daughter listens to it quietly enough. Undoubtedly

these things are not very pleasant to hear, but she has the sense of reality. Would Mrs. Warren have shown a better understanding of the real aim of life by succeeding her sisters in the murderous factory? No, indeed! Miss Warren pardons her mother. As she too has a good head and an energetic character, she will not profit by the fortune acquired by the means that I have described; she will work. But she pardons. She pardons without emotion or sentimentalism, because her logical instinct compels her to accept the reasons of the old trader in human flesh. In the meantime this young girl, placed in circumstances so complicated, is half smitten with a lad who is the son of an old lover of her mother,—indeed we fear for a moment that he is going to turn out her brother,—and also her hand is sought by an old man who perhaps is her father. . . . Does the atmosphere of such a play seem irrespirable? Not at all! The perfect sincerity of the characters; their way of looking at everything they do as very simple, of acting according to their real nature, not once speaking with a false accent out of conventionality, a fear of shocking, concern about the public; the author's cold determination to put us in direct contact with the truth without frightening us with precautions or exciting our minds by reticence,—this lofty good faith puts us at our ease. We do not turn away with disgust. We have no desire either to laugh or to weep. We reflect.

By what right should we, in the name of some principle of moral æsthetics, condemn Mrs. Warren and her like to choose death rather than life? Mrs.

Warren did well. But, if she is right, it follows that there are other people who are wrong. Certainly! And at once we are dreaming of the frightful responsibility of society and of us all. We are not moved by a touching, sentimental, heart-rending spectacle of a wretch dying in the mud, conscious of her shame. No, we are confronted with a person of wealth, contented with herself, a good woman, sympathetic in a considerable degree, consistent with herself, in a logical attitude toward the circumstances that produced her. . . . We are not moved—emotion is quickly forgotten; we are warned, disturbed. . . . We shall not forget.

Bernard Shaw wants to demolish, in the minds of those who listen to him, the orderly array, decorative or dramatic, that each one makes for himself of his own virtues, of his own vices, as well as of the vices and virtues of others. He persuades us that a fine action may be prompted by sordid motives, and that the worst conduct may originate in honesty, both being momentary—and legitimate—expressions of the will to live, and not the natural product of souls elect or banished in advance. He dislocates the elegant illusions, the systems of polite lies, that make us tolerable to ourselves and to each other. He wants no toleration. He wants reaction, self-improvement through a loftier consciousness of self. He forbids us to accept the established morality without examination, and bids us create a morality for ourselves. He puts us on guard against the false semblance of duty that bridles instinct. His cold and bantering vivacity is discouraging at first, but almost immediately it

searches out unknown forces in the depths of our souls and brings them into action. Happiness and beauty are secondary products, he says. The main thing is quite other; the main thing is to be active and conscious, to put aside the conventions that are pleasing to laziness, to develop in the direction of a loftier personality, to be an egoist and create rights to egoism, to surpass oneself in short at every second of one's life, in order to contribute to the formation of a superior type of humanity.

"Happiness," he says, "lies in being utilized for a purpose the power of which we recognize, and in being totally consumed in such service before life casts us aside. Happiness lies in being a force of nature, and not a selfish and feverish mass of desires and regrets,—of complaints that the universe does not see fit to devote itself to the task of making us happy."*

He is quite right, the humorist Bernard Shaw.

. . . Bernard Shaw the awakener!

* Retranslated from the French.—*Translator.*

ILLUSION OF WAR

War
I abhor,
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife! And I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul—save this bright drink
Of heady music, sweet as death:
And even my peace-abiding feet
Go marching with the marching street;
For yonder, yonder, goes the fife,
And what care I for human life?

The tears fill my astonished eyes,
And my full heart is like to break;
And yet 'tis all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

O, it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe!

Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this.
O, snap the fife, and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

ANARCHISM IN RUSSIA

I was greatly surprised the other day by the receipt of a registered package from Moscow containing two thick pamphlets in the Russian language,—one a translation of the three sections from “Instead of a Book” entitled “Socialism,” “Communism,” and “Methods,” and the other the second number of a series of pamphlets made up of sundry Anarchistic documents, this particular number giving one or two original articles, translations of several of Mackay’s poems, and a translation of my “State Socialism and Anarchism” and “Relation of the State to the Individual.” With the package came a letter from the translator, announcing a translation of “Instead of a Book” *complete*, to appear in Moscow next January. By the kindness of my friend George Haendelman I am able to give below an English translation of an article from one of the above-mentioned pamphlets, signed O. Viconte, and describing the progress of this astonishing development in Russia. But I must accompany this reprint with prompt and vigorous protest against the shocking injustice done by the author to John Henry Mackay, who began more than ten years ago, with the co-operation of his publisher, Zack, to issue German translations of pamphlets (by myself and others) chosen from the Anarchistic propaganda. Hitherto no one else on the continent of Europe has been engaged in this work, and our Russian friends, who after all are comparatively late workers in this field, deserve severe rebuke for accusing Mackay of indifference. It should be stated also that Mackay has never been the publisher of Stirner’s “*Einzige*,” and that Stirner was not born in Berlin. But, after taking these necessary exceptions, I give my new Russian friends a cordial handshake over land and sea.

One of the most effective means for the propaganda of any doctrine, and of individualist Anarchism in particular, is the wide dissemination of literature among the people. Any theory, if it is to be at all successful, must first of all be extensively agitated, by the spoken word as well as through the medium of the press.

History attests that a mental revolution is necessary before the success of a real revolution may be looked forward to. And it is certainly clear that, as the number of persons thinking thus, and not otherwise, shall increase, so much sooner will they be able to accomplish what they are striving for.

And it may safely be said that, where a great literature on the burning issues of the day exists, and where there are many speakers, defenders of the theories, these theories are most extensively accepted by society.

And conversely, where there are neither writers nor orators, there is not the slightest possibility of even the minutest serious movement for enlightenment taking place.

Christianity owes its wide influence to the gospels and persistent preaching. For the triumph of the Christian teachings, according to tradition, depended upon its apostles being "divinely inspired," and infused with a supernatural power of expression.

Similarly with individualist Anarchism, that theory of the final happiness of free man; for its success it is necessary to preach, to preach by tongue and pen.

In western Europe the propaganda of individualist Anarchism is very weak.

In Germany, in the forties of the past century, appeared a book by Max Stirner, "The Ego and His Own." It created considerable excitement for a while among a small group of contemporaries, and then was lost from sight for over half a century, when a worthy disciple of Stirner, John Henry Mackay, resurrected it, to the surprise of an ashamed public. Mackay himself also wrote a very careful and complete biography of M. Stirner, explaining his philosophic views. Later were also issued the beautiful sketches from life at the end of the nineteenth century written by Mackay under the title "The Anarchists."

These sketches present the views of individualist Anarchism in the form of a novel. Mackay's talent enabled him to paint in glowing colors a beautiful picture of the individualist ideal—an unprecedented task. Nevertheless, Mackay triumphed over this self-imposed task more than successfully,—even brilliantly. And we are certain that this book will have a continued and deathless fame. . . .

But with Mackay we must conclude our list of literary forces in the realm of individualist Anarchism in the West, if we exclude such men as Nietzsche and Ibsen, individualists but not Anarchists.

How poorly disseminated is the individualistic literature in the West may be seen from the fact that, when the publishing house "Individual," in their endeavors to procure a book by the Anarchist Tucker, made great demands for it by means of telegrams and letters to all the large publishers, of London (the nest of Anarchism), Paris, Berlin (the birth-place of Stirner), they received from all the one reply: "In the whole city there isn't a single book from New York to be had." The famous Zenker, in his book "Anarchism," complains that throughout western Europe he could not find a book by Tucker, though the teachings of the latter are extremely important and interesting; that he, Zenker, had himself written a personal letter to Tucker, but received no reply. The Moscow publishers were more successful. They received not only a reply to their letter to Tucker, but also two books from New York, — one through a London firm and another through a Russian firm. . . . In vain does Mackay call Tucker his friend, when he takes no pains to spread through his works those very ideals whose ardent champion he himself is. And yet he was well able to issue and advocate Stirner's book, one less modern, and consequently less accessible to the intelligence of the public. Tucker at any rate is more considerate, as he is very actively engaged in translating and spreading the writings of his friend, Mackay.

But, on the other side of the ocean, in America, the state of affairs is entirely different. Thanks to Benjamin R. Tucker, there exist not only publications of an individual tendency, but also a paper, "Liberty," in whose pages Tucker and other contributors propagate and defend individualistic ideals. . . .

However strange it may appear at first, it is nevertheless true that in this "barbarous country," here in Russia during the last few years, Anarchism in general, and individualism in particular, have aroused great sympathies among the "intellectuals" of our society. In the summer and fall of 1906 the book market was for the most part inundated with this particular class of literature. It was sufficient to place the word "Anarchism" on a title-page of a book to cause it to be gobbled up immediately.

And what is most remarkable of all is that, in June, 1906, there appeared simultaneously two original pamphlets of Russian writers: "Social Ideals of Modern Humanity" (Liberalism, Socialism, Anarchism) by A. Borov, and "Individualist Anarchism" by O. Viconte (pseudonym). The second pamphlet, on account of the many sharp attacks of its author upon God, State, and the absolute monarch, was at once vigorously excluded from circulation by the administration and the highest

courts, but in spite of it all continued to receive a wide circulation, especially in St. Petersburg.

Then, also, the book market was flooded with translations of individualistic literature. "The Ego and His Own" by M. Stirner was issued in three editions by three different publishers, and we know of three others who are preparing to bring out the same work.

Two editions of Mackay's "Anarchists" appeared on the same day. And most important of all is the fact that the publication of Anarchist literature is for the greater part done by large commercial firms, which argues indubitably for the great demand that must exist for such literature.

The publishing firm "Individual" are the only exclusively, pure individualistic publishers in Russia at present. They have already issued the above-mentioned pamphlet by Viconte; also the "Ego and His Own" by Max Stirner, in several parts as well as in one complete volume; the first number of their periodical "Individualist" containing portraits of Max Stirner and B. Tucker, as well as original articles and poems; "Socialism, Communism, and Methods" by Benjamin R. Tucker (to the disgrace of western Europe); and the present issue of the "Individualist"—the second number. All publications of "Individual," with the single exception of Stirner's book, are very strenuously confiscated in Moscow, but, in spite of all opposition, have a wonderfully large circulation in other cities, and especially in provincial towns. And it can be safely said that at the present time there is not a city in Russia where you will not find individualist literature most conspicuously displayed on the shelves of every book-store. The works and personalities of Anarchist writers are at present the subject of great interest and discussion.

Only recently there appeared in a newspaper "*Rooskol Slovo*" (Russian Word) a feuilleton written by a priest, Petrov, under the title "The Unique One," in which the author discourses upon the life and teachings of the great philosopher, Max Stirner, in such a way that you are involuntarily forced to reflect: Is it not an Anarchist who writes thus?

But, besides the literature, in Russia we have in the person of A. Borov an eloquent speaker—a defender of the individualist ideals. And he it was who in the spring of 1906 had the honor of saying the first word on the subject. And it is also necessary to see the impression that this talented orator makes upon his hearers after his lectures, in order to understand how dear to the hearts and minds of the Russian people is the individualist philosophy.

It remains for us to issue at least one individualist newspaper, and then we could justly say that Russia has not only overtaken, but in that respect many times outdone, some of the more civilized countries.

The success of the individualist literature in Russia is due not only to the energetic and ceaseless work of its apostles, but also to the hatred which exists of all conventions and ancient traditions, and to that depth and vitality which are the essential elements of individualist Anarchism. Every person is, first of all, a man, an individual, and it is only later that he appears as a member of this or that man-invented organization: governments, associations, the family, etc.; which absorb and obliterate his personality and individuality.

So that, when he reads a lecture on pure individualism, he sees the whole falsehood of our present social order; he sees how under a State, especially under an absolute monarchical *régime*, his personality is brutally trampled upon and crushed; his spirit rises within him, and he rebels.

To be really free from the dirty and rapacious clutches of the authority of rulers; to be free of ignorance and superstition; to be free from the belief in God, family, and other ties enforced by organization; in a word, to become a free individual,—isn't that the true happiness, the final goal?

The realization of these ideals is the purpose of individualist Anarchism.

Without them, as without the sun, there can be neither happiness, nor even life, for *man*.

A WORD FOR THE SUPREME COURT

To the Editor of Liberty:

The paragraphs about courts in *Liberty* for November do not seem to me to have the sound logic and Anarchistic consistency that we usually find over the signature S. R. Has there ever been conspicuously spoken of in the daily press, or has there ever been pointed out in the Anarchist press, a single instance in which the courts held a non-invasive statute to be unconstitutional? Doubtless the thing may sometimes occur; but ordinarily, when a statute is alleged to be unconstitutional, it is an invasive statute, so that a decision sustaining this allegation will ordinarily be good Anarchism even if it is bad law. My impression is that the decisions which declare statutes unconstitutional are oftener good law than bad; but this question surely does not concern us so much as whether they are good Anarchism.

I suppose the talk about "usurpation" to be moonshine too. According to my understanding (and I thought I had it from good authority) it is usurpation for a legislature to pass an unconstitutional law, and it is no usurpation for a court or anybody else to treat such a law as non-existent. The courts exercise no peculiar privilege in this respect; the pettiest denizen, even a Chinese laundryman's five-year-old daughter, has the same function of "nullifying" an unconstitutional act of congress as has the supreme court. The only advantages the courts have in this matter are that they can require the people around them to agree with their opinion; that they are not liable to punishment if they have acted on a misinterpretation of the law; and that they are not annoyed by arrest while waiting to have the soundness or unsoundness of their judgment declared by a higher court. Certainly these advantages are tremendous; but they are only what the courts enjoy with regard to all other debatable or disputed points of law. If S. R. has a scheme for depriving the courts of these three advantages, there is no reason why he should begin with an onslaught on the useful and approximately harmless practice of declaring laws unconstitutional. I wish twice as many laws were declared unconstitutional.

I do not defend government by injunction; but this need not prejudice the determination of the unconstitutionality of laws. Nor do I defend any partiality which courts may have shown in deciding which laws are unconstitutional; but I do not know that this is a department in which they have shown more partiality than in other parts of their work. I am afraid S. R. has been mistaking the clamor of the press for truth—which is a very unsafe mistake for an Anarchist to make.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

A CRAZY LAW.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In re the eight German lithographers detained at Ellis Island under the Contract Labor law,—outside of the fact that these men are denied a natural right,—there is again in evidence one of the sins and follies of that dishonest, pretentious scheme masquerading as "Protection." These men are detained because, before starting for America, they engaged places here, so that their support was assured; there was not any danger of their becoming charges on the public. In other words, they were prudent, and likely to be valuable citizens. It is probable, therefore, that they will be deported.

But, if these men had been of a "happy-go-lucky" disposition, and had, like thousands of their fellow emigrants, come without any plans beyond "the Lord will provide," or "the Devil may care," then, in that case, they would have been allowed free entry!

Practically, we have penalized prudence and foresight, and have rewarded recklessness and unthrift! This matter would be funny, but for the fact that it is sometimes tragic. What, however, are we to think of lawmakers who solemnly enact such folly into law.

Lowell's opinion was that God must sometimes be much amused by the follies of men. I think the traveler from Mars, however, would nominate every such lawmaker as "Past Grand and Worshipful Potentate of the Universal Concatenated Order of Plaindamnfools.

SAMUEL MILLIKEN.

Moylan, Pa., October 22, 1907.

"PEACE! PEACE!" WHEN THERE IS NO PEACE

[Henry Maret in "*Le Journal*."]

"Never since conferences began," they write us from The Hague, "have they dined as much as during this conference. It is to be feared that all the delegates will go home with dyspepsia."

Malicious tongues even say that they will go home with nothing else. Hyacinth, in the "*Noces de Bouchencœur*," was never successful in marrying, for he always ended by saying no to the mayor, but all the same he ate the wedding-feast, which caused Grassot to remark: "It is disgraceful, but it is nourishing."

While the commissioners are dining, and drinking toasts to the peace of the world, the cannon are thundering at Morocco. I do not know whether you are like me, but I have an idea that this conference would go on even if all Europe were burning. We entertain the reassuring thought that, if all nations were to set about invading each other, there would be at least one corner where they would continue to sing the praises of universal peace and to proclaim that war is done with forever.

It reminds me of a cabman whom I took at Bagnères in a beating rain, and who nevertheless assured me authoritatively that it was not raining and that it could not rain by any possibility.

Last week the delegates thought of prohibiting, in case of

war, the use of balloons as launchers of projectiles. The long discussion was only the more interesting because perfectly useless.

First, because as yet no means has been found of throwing anything from a balloon without causing it to shoot up into the clouds. Next, because it is difficult to see how, if the means were found, it would be possible to prevent it from being used.

I have always admired the idea of deciding in advance what people shall do when they are angry, and of prescribing the number of bottles that they shall be entitled to hurl at one another's heads.

M. Jourdain's fencing-master allowed no one to touch him except in accordance with the rules. He was touched all the same.

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN

[" Gil Blas "]

Reaching home after having been engaged for two weeks in a raid of his tribe on Casablanca, the Kabyle Ahmed-ben-Chibouck rips open before his wife Laila an enormous bundle which he has brought with him on his horse.

" Say, my gazelle, look at these pieces of linen; have you ever spun any like them? "

" Oh, pretty, pretty! "

" And these boots, that seem to have been made for me. I have at least enough to last me all my life. "

" Oh, pretty, pretty! "

" Do you see this machine? It is a coffee-mill. You will not have to crush my coffee with a club any more. "

" Pretty! "

" And here is something for you. Handkerchiefs of pink silk, of blue silk, of yellow silk. A pretty wooden pipe inlaid with silver. Turkish slippers with pipes embroidered on them. Gold ear-rings. A fine kettle in which to make *couscous*. "

" Oh, pretty, pretty, pretty! "

" And here is something for me. It is a warrior's helmet. "
[*He puts on a stovepipe hat.*]

" Oh, pretty, pretty, pretty. My Ahmed is more beautiful than the sun. "

" And now the serious things! " [*He shows his wife little bags containing flour, rice, barley, dates.*]

LAILA (dazzled).—" But where did you get all that, my Ahmed? "

" That, my gazelle,--that is the *holy war!* " "

THE WEAK SIDE OF JURIES

I copy the following from an editorial of the "Times of Natal." The only thing that need be premised is that Natal is, so far as I know, the only English-speaking country in which the attitude of the white man toward the black is to a considerable degree the same as in the southern part of the United States. There are extensive differences in the details, but the parallel is close enough for the present purpose. Natal differs from Cape Colony in this respect as distinctly as Mississippi differs from Massachusetts. Concerning the facts in the case of the man Mtonga I know nothing but what may be inferred from these words of the "Times of Natal":

The moral of the verdicts in the two recent trials now known far and wide as the Mtonga case is not far to seek. The jury system in Natal should be abolished in all cases where whites and blacks are concerned. . . . It is perfectly futile to prate of equal justice without respect of color as long as the present system is in existence. Had the youth Mtonga been a European, there would have been no occasion to grant him a free pardon on the occasion of the first trial. No jury would have convicted him of the offence with which he was charged. Had he been a European, there would have been no need of a retrial of the case against certain Richmond Europeans. But, because Mtonga was a native, and because one of the accused was tardily put into the witness-box to make a certain statement, the jury by seven to two brought in a verdict of acquittal. They took just twenty-five minutes to arrive at a decision which may have far-reaching consequences. It may seem to the majority of the jury, and to the Europeans charged with a most serious outrage on a fellow-being, that everything has ended satisfactorily, and that an unpleasant matter may now be dismissed from the mind. The five Europeans go free; the jury have—how shall we say?—given them the benefit of the doubt; a doubt, unfortunately for himself, which does not exist in the case of Mtonga. Innocent of the offence of which he was suspected, he has suffered a fate which to the native mind is worse than death itself, and the gentlemen of Richmond, whoever they are, who constituted themselves judge, jury, and executioners, remain unpunished.

. . . . Nevertheless we venture to think that the views and motives of the respective juries who found Mtonga guilty and acquitted those whom he named as having assaulted him are not shared by the great majority of thinking men and women of Natal. . . . A gross miscarriage of justice, such as occurred in connection with Mtonga, excites profound resentment and disgust among all humane and fair-minded colonists, who feel that an undeserved slur is placed on the clean and honorable record of the colony. . . . The natives have no political, and are denied many civil, rights, and it is especially incumbent on the superior race to see that justice is done the inferior, that the laws of the land are equally and impartially administered, and that real grievances are not left to rankle in and poison the minds of those who may be suffering under them.

Our judges and magistrates do their work wisely and well; and the natives have little cause to complain of any treatment received at their

hands. For this reason we favor the substitution of trial by judges for trial by jury in cases where the interests and the good faith of Europeans and natives are involved. . . . God help this colony, with its handful of whites and multitudinous natives, if the methods of lynch law are to be introduced and tolerated by any section of the community.

The above is one of those statements that derive their force from their recognizable truth to life. None but the most ignorant will doubt that under certain circumstances of social cleavage—circumstances exemplified as well by strong racial hostility as by anything—juries are so certain to give a biased verdict that trials are little else than a waste of time. Suppose that in some southern county of the sort in which “race wars” break out there are to be tried a negro accused of chasing a white girl across two fields, and a white man accused of breaking a negro’s arm by a shot fired from ambush; and suppose the main issue in each case is whether the right man has been arrested or whether the crime has been committed by a person unknown. Do you think that in either case you would be likeliest to get a fair verdict from a jury of whites, or from a jury of unintimidated negroes, or from a jury of intimidated negroes, or from a jury half black and half white with a provision that disagreement should have the effect of acquittal?

This last supposition suggests another thought which is also started by the article about Mtonga: to wit, that it is not enough to provide that no innocent man shall be convicted. The purpose of requiring unanimity in juries is to make sure that the accused should have the benefit of every doubt. This is all right as regards doubts whether he committed the act of violence. But, when there is no doubt that he committed an act of violence, to a neighbor’s harm, and the doubt is whether his act was justified by its provocation, it seems to me that the prosecution should have the benefit of the doubt. Suppose we have a society in which everybody holds that it is non-invasive (and therefore unpunishable) to kill a man who has murdered your friend, and that this action is not made invasive by the fact that a jury has disagreed about him; suppose that one third of this society is composed of men who, for one reason or another, will refuse to hold a man punishable for killing the seducer of his wife; and suppose that in all other respects the people are Anarchists. The principles I first laid down will assuredly seem Anarchistic to those who hold them; and, if they are Anarchistic, then simon-pure Anarchists are in at least a two-thirds majority in that community. Consequently they establish a system of juries which shall judge the facts, the law, the justice of the

law, and the penalty. Suppose that now a man of a hot-tempered family commits adultery with a woman married into a hot-tempered family, and gets shot. The husband who did the shooting is arrested and brought before a jury. The mathematical chance is about 130 to 1 that the minority who are against punishing him will be represented on the jury, so that he will be let off. Then one of the dead man's family undertakes to make up for the jury's slackness by shooting the shooter. It is more than 500,000 to 1, that the jury will contain some of the two-thirds majority who cannot, consistently with the assumed principles, vote to convict him. So he goes free, and another of the opposing family shoots him, with a chance of 130 to 1 that the ensuing jury will not be composed altogether of men who would convict for this shooting. And so it goes on until either the pugnacious members of one family are all killed, or the community grows so tired of the vendetta as to change some of its principles or procedures.

Obviously this is not what we want to get when we ask for Anarchy. But then we need to know how not to get it. Have I gone so wildly astray from the present public opinion of some fairly civilized communities that my story represents what could not happen if the Anarchist propaganda should next year suddenly win the assent of most of the people? I shall be told that I ought to assume a state of things in which there shall be such wise unanimity in essentials, previous to the establishment of Anarchy, as shall make such entanglements impossible. But this is first cousin to the belief that the millennium will make Anarchy possible. The prediction that all other tyrannies will pass out of use before the institution of the State is given up is of course just as permissible—and just as uncertain and unlikely to be entirely true—as any other long-range wholesale prediction. But, even if we accept this very convenient time-table for the train of progress, our experience of human nature forbids us to believe that there will not still be those who desire to get back some of the tyrannies. If we expect that our social order will ever be completely established, it is nonsense to expect that its establishment will not come while there are still many reactionaries, and while there is still much disagreement among our own friends as to the details of Anarchism.

Bear in mind that the concrete part of my supposed case is not the essential part. Instead of being a question of the avenging of adultery, it may be a question of firing a gun at thieves, or anything else. And, as to that one-third of the community who were to be unwilling to convict the first man, I did not in the

least degree hint that they sympathized with his act of violence. They almost certainly would be partly a set of such non-resistants as would not consent to a conviction, but would consent to sit on a jury for the sake of blocking conviction; they might be almost exclusively such. If only ten per cent. of the people were of this sort, more than sixty-four per cent. of the juries would include one or more of these men to prevent a conviction. In order that there should be an even chance of twelve men taken at random being unanimously willing to judge according to certain principles, it is necessary that there be not so many as six per cent. of the population who reject those principles.

If Anarchism, or any plan of Anarchist organization, is not practicable without assuming a greater unanimity of public opinion than now obtains, then this is just the same as if it was not practicable without assuming an increased prevalence of moral rectitude, so far as concerns the conclusion that Anarchism is outside the range of practical discussion. It is sensible and practical, a self-evident truth, that we cannot hope to set up Anarchy till we have a prevalent public opinion in favor of Anarchism, or at least an opinion so general that it is capable of prevailing by wise tactics; but it is neither sensible nor practical nor evident that we should expect contrary opinion to disappear almost entirely as a condition precedent to our putting all our principles in effect. For one thing, it involves the assumption that the tendency of evolution will be reversed before Anarchy can come.

For the purposes of a society in which discordant opinions exist, then, what mistakes did my imaginary community make? what changes will they have to introduce when they are tired of the vendetta?

In the first place, the fact that a court has failed to convict a man, and that the result of the trial has not been reversed by a regular process for that purpose made and provided, should bar all justification of violence against that man on the ground that the court decided wrongly, even though it be true and demonstrable that the court did decide wrongly. If a man has gone free because the jury disagreed, all violence done under color of punishing him must be treated as violence to an innocent man, even if the twelfth juryman has publicly said "I know he was guilty and ought to be punished, but my daughter's baby was born that morning, and as I thought it over, I felt that I couldn't afford to start the baby with such bad luck." The only alternative to such conclusiveness of the verdict must

be either the vendetta or the amenity of a society too peaceable to need courts.

I am not sure that this will receive unanimous assent even in the limited and selected circle of Liberty's readers. Still less can I expect it to be agreed to by the entire body of men, clear-headed and muddle-headed, practical and unpractical, reflective and unreflective, patient and impatient, sympathetic and unsympathetic, optimistic and pessimistic, from whom juries are drawn. Hence, if the jury is to judge the justice of the law, there are likely to be jurors who disagree with me, and a man who has killed an acquitted man will go free if one of these jurors thinks the dead man was probably guilty. Therefore,—

In the second place, it is not admissible that the jury judge the justice of the law. In some particular departments they might, but not in general. If a man is known to be opposed to punishing anybody for theft, whether his opposition springs from a non-resistant tendency or from a Communist tendency, there is no use in going on with a prosecution for theft when you find him on the jury, no matter how clear the case is or what circumstances may make a conviction especially desirable. A *nolle prosequi* will save everybody's time. When jury trial began, there were substantially no non-resistants; as I have already said, there used to be more unanimity in those days. When Lysander Spooner argued for a return to primitive jury trial, non-resistance was not interpreted as meaning a refusal to uphold the regular administration of the law. At present we have the relief that the Tolstoian non-resistants are told to refuse to sit on juries at all; but in a few years we shall probably have a breed of non-resistants who would, if invited, sit on a jury with not-guilty ballots ready prepared in their vest pockets.

Now, if we are going to take into our juries such men as will make conviction generally improbable, we had better all be non-resistants at once. A general prevalence of non-resistance would certainly save a lot of unpleasantness inseparable from courts and penalties, and might possibly make society so peaceful that no one would want to return to the old policy. But a system of arrests and trials, with punishment in case of conviction, but with failure to get a conviction half of the time even where guilt is indisputable, cannot lead to anything but the vendetta. Or, if you have two hostile races or classes, each of whom will in general refuse to convict one of its members of an assault on one of the other party, you get a race or class war. If you have a moderate part of the country favoring the forcible

suppression of an obnoxious practice, you get suppression by regulators. For instance, if, instead of requiring jurors to assent to a law that liquor-selling shall be treated like other trades, we let every prohibitionist judge the justice of the law, the partisanship of one-fifth of a community may make it fourteen to one that there will be no conviction of an armed band who break into a saloon, smash the stock, and use their guns if violent resistance is made. Is this in any respect better than letting the votes of three-fifths of the people prohibit the saloon? Or are we to be told that Lysander Spooner's doctrine about juries was never meant to be put in practical effect in a society where one-fifth of the people believe the suppression of saloons to be an occasion that justifies violence? Rather let this remind us that—

In the third place, the benefit of all doubts as to the *justification* of an act of violence should be given *against* the accused. Jerome said well that, if you accept Evelyn Thaw's story as creating a legal doubt of her husband's guilt, you thereby accept it as conclusive and undoubted in condemning Stanford White to death. And equally well did a Virginia legislator this year satirize a Virginia jury's verdict by moving a bill that, if any man is informed by his wife, sister, or daughter that another man has insulted or defiled her, it shall be lawful for him to shoot this other man "without regard to the truth or falsity" of the information. If our principle is going to be that a man shall not be put to death on doubtful grounds, there is no sense in letting a man who has doubtful grounds against another evade this principle by first killing that other, and then claiming to be acquitted because there is a doubt whether his grounds were not good.

And yet this is what it would obviously come to if all features of the case were to go before the jury, and there were to be no conviction unless the jury was unanimous against the accused. The only way to apply the jury system to such matters, and still avoid whitewashing the men who kill others on doubtful grounds, is to provide that the jury must give separate verdicts as to whether violence was done and as to whether, if committed, it was justified; and that, if the first verdict is unanimous against the accused, he shall be convicted, unless the second verdict is unanimous in his favor. By the way, this rule of procedure, that there must be two verdicts, and that the one must not be allowed to affect the other, is another instance of a law that the jury should not be allowed to judge. But what if some of them insist on judging it?

What if one man on the jury, being egoistically determined that a verdict unpleasant to himself shall not be given, and unscrupulous enough to pronounce a formal lie for this purpose, and being of the mind that it is a good thing to shoot strike-breakers, sees that the only way to protect the man who shot the strike-breaker is by rendering the untruthful verdict that this man did not shoot that man at all? This was what Lysander Spooner, moralist as he was, called on all jurymen to do—to render such verdicts as would, under the form of findings on the facts, actually give effect to their sentiments about the law. It does not really take so very much unscrupulousness to tell a formal lie which is not to deceive anybody's mind but merely to prevent unpleasant legal consequences; at any rate the willingness to do so is not very uncommon.

Here is the real defect of the jury system—that it accomplishes too effectively the purpose it was meant to accomplish, the purpose of preventing the legal punishment of anybody whom the people do not unanimously want punished. It was devised in a time when the people were comparatively unanimous on the fundamentals of law; yet even then the judges had speedily to devise all sorts of restrictions and substantial annulments of the principle in order to keep approximately to such justice as the people wanted to have. Admit that the requirement of leaving the law to the judge was wholly for the purpose of oppression, which is a long way more than the truth calls on us to admit; still, is there a reasonable doubt that the unreasonable restrictions of the law of evidence, or the provision for drawing jurymen in certain cases from those who were *not* neighbors, were intended chiefly to secure that all men should be given equal protection against violence? Now, if we are going to give up these safeguards; if the man who has killed another for calling him a liar is to be judged by a jury who are not required to acknowledge the law that this provocation does not justify homicide; if the man who has tried to arrest John Doe for the perpetration of an atrocious crime because Honest Richard Roe told him he believed Doe to be the guilty person, and who has shot Doe dead when Doe shook off his hand and ran, is to be tried by a jury in which each jurymen judges the validity of evidence for himself; if the men who went with the mob that wrecked the Chinamen's houses are to be judged by a jury of the vicinage,—then the security of my life will want a better guarantee than my neighbor's fear of being convicted for killing me. Even with the present cumbrously elaborate precautions, one of the weakest points in the jury

system is the chance that the trial will be spoiled by the bias of jurymen who are against justice. Re-read the Mtonga case.

What makes all these things worth saying is the fact that a judge is less liable to all these weaknesses than is a jury. Doubtless a judge appointed by a tyrannous power, and selected for its purposes, is a ready-made tool of tyranny. But really, in our part of the world at least, tyranny *over* the people is nearly dead; and where it still exists, or where there is danger of its recrudescence, it is most effectively opposed by those methods which work toward its abolition rather than by legal restrictions on its power. It was not always so: there was a time when the king of Spain could command a court to give an unjust decision without perceptible danger that this would lead to the overthrow of the monarchy. At present the prime minister of Spain can and does command his courts to give unjust decisions, but no sane insurance agent, in making out a policy on the continuance of the monarchy, would fail to add something to the premium for every such decision that becomes public. But the characteristic and dangerous tyranny of our day is tyranny *in* the people: the tyranny of the majority, degenerating into mob tyranny on occasion; the tyranny of unanimous and determined minorities, degenerating into thug tyranny. Can these tyrannies ask a better prop—so long as it lasts—than a jury system with an unlimited veto power in the individual jurymen? And is it not absurd to advocate a measure for guarding against the obsolete tyranny at the expense of strengthening the living and vigorous tyranny? I spoke just now of Spain, a country which looks as if it greatly needed a good jury system. Imagine the Spooner jury system introduced there, while there prevail the same conditions of social, industrial, religious, and political partisanship that gave rise to the recent governmental crimes—or even omit “political” if you think fit. Would not every one who had committed a murder on partisan grounds be almost certain to escape conviction? And would not the result be speedily worse than the outrages of Montjuich and Alcalá del Valle? I have said, “so long as it lasted”; for of course this is the sort of anarchy that is famous for leading to stern reaction.

Now, it might be supposed that those who would not give a fair verdict as jurors would not choose a fair man as judge. But, luckily, this is not altogether so. It is common—one may almost say, it is usual—for those who never show fairness themselves to appreciate an upright judge and delight in having him. Even in the chief traditional home of racial and religious hatred, the western corner of Asia, there is no public official who is so

sure of popular approval as an impartial judge—or else the stories that are told of those countries are very misleading. There is no such thing in the world certainly, and not least in the United States, as public indignation against a judge for being fair; but it is the irreducible minimum of popular injustice. The favor men have for a just judge is so general as to be the surest safeguard yet known for fairness in the administration of justice.

It seems to me, therefore, that, instead of conceiving the Anarchistic organization of justice as a system of juries with jurisdiction over every feature of the cases brought before them, we might better conceive it as a system of judges, appointed by such organizations as might concern themselves with the securing of justice. Such questions as whether the plaintiff's court or the defendant's should have jurisdiction, what appeals a man could take in a court that was not his own, what judgments might be quashed as excessive, etc., would be settled by treaties between these organizations; the man who was in no organization, and who had a case against a man who belonged to one, would of course have to trust the fairness of his opponent's court; and I for one would much rather trust the fairness of an opponent's judge than of an opponent's jury, or (if I were plaintiff) a jury in which half were of my opponent's party. That judges are cheaper than juries, and that they are prompter, are two additional reasons, non-essential but not contemptible, for preferring to use them.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

ROOSEVELT'S RIVAL

[Henry Maret in "*Le Journal*."]

At the moment when all mortals are beginning war upon all defenceless beasts, sure of an easy triumph, I am not displeased to learn that the greatest hunter before the Eternal, and the most victorious, is our new friend, Emperor William, who in eight years has slaughtered 25,372 pieces of game.

This beats by 25,372 pieces the record of your servant, who in all his life has never shed innocent blood, or, for that matter, guilty either.

Those who know how the massacres called royal hunts are conducted see in them no chance for the conquerors to derive much glory from them. Ordinarily, in fact, the animals are brought to them in herds, and they fire into the heap, without disturbing themselves. One might ask what amusement they can find in it, if one failed to remember that man is ferocious by nature

and finds a delicious pleasure in the simple sight of suffering and death.

Ordinary hunters are in the habit of justifying themselves by invoking the excuse of exercise, activity, and also skill. But among the great—nothing of the kind. No exercise, no skill. They kill solely for the charm of killing. And the most curious part of it is that they glory in it all the same. Every time we offer a hunt to one of the princes who honor us with a visit, the counting of their victims seems to have a dazzling effect, although their immolation is the occasion of no more trouble than you would take in firing at your portmanteau.

Nimrod, to whom the august emperor is willingly compared, probably gave himself more pains. Furthermore, he is reputed to have slain more wild and formidable beasts than inoffensive deer and pitiable rabbits. But those were barbarous days. To-day, because of the gentleness of our morals, we slay the gentlest beasts.

THE LABOR OF CAPITAL

"All wealth produced by Labor,—Bosh!
That socialistic stuff won't wash."
Thus spake the multi-millionaire
Unto the pay-shent* *prolétaire*.

But afterwards he changed his style,
When asked how he had gained his pile;
And answered: "Earned it, every bit:
My labor was the source of it."

Then said the other: "I divine;
Your meaning's not the same as mine,
For you construe another way.
With you 'to labor is to *prey*!'"

WILLIAM J. ROBERTS.

*The apparently atrocious corruption of the word patient in the above connection is justified by the fact that practically the *prolétaire* pays both "per-shent" and rent, and generally pays it patiently.